September

Cosmopolitan

15 Cents



Bigger and Better
Than Ever in
The New Standard
Magazine Size



"My Muvver told me CREAM OF WHEAT
Would make me big and fat –
Now, how much will I have to eat
To grow as big as *that?*"

Painted by Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright 1916 by Cream of Wheat Co.*

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXI SEPTEMBER, 1916 NO. 4

SALUTATION!

A MAGAZINE is known by the company it keeps. Cosmopolitan's circulation each month exceeds a million copies and has been growing steadily. No standard magazine ever before entered so many homes, and no monthly periodical of any sort is supported by so many families of the best class. The distinction of Cosmopolitan contributors established the character of its audience. Each sale of a copy, each renewed subscription to the publication represent a resubscription to its editorial policies. These are self-evident facts. They must exist, otherwise the growth of Cosmopolitan would not persist.

It thrives by virtue of individuality and of merit. It is a self-perpetuating publication. One number promotes the fortunes of the next. It is not clubbed, bargained, or offered in combination with books, schemes, or merchandise—therefore the certainty that those who buy Cosmopolitan want it, like it, believe in it.

A glance at the September table of contents on page 3, or at any previous table of contents, testifies that this mass of people is far above mass-culture and -intelligence.

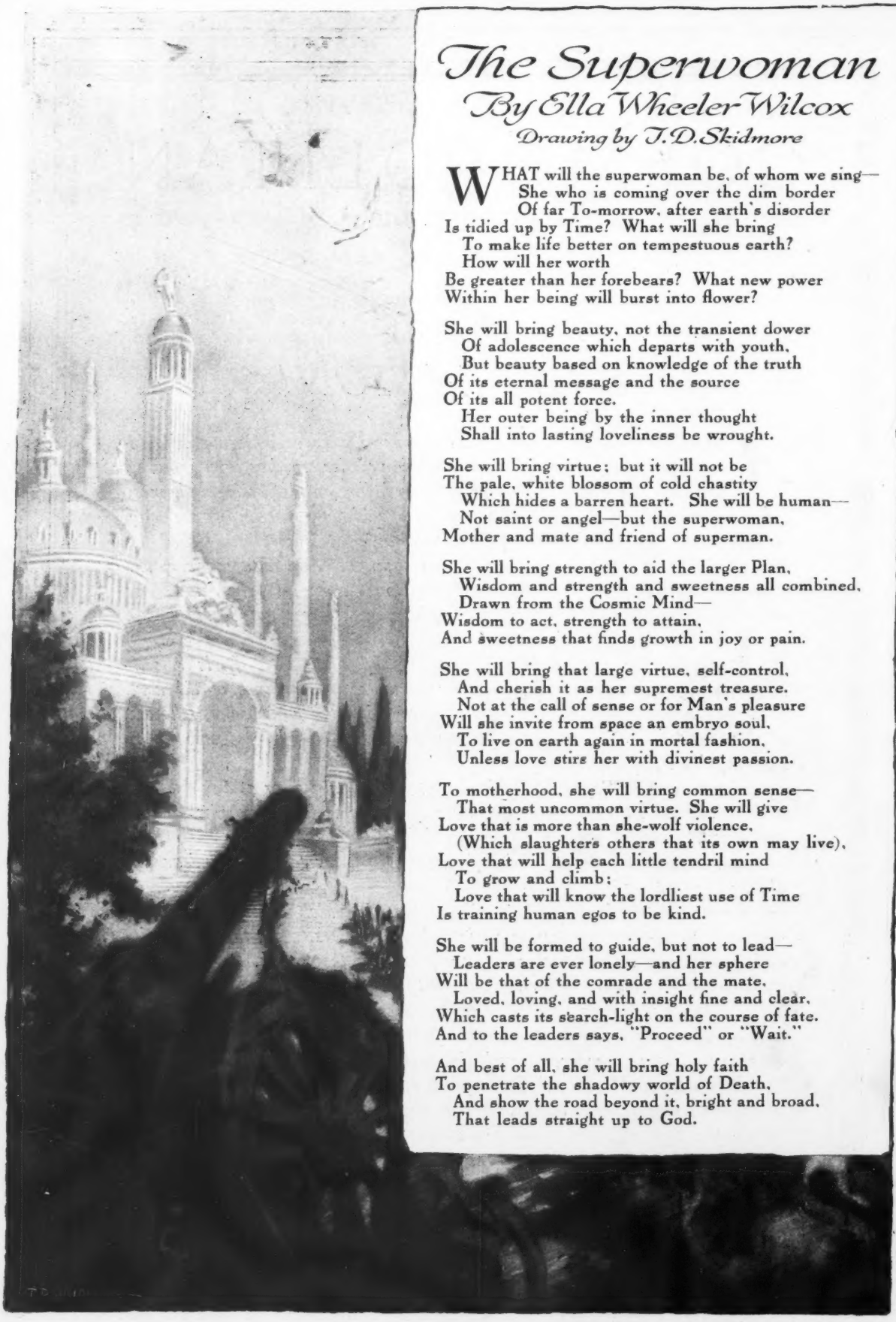
Cosmopolitan presents and represents the foremost literary and artistic ability of our time.

Cosmopolitan is the sole medium through which a unique group of novelists, short-story writers, essayists, and painters, with the largest individual following in America, regularly express themselves. It is the only magazine which contracts for the total output of its principal contributors. This system guarantees ample leisure to concentrate upon a very moderate amount of work under auspices most favorable to ripe and finished craftsmanship. For us, it warrants exclusive control of the most desirable features.

The new and enlarged Cosmopolitan, the beautiful, perfectly proportioned book now in your hands, offers a long-deferred opportunity to increase the number of stories and features in each issue, to print bigger and even better pictures, to introduce additional contributors, to extend the magazine's scope and force, to increase its interest and power, to make it constantly Cosmopolitan, to add ***another million*** *to its circulation.*

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The Superwoman

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Drawing by T. D. Skidmore

WHAT will the superwoman be, of whom we sing—
She who is coming over the dim border
Of far To-morrow, after earth's disorder
Is tidied up by Time? What will she bring
To make life better on tempestuous earth?
How will her worth
Be greater than her forebears? What new power
Within her being will burst into flower?

She will bring beauty, not the transient dower
Of adolescence which departs with youth,
But beauty based on knowledge of the truth
Of its eternal message and the source
Of its all potent force.
Her outer being by the inner thought
Shall into lasting loveliness be wrought.

She will bring virtue; but it will not be
The pale, white blossom of cold chastity
Which hides a barren heart. She will be human—
Not saint or angel—but the superwoman,
Mother and mate and friend of superman.

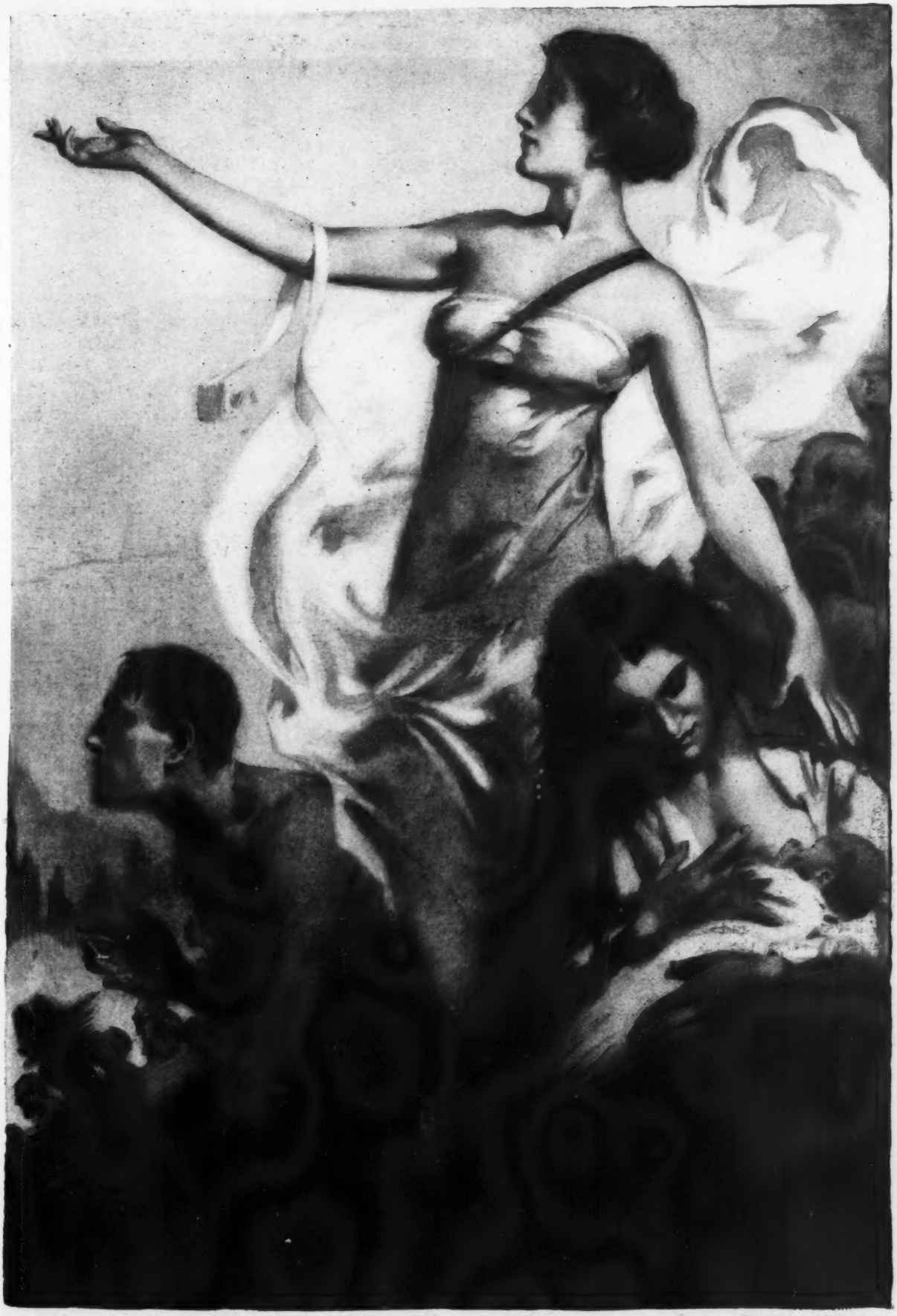
She will bring strength to aid the larger Plan,
Wisdom and strength and sweetness all combined,
Drawn from the Cosmic Mind—
Wisdom to act, strength to attain,
And sweetness that finds growth in joy or pain.

She will bring that large virtue, self-control,
And cherish it as her supremest treasure.
Not at the call of sense or for Man's pleasure
Will she invite from space an embryo soul,
To live on earth again in mortal fashion,
Unless love stirs her with divinest passion.

To motherhood, she will bring common sense—
That most uncommon virtue. She will give
Love that is more than she-wolf violence,
(Which slaughters others that its own may live),
Love that will help each little tendril mind
To grow and climb;
Love that will know the lordliest use of Time
Is training human egos to be kind.

She will be formed to guide, but not to lead—
Leaders are ever lonely—and her sphere
Will be that of the comrade and the mate,
Loved, loving, and with insight fine and clear,
Which casts its search-light on the course of fate,
And to the leaders says, "Proceed" or "Wait."

And best of all, she will bring holy faith
To penetrate the shadowy world of Death,
And show the road beyond it, bright and broad,
That leads straight up to God.



Here begins a New and Wonderful

The Dark Star

A Story of Destiny

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



CHILDREN OF THE STAR

NOT the dark companion of Sirius—brightest of all stars—not our own chill and spectral planet, rushing toward Vega in the constellation of Lyra, presided at the birth of millions born to corroborate a bloody horoscope, but a dark star, speeding unseen through space, known to the ancients, by them called Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, ruled at the birth of those myriad souls destined to be engulfed in the earthquake of the ages, or flung by it out of the ordered pathway of their lives into strange byways, stranger highways—into deeps and deserts never dreamed of.

Also, one of the dozen-odd temporary stars on record blazed up on that day, flared for a month or two, dwindled to a cinder, and went out.

But the dark star Erlik, terribly immortal, sped on through space to complete a two-hundred-thousand-year circuit of the heavens and begin anew an immemorial journey by the will of the Most High.

What spectroscope is to horoscope, destiny is to chance. The black star Erlik rushed through interstellar darkness unseen; those born under its violent augury squalled in their cradles, or, thumb in mouth, slumbered the dreamless slumber of the newly born.

One of these, a tiny girl baby, fussed and fidgeted in her mother's arms, tortured by prickly heat where the monsoon blew on Trebizond. Overhead, vultures circled; an eagle, cleaving the blue, looked down where the surf made a thin white line along the coast, then set his lofty course for Asia.

Thousands of miles to the westward, a little boy of eight gazed out across the ruffled waters of the mill-pond at Neeland's Mills, and wondered whether the ocean might not look that way.

And, wondering, with the salt-sea effervescence working in his inland-born body, he fitted a cork to his fishing-line and flung the baited hook far out across the ripples. Then he seated himself on the parapet of the stone bridge and waited for monsters of the deep to come.

And again, off Seraglio Point, men were rowing in a boat; and a corded sack lay in the stern, horridly and supplely heavy.

There was a box lying in the boat, also, oddly bound and clamped with metal which glistened like silver under the Eastern stars when the waves of the Bosporus dashed high and the flying scud rained down on box and sack and the red-capped rowers.

In St. Petersburg, a little girl of twelve was learning to eat other things than sour milk and cheese, learning to ride otherwise than like a demon on a Cossack saddle, learning deportment, too, and languages and social graces and the fine arts. And, most thoroughly of all, the little girl was learning how deathless should be her hatred for the Turkish Empire and all its works.

And again, in the mountains of a conquered province, the little daughter of a gamekeeper to nobility was preparing to emigrate with her father to a new home in the Western world, where she should learn to perform miracles with rifle and revolver, and where the beauty of the hermit-thrush's song should startle her into comparing it to the beauty of her own untried voice.

Over these, and millions of others, brooded the spell of the Dark Star. Even the world itself lay under it, vaguely uneasy, sometimes startled to momentary seismic panic. Then, ere mundane self-control restored terrestrial equilibrium, a few mountains exploded; an island or two lay shattered by earthquake; boiling mud and pumice blotted out one city, earth-shock and fire another, a tidal wave a third.

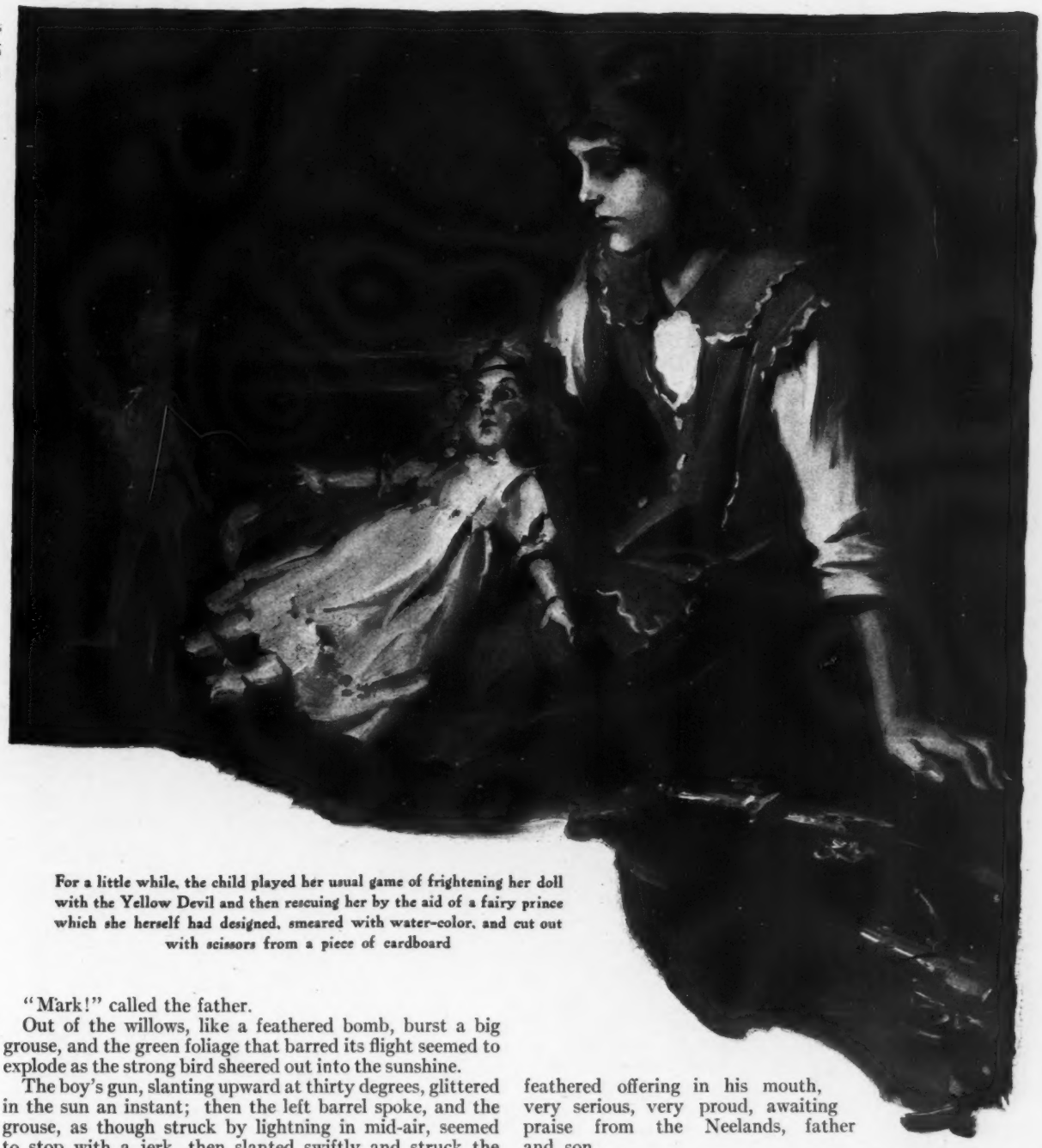
But the world settled down and balanced itself once more on the edge of the perpetual abyss into which it must fall some day; the invisible shadow of the Dark Star swept it at intervals when some far and nameless sun blazed out unseen; days dawned; the sun of the solar system rose furtively each day and hung around the heavens until that dusky huntress, Night, chased him once more beyond the earth's horizon.

The shadow of the Dark Star was always there, though none saw it in sunshine or in moonlight, or in the silvery luster of the planets.

A boy born under it stood outside the fringe of willow and alder, through which moved two English setters, followed and controlled by the boy's father.

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Novel by Robert W. Chambers



For a little while, the child played her usual game of frightening her doll with the Yellow Devil and then rescuing her by the aid of a fairy prince which she herself had designed, smeared with water-color, and cut out with scissors from a piece of cardboard

"Mark!" called the father.

Out of the willows, like a feathered bomb, burst a big grouse, and the green foliage that barred its flight seemed to explode as the strong bird sheered out into the sunshine.

The boy's gun, slanting upward at thirty degrees, glittered in the sun an instant; then the left barrel spoke, and the grouse, as though struck by lightning in mid-air, seemed to stop with a jerk, then slanted swiftly and struck the ground.

"Dead!" cried the boy, as a setter appeared, leading on straight to the heavy mass of feathers lying on the pasture grass.

"Clean work, Jim," said his father, strolling out of the willows. "But wasn't it a bit risky, considering the little girl yonder?"

"Father," exclaimed the boy, very red, "I never even saw her! I'm sorry; I'm ashamed."

They stood looking across the pasture, where a little girl in a pink-gingham dress lingered, watching them, evidently lured by her curiosity from the old house by the crossroads just beyond.

Jim Neeland, still red with mortification, took the big cock grouse from the dog which brought it—a tender-mouthed, beautifully trained Belton, who stood with his feathered offering in his mouth, very serious, very proud, awaiting praise from the Neelands, father and son.

Neeland senior "drew" the bird and distributed the sacrifice impartially between both dogs—it being the custom of the country.

Neeland junior broke his gun, replaced the exploded shell, content indeed with his hundred-per-cent. performance.

"Better run over and speak to the little girl, Jim," suggested old Dick Neeland, as he motioned the dogs into covert again.

So Jim Neeland ran lightly across the stony, clover-set ground to where the little girl roamed along the old snake-fence, picking berries sometimes, sometimes watching the sportsmen out of shy, golden-gray eyes.

"Little girl," said Jim Neeland, "I'm afraid the shot from my gun came rattling rather close to you that time. You'll have to be careful. I've noticed you here before. It won't do; you'll have to keep out of range of those bushes, because,

when we're inside, we can't see exactly where we're firing."

The child said nothing. She looked up at the boy, smiled shyly, then, with much composure, began her retreat, not neglecting any tempting blackberry on the way.

The sun hung low over the hazy Gayfield hills; the beeches and oaks of Mohawk County burned brown and crimson; the silver birches supported their delicate canopies of burnt gold, and the imperial white pines clothed hill and vale in a stately robe of green.

Jim Neeland forgot the little girl—or remembered her only to exercise unusual caution in the Brookhollow covert.

The little girl, Ruhannah, who had once fidgeted with prickly heat in her mother's arms outside the walls of Trebizond, did not forget this easily smiling, tall young fellow—a grown man to her—who had come across the pasture lot to warn her.

But it was many a day before they met again, though these two also had been born under the invisible shadow of the Dark Star. But the shadow of Erlik is always passing like swift lightning across the phantom planet which has fled the other way since Time was born.

A native Mongol missionary said to Ruhannah's father: "As the chronicles of the Eighurs have it, long ago there fell metal from the Black Racer of the skies; the first dagger was made of it, and the first image of the Prince of Darkness. These pass from Kurd to Cossack by theft, by gift, by loss; they pass from nation to nation by accident, which is divine design.

"And where they remain, war is, and lasts until image and dagger are carried to another land where war shall be. But where there is war, only the predestined suffer—those born under Erlik—children of the Dark Star."

"I thought," said the Reverend Wilbur Carew, "that my brother had confessed Christ."

"I am but repeating to you what my father believed—and Temujin before him," replied the native convert, his remote gaze lost in reflection.

His eyes were quite little, and colored like a lion's, and sometimes, in deep reverie, the corners of his upper lip twitched.

This happened when Ruhannah lay fretting in her mother's arms, and the hot wind blew on Trebizond.

Under the Dark Star, too, a boy grew up in Minetta Lane, New York city, not less combative than other ragged boys about him, but he was inclined to arrange and superintend fist-fights rather than to participate in battle, except with his wits.

His name was Eddie Brandes; his first fortune of three dollars was amassed at craps; he became a hanger-on in ward politics, at race-tracks, stable, club, squared ring, vaudeville, burlesque. Longacre attracted him—but always the gambling-end of the operation.

Which predilection, with its years of ups and downs, landed him, one day, in western Canada, with an "unknown" to match against an Athabasca blacksmith, and a training-camp as the prospect for the next six weeks.

There lived there, gradually dying, one Albrecht Dumont, lately head gamekeeper to nobility in the mountains of a Lost Province, and his daughter, also a child of the Dark Star, now grown to early womanhood, with a voice like a hermit-thrush and the skill of a sorceress with anything that sped a bullet.

Before the "unknown" was quite ready to meet the Athabasca blacksmith, Albrecht Dumont, dying faster now, asked his daughter,

"Ilse, who is the short and broadly constructed American who comes now already every day to see thee and to hear thee sing?"

"His name is Eddie Brandes."

"He is of the fight *Gesellschaft*—not?"

"He should gain much money by the fight. A theater in Chicago shall he willingly control in which light opera shall be given."

"Is it for that he hears so willingly thy voice?"

"It is for that—and love."

"And what of Herr Max Venem, who has asked of me thy little hand in marriage?" The girl was silent. "Thou dost not love him?"

"No."

Toward sunset, Dumont, lying by the open window, opened his eyes of a dying *Lämmergeier*.

"My Ilse."

"Father?"

"What hast thou to this man said?"

"That I will be engaged to him if thou approve."

"He has gained the fight?"

"To-day. And many thousand dollars. The theater in Chicago is his when he desires. Riches, leisure, opportunity to study for a career upon his stage are mine, if I desire."

"Dost thou desire this, little Ilse?"

"Yes."

"And the man Venem, who has followed thee so long?"

"I cannot be what he would have me—a *Hausfrau* to mend his linen for my board and lodging."

"*So ist's recht! Grüs' Gott Ilse*——"

Three months later, Ilse Dumont arrived in Chicago to marry Eddie Brandes. One Benjamin Stull was best man. Others present included "Captain" Quint, "Doc" Curfoot, "Parson" Smawley, Abe Gordon—friends of the bridegroom.

A year later, Ilse Dumont Brandes, assuming the stage-name of Minna Minti, sang the rôle of Bettina, in "The Mascot," at the Brandes Theater, in Chicago.

A year later, when she created the part of Kathi in "The White Horse," Max Venem sent word to her that she would live to see her husband lying in the gutter under his heel—which made the girl unhappy in her triumph. But Venem hunted up Abe Gordon and told him very coolly that he meant to ruin Brandes.

And, within a month, the latest public favorite, Minna Minti, sat in her dressing-room, wet-eyed, enraged, with the reports of Venem's private detectives locked in the drawer of her dressing-table, and the curtain waiting.

So complex was life already becoming to these few among the million children of the dark star Erlik.

I

THE WONDER-BOX

As long as she could remember, she had been permitted to play with the contents of the late Herr Conrad Wilner's wonder-box. The program on such occasions varied little; the child was permitted to rummage among the treasures in the box until she had satisfied her perennial curiosity; conversation with her absent-minded father ensued, which ultimately included a personal narrative, dragged out piecemeal from the reticent, dreamy invalid. Then, always a few pages of the diary kept by the late Herr Wilner were read as a bedtime story. And bath and bed and dreamland followed. That was the invariable routine, now once more in full swing.

Her father lay on his invalid's chair, reading; his rubber-shod crutches rested against the wall, within easy reach. By him, beside the kerosene lamp, her mother sat mending her child's stockings and underwear.

Outside the circle of lamplight, the incandescent eyes of the stove glowed steadily through the semidusk; and the child, always fascinated by anything that aroused her imagination, lifted her gaze furtively from time to time to convince herself that it really was the big, familiar stove which glared redly back at her, and not the dragon into which her creative fancy had so often transformed it.



With an interest forever new, the Carew family prepared to listen to the words written by a strange man who had died only a few minutes after he made the last entry in the book—before even the ink was entirely dry on the pages

Reassured, she continued to explore the contents of the wonder-box—a toy she preferred to her doll, but not to her beloved set of water-colors and crayon pencils.

Some centuries ago, Pandora's box let loose a world of troubles; Herr Wilner's box apparently contained only pleasure for a little child, whose pleasures were mostly of her own invention.

It was a curious old box, made out of olive-wood and bound with bands of some lacquered silvery metal to make it strong—rupee silver, perhaps—strangely wrought with Arabic characters engraved and in shallow relief. It had handles on either side, like a sea-chest, a lacquered-silver lock and hasp which retained traces of violent usage, and six heavy strap-hinges of the same lacquered metal.

Within it, the little child knew that a most fascinating collection of articles was to be discovered, taken out, one by one, with greatest care, played with discreetly, and, at her mother's command, returned to their several places in Herr Wilner's box.

There were, in this box, two rather murderous-looking Kurdish daggers in sheaths of fretted silver—never to be unsheathed, it was solemnly understood, except by the child's father.

There was a pair of revolvers, the unexploded cartridges of which had been long since extracted and cautiously thrown into the mill-pond by the child's mother, much to the surprise, no doubt, of the pickerel and sunfish.

There were writing-materials of sandalwood, a few sea-shells, a dozen books in German, with many steel-plate engravings; also, a red Turkish fez with a dark-blue tassel, two pairs of gold-rimmed spectacles, several tobacco-pipes of Dresden porcelain, a case full of instruments for mechanical drawing, a thick blank book bound in calf and containing the diary of the late Herr Wilner down to within a few minutes before his death. Also, there was a figure in bronze, encrusted with tarnished gold and faded traces of polychrome decoration.

Erlik, the Yellow Devil, as Herr Wilner called it, seemed too heavy to be a hollow casting, and yet, when shaken, something within rattled faintly, as though, when the molten metal cooled, a fissure inside had been formed, into which a few loose fragments of bronze had fallen.

It apparently had not been made to represent any benign Chinese god; the aspect of the yellow figure was anything but benevolent. The features were terrific; scowls infested its grotesque countenance; threatening brows bent inward; angry eyes rolled in apparent fury, and its double gesture with sword and javelin was violent and almost humorously menacing. And Ruhannah adored it.

For a little while, the child played her usual game of frightening her doll with the Yellow Devil and then rescuing her by the aid of a fairy prince which she herself had designed, smeared with water-color, and cut out with scissors from a piece of cardboard.

After a time, she turned to the remaining treasures in the wonder-box. These consisted of several volumes containing photographs, others full of sketches in pencil and water-color, and a thick roll of glazed-linen scrolls covered with designs in India ink.

The photographs were of all sorts—landscapes, rivers, ships in dock, dry dock, and at sea; lighthouses, forts, horses carrying soldiers armed with lances and wearing the red fez, artillery on the march, infantry, groups of officers, all wearing the same sort of fez which lay there in Herr Wilner's box of olive-wood.

There were drawings, too—sketches of cannon, of rifles, of swords; drawings of soldiers in various gay uniforms, all carefully colored by hand. There were pictures of ships, from the sterns of which the Crescent flag floated lazily; sketches of great, ugly-looking objects, which her father explained were Turkish ironclads. The name "ironclad" always sounded menacing and formidable to the child, and the forbidding pictures fascinated her.

Then there were scores and scores of scrolls made out of slippery white linen, on which had been drawn all sorts of most amazing geometrical designs in ink.

"Plans," her father explained vaguely. And, when pressed by reiterated questions: "Plans for military works, I believe—forts, docks, barracks, fortified cuts and bridges. You are not yet quite old enough to understand, Ruhannah."

"Who did draw them, daddy?"

"A German friend of mine, Herr Conrad Wilner."

At this stage of the conversation, her father usually laid aside his book and composed himself for the inevitable narrative soon to be demanded of him.

Then, although having heard the story many times from her crippled father's lips, but never weary of the repetition, the child's eyes would grow round and very solemn in preparation for her next and inevitable question,

"And did Herr Wilner *die*, daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me!"

"Well, it was when I was a missionary in the Trebizond district, and your mother and I went——"

"And *me*, daddy? And me, too!"

"Yes; you were a little baby in arms. And we all went to Gallipoli to attend the opening of a beautiful new school which was built for little Mohammedan converts to Christianity."

"Did I see those little Christian children, daddy?"

"Yes; you saw them. But you are too young to remember."



He carefully examined the Chinese characters engraved on the base of the

"Tell me—don't stop!"

"Then listen attentively without interrupting, Rue. Your mother and you and I went to Gallipoli; and my friend, Herr Wilner, who had been staying at a town called Tchardak, came along to attend the opening of the American school.

"And the night we arrived there was trouble. The Turkish people, urged on by some bad officials in the sanjak, came with guns and swords and spears and set fire to the mission school.

"They did not offer to harm us. We had already collected our converts and our personal baggage. Our caravan was starting. The mob might not have done anything worse than burn the school if Herr Wilner had not lost his temper and threatened them with a dog-whip. Then they killed him with stones, there in the walled yard."

At this point in the tragedy, the eagerly awaited and ardently desired shivers passed up and down the child's back.

"O—oh! Did they kill him *dead?*"

"Yes, dear."

"Was he a martyr?"

"In a way, he was a martyr to his duty, I suppose. At least, I gather so from his diary and from what he once told me of his life."

"And then what happened? Tell me, daddy."

"A Greek steamer took us back to Trebizond."

"And what then?"

"And then, a year later, the terrible massacre at our mission occurred——"

That was what the child was waiting for.

"And then they did kill all the poor little Christian children!" she exclaimed excitedly. "And they did cut you with swords and guns! And then the kind sailors with the American flag took you and mama and me to a ship and saved us by the grace of our Lord Jesus!"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me!"

"That is all."

"No; you walk on two crutches, and you cannot be a missionary any more because you are sick all the time. Tell me, daddy!"

"No, dear; that is enough to-night——"

"Oh, daddy, you must first read in the di-a-ry which Herr Wilner made!"

"Bring me the book, Rue."

With an interest forever new, the Carew family prepared to listen to the words written by a strange man who had died only a few moments after he made the last entry in the book—before even the ink was entirely dry on the pages.

The child, sitting cross-legged on the floor, clasped her little hands tightly; her mother laid aside her sewing, folded it, and laid it in her lap; her father searched through the penciled translation which he had written in between the lines of German script, found where he had left off the time before, and then he continued the diary of Herr Conrad Wilner, deceased.

March 3d—My original plans have been sent to the Yildiz Kiosk. My duplicates are to go to Berlin when a messenger from our embassy arrives. Murad Bey knows this. I am sorry he knows it. But nobody except myself is aware that I have a third set of plans carefully hidden.

March 4th—All day with Murad's men, setting wire entanglements under water; two Turkish destroyers patrolling the entrance to the bay, and cavalry patrols on the heights to warn away the curious.

March 6th—Forts Alamont and Shah Abbas are being reconstructed from the new plans. Wired areas under water and along the coves and shoals are being plotted. Murad Bey is unusually polite and effuse, conversing with me in German and French—a spidery man and very dangerous.

March 7th—A strange and tragic affair last night. The heat being severe, I left my tent about midnight and went down to the dock where my little sailboat lay, with the object of cooling myself on the water. There was a hot land-breeze; I sailed out into the bay and cruised north along the coves which I have wired. As I rounded a little rocky point, I was surprised to see, in the moonlight, very near, a steam-yacht at anchor, carrying no lights. The longer I looked at her the more certain I became that I was gazing at the Imperial yacht. I had no idea what the yacht might be doing here; I ran my sailboat close under the overhanging rocks and anchored. Then I saw a small boat in the moonlight, pulling from the yacht toward shore, where the crescent cove had already been thoroughly staked, and the bottom closely covered with barbed wire as far as the edge of the deep channel, which curves in here like a scimitar.

It must have been that the people in the boat miscalculated the location of the channel, for they were well over the sunken barbed wire when they lifted and threw overboard what they had come there to get rid of—two dark bulks that splashed.

I watched the boat pull back to the Imperial yacht. A little later, the yacht weighed anchor and steamed northward, burning no lights. Only the red reflection, tingeing the smoke from her stacks, was visible. I watched it until it was lost in the moonlight, thinking all the while of those weighted sacks so often dropped overboard



ancient bronze, following them slowly with a yellow and clawlike forefinger

along the Bosporus and off Seraglio Point from that same Imperial yacht.

When the steamer had disappeared, I got out my sweeps and rowed for the place where the dark objects had been dropped overboard. I knew that they must be resting somewhere on the closely crisscrossed mesh of wires just below the surface of the water; but I probed for an hour before I located anything. Another hour passed in trying to hook into the object with the little three-fluked grapnel which I used as an anchor. I got hold of something finally, a heavy chest of olive-wood bound with metal, but I had to rig a tackle before I could hoist it aboard.

Then I cast out again; and very soon my grapnel hooked into what I expected—a canvas sack, weighted with a round shot. When I got it aboard, I hesitated a long while before opening it. Finally I made a long slit in the canvas with my knife——

She was very young—not over sixteen, I think, and she was really beautiful, even under her wet, dark hair. She seemed to be a Caucasian girl, or maybe a Georgian. She wore a small gold cross, which hung from a gold cord around her neck. There was another and tighter cord around her neck, too. I cut the silk bowstring and closed and bound her eyes with my handkerchief before I rowed out a little farther and lowered her into the deep channel which cuts eastward here like the scimitar of that true believer, Abdul Hamid.

Then I hoisted sail and beat up slowly toward my little dock under a moon which had become ghastly under the pallid aura of a gathering storm——

"A poor, dead young lady!" interrupted the child, clasping her hands more tightly. "And was the chest that Herr Wilner pulled up the very same chest that is here on the floor beside me?"

"The very same. Now, listen, Rue, and I will read a little more in Herr Wilner's diary, and then you must have your bath and be put to bed."

"Please read, daddy!"

The Reverend Wilbur Carew turned the page and quietly continued:



But he went back to where she stood, framed in the waist, and, tilting back her head in its fur

March 20th—In my own quarters at Tchardak again, and rid of Murad for a while.

A canvas cover and rope handles concealed the character of my olive-wood chest. I do not believe anybody suspects it to be anything except one of the various boxes containing my own personal effects. I shall open it to-night with a file and chisel, if possible.

March 21st—The contents of the chest reveal something of the tragedy. The box is full of letters written in Russian, and full of stones, which weigh, collectively, a hundred pounds at least. There is nothing else in the chest except a broken ikon and a bronze figure of Erlik, a Yildiz relic, no doubt, of some Kurdish raid into Mongolia, and probably placed beside the dead girl by her murderers in derision. I am translating the letters and arranging them in sequence.

March 25th—I have translated the letters. The dead girl's name was evidently Tatyana, one of several children of some Cossack chief or petty prince. When the Kurds raided the town, on the eve of her marriage to a young officer named Ritya, they carried poor Tatyana off, along with her wedding-chest—the chest I fished up with my grapnel.

In brief, the chest and the girl found their way into Abdul's seraglio. The letters of the dead girl—which were written and entrusted, probably, to a faithless slave, but which evidently never left the seraglio—throw some light on the tragedy, for they breathe indignation and contempt of Islam, and call on her affianced, on her parents, and on her people to rescue her and avenge her.

And, after a while, no doubt Abdul tired of reading fierce, unreconciled little Tatyana's stolen letters, and simply ended the matter by having her bowstrung and dumped overboard in a sack, together with her wedding-chest, her letters, and the Yellow Devil in bronze as a final insult.

She seems to have had a sister, Naia, thirteen years old, betrothed to a Prince Mistchenka, a cavalry officer in the Terek Cossacks. She had, also, a small brother whom she speaks of as Alak. Her father had been hetman of the Don Cossacks before the Emperor Nicholas reserved that title for imperial use. And *she* ended in a sack off Gallipoli! That is the story of Tatyana and her wedding-chest.

March 29th.—Murad arrived, murderously bland and assiduous in his solicitude for my health and comfort. I am almost positive he knows that I fished up something from Cove No. 37 under the



the lighted doorway, took her by hood, kissed her soft, warm lips

theoretical guns of theoretical Fort Osman, both long plotted out but long delayed.

April 5th—My duplicate plans for Gallipoli have been stolen. I have a third set still. Colonel Murad Bey is not to be trusted. My position is awkward and is becoming serious. There is no faith to be placed in Abdul Hamid.

April 10th—My secret correspondence has been discovered, and my letters opened. This is a very bad business.

April 21st—I have been summoned to the Yildiz Kiosk. It possibly means my assassination. I have confided my box of data, photographs, and plans to the Reverend Wilbur Carew, an American missionary who is here from Trebizond.

April 30th—Back at Tchardak with my good missionary and his wife. A strange interview with Abdul. There were twenty French clocks in the room, all going and all striking at various intervals. The walls were set with French mirrors.

Abdul's cordiality was terrifying; the full original set of my Gallipoli plans was brought in. After a while, the sultan reminded me that the plans were in duplicate, and asked me where were these duplicates. What duplicity! But I said pleasantly that they were to be sent to general-staff headquarters in Berlin.

He pretended to understand that this was contrary to the agreement, and insisted that the plans should first be sent to him for comparison. I merely referred him to his agreement with my government. But all the while we were talking, I was absolutely convinced that the stolen duplicates were at that moment in the Yildiz Kiosk. Abdul must have known that I believed it. Yet we both merely smiled our confidence in each other.

He seemed to be unusually good-natured and gracious, saying that, no doubt, I was quite right in sending the plans to Berlin.

He asked me where I was going. I told him about the plans I was preparing for the Trebizond district. He offered me an escort of Kurdish cavalry, saying that he had been told the district was not very safe. I thanked him and declined his escort of assassins.

I saw it all very plainly. Like a pirate captain, Abdul orders his crew to dig a secret hole for his treasure, and, when the hole is dug and the treasure hidden, he murders the men who hid it for him, so that they shall never betray its location. I am one of those men. That is what he means for me, who have given him his Gallipoli plans.

May 3d—In the bazaar at Tchardak yesterday, two men tried to stab me. I got their daggers, but they escaped in the confusion. Murad called to express horror and regret—yes, regret that I had not been murdered.

May 5th—I have written to my government that my usefulness here seems to be ended, that my life is in hourly danger, that I desire to be more thoroughly informed concerning the relations between Berlin and the Yildiz Kiosk.

May 6th—I am in disgrace. My government is furious because my correspondence has been stolen. The Porte has complained about me to Berlin; Berlin disowns me, disclaims all knowledge of my political activities outside of my engineering work.

This is what failure to carry out secret instructions invariably brings—desertion by the government from which such instructions are received. In diplomacy, failure is a crime never forgiven. Abandoned by my government, I am now little better than an outlaw here. Two courses remain open to me—to go back in disgrace and live obscurely for the remainder of my life, or to risk my life by hanging on desperately here with an almost hopeless possibility before me to accomplishing something to serve my government and rehabilitate myself.

The matter of the stolen plans is being taken up by our ambassador to the Sublime Porte. What folly! I possess a third set of plans. Our embassy ought to send for them. I don't know what to do.

May 12th—A letter I wrote on May 10th to the German embassy has been stolen. I am now greatly worried about the third set of plans. It seems safest to include the box containing them among the baggage of the American missionary, the Reverend Wilbur Carew, and, too, for me to seek shelter with him. I have the missionary's promise that he will retain and conceal the contents of my box until I instruct him otherwise.

May 15th—The missionary and his wife and baby travel to Gallipoli, where an American school for girls is about to be opened.

To-day, in a cafe, I noticed that the (*Continued on page 136*)

My Hawaiian Aloha

By Jack London

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the Hawaiian language, the word "aloha" (literally, love) is the universal form of salutation. From the Islands, Mr. London sends a greeting to Cosmopolitan readers. And it contains something of great interest. In the months he has spent in the most delightful of our territorial possessions, he has obtained knowledge as to how life is lived there. He has worn through the surface-novelty that invariably fascinates the temporary sojourner coming in contact with practically none of the actual problems of existence. This is the first of a short series of articles on present-day Hawaii.



Trying the exciting

ONCE upon a time, only the other day, when jovial King Kalakaua established a record for the kings of earth and time, there entered into his Polynesian brain as merry a scheme of international intrigue as ever might have altered the destiny of races and places. The time was 1881; the place of the intrigue, the palace of the Mikado, at Tokyo. The record must not be omitted, for it was none other than that, for the first time in the history of kings and of the world, a reigning sovereign, in his own royal person, put a girdle around the earth.



Jack London
Drawn from life by
Harrison Fisher

The intrigue? It was certainly as international as any international intrigue could be. Also, it was equally as dark, while it was precisely in alignment with the future conflicting courses of empires. Manifest destiny was more than incidentally concerned. When the manifest destinies of two dynamic races move on ancient and immemorial lines toward each other from east to west and west to east along the same parallels of latitude, there is an inevitable point on the earth's surface where they will collide. In this case, the races were the Anglo-Saxon (represented by the Americans) and the Mongolian (represented by the Japanese). The place was Hawaii, the lovely and lovable, beloved of countless many as "Hawaii Nei."



Princess Kaiulani, heir apparent to the throne of Hawaii after the death of her uncle, King Kalakaua

Kalakaua, despite his merriness, foresaw clearly either that the United States would absorb Hawaii or that, allied by closest marital ties to the imperial house of the Rising Sun, Hawaii could be a brother kingdom in an empire. That he saw clearly, the situation to-day attests. Hawaii Nei is a territory of the United States. There are more Japanese resident in Hawaii at the present time than are resident other nationalities, not even excepting the native Hawaiians.

The figures are eloquent. In round numbers, there are twenty-five thousand pure Hawaiians, twenty-five thousand various Caucasians, twenty-three thousand Portuguese, twenty-one thousand Chinese,



sport of surf-boarding at Waikiki Beach, near Honolulu

fifteen thousand Filipinos, a sprinkling of many other breeds, an amazing complexity of intermingled breeds, and ninety thousand Japanese. And, most amazingly eloquent of all statistics are those of the race-purity of the Japanese mating. In the year 1914, the registrar-general is authority for the statements that one American male and one Spanish male respectively married Japanese females, that one Japanese male married a *Hapa-haole*, or Caucasian-Hawaiian female, and that three Japanese males married pure Hawaiian females. When it comes to an innate antipathy toward mongrelization, the dominant national in Hawaii, the Japanese, proves himself more jealously exclusive by far than any other national. Omitting the records of all the other nationals which go to make up the amazing mongrelization of races in this melting-pot of the races, let the record of pure-blood Americans be cited. In the same year of 1914, the registrar-general reports that, of American males who intermingled their breed and seed with alien races, eleven married pure Hawaiians, twenty-five married Caucasian-Hawaiians, three married pure Chinese, four married Chinese-



Kalakaua, last king of Hawaii, who reigned from 1874 to 1891



Native Hawaiian with his surf-board

Hawaiians, and one married a pure Japanese. To sum the same thing up with a cross-bearing, in the same year, 1914, of over eighteen hundred Japanese women who married, only two married outside their race; of over eight hundred pure Caucasian women who married, over two hundred intermingled their breed and seed with races alien to their own. Reduced to decimals, of the females who went over the fence of race to secure fathers for

their children, twenty-five hundredths of these pure Caucasian women were guilty; fourteen ten-thousandths of these Japanese women were guilty—in vulgar fractions, one out of four Caucasian women; one out of one thousand Japanese women.

King Kalakaua, at the time he germinated his idea, was the royal guest of the Mikado in a special palace which was all his to lodge in; along with his suite. But Kalakaua was resolved upon an international intrigue which was, to say the least, ethnologically ticklish while his suite consisted of two Americans—one, Colonel C. H. Judd, his chamberlain; the other, Mr. William N. Armstrong, his attorney-general. They represented one of the race's manifest destinies, and he knew it would never do for them to know what he had up his kingly sleeve. So, on this day in 1881, he gave them the royal slip, sneaked out of the palace the back way, and hied him to the Mikado's palace.

All of which, between kings, is a very *outrée* thing to do. But what was mere etiquette between kings, Kalakaua reasoned. Besides, Kalakaua was a main-traveled sovereign, and very cosmopolitan through contact with all sorts and conditions of men at the feasting-board under the ringing grass-thatched roof of the royal canoe-house at Honolulu, while the Mikado had never been off his tight little island. Of course, the Mikado was surprised at the unannounced and entirely unceremonious afternoon call. But not for nothing was he the Son of Heaven, equipped with all the perfection of gentleness that belongs to a much longer than a nine-hundred-year-old name. To his dying day, Kalakaua never dreamed of the *faux pas* he committed that day in 1881. He went directly to the point, exposited (*Continued on page 170*)

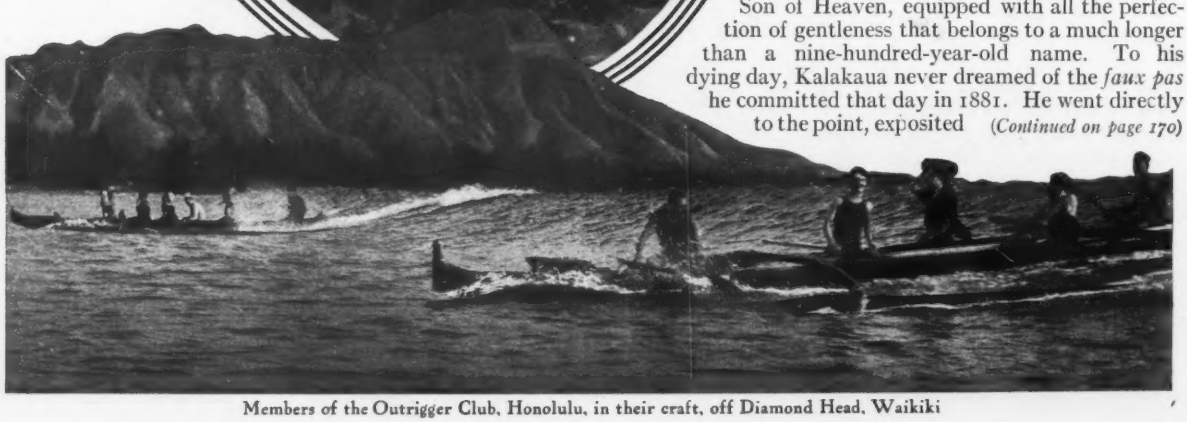


Visitors leaving Honolulu. The hospitable Hawaiians have adorned their departing friends with the garlands of flowers that they themselves delight to wear.

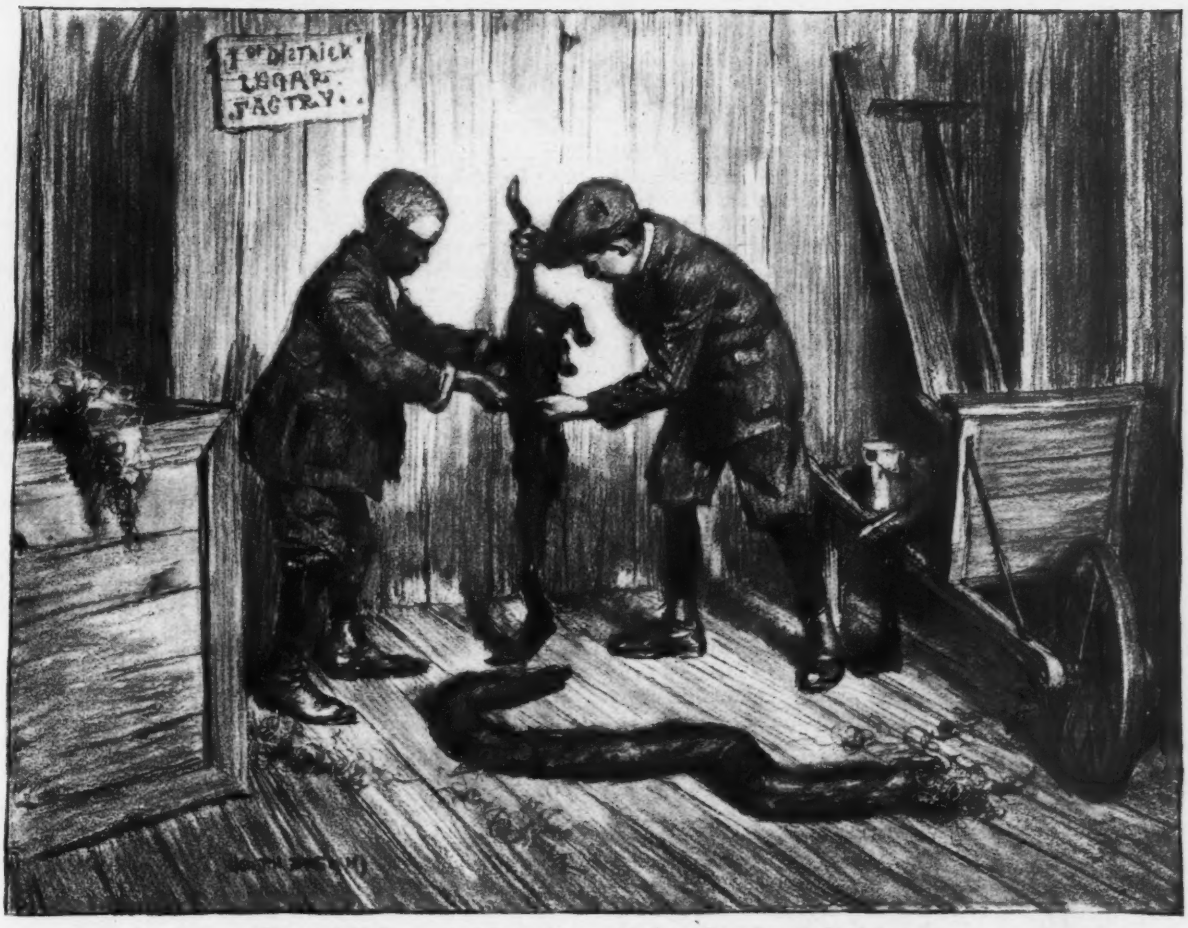


Palms and lotus, Moanalua Park, Honolulu

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. JOHNSON



Members of the Outrigger Club, Honolulu, in their craft, off Diamond Head, Waikiki



Verman held the mouth of the stocking stretched, and Penrod manipulated the cat

On Account of the Weather

Penrod Makes an Important Contribution to Natural History

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

THERE is no ennui (not even an invalid's) comparable to that of a boy who has nothing to do. When a man says he has nothing to do, he speaks idly; there is always more than he can do. Grown women never say they have nothing to do, and when girls, or little girls, say they have nothing to do, they are merely airing an affectation. But when a boy has nothing to do, he has actually nothing at all to do; his state is pathetic, and when he complains of it, his voice is haunting.

Penrod's innumerable admirers, who invariably ask, "What next?" will certainly have their anticipations more than gratified by this astounding performance, and their pleasure will be further increased by his chance encounter with Verman, who is always a welcome addition to any adventure, even if he cannot share the joy that he himself furnishes.

Mrs. Schofield was troubled by this uncomfortable quality in the voice of her son, who came to her thrice, in his search for entertainment or even employment, one Saturday afternoon during a February thaw. Few facts are better established than that the February thaw is the poorest time of year for everybody. But for a boy, it is worse than poorest; it is bankrupt. The remnant streaks of old soot-speckled snow left against the north walls of houses have no power to inspire; rather, they are dreary reminders of sports long since carried to satiety. One cares little even to eat such snow, and the eating of icicles, also, has come to be a flaccid and stale diversion. There is no ice to bear a skate; there is only a vast sufficiency of cold mud, practically useless. Sunshine flickers shiftily, coming and going without any honest purpose; snow-squalls blow for five minutes, the flakes disappearing as they touch the earth; half an hour later, rain sputters, turns to snow, and then turns back to rain—and the sun disingenuously beams out again, only to be shut off like a rogue's lantern. And all the wretched while, if a boy sets foot out of doors, he must be harassed about his overcoat and rubbers; he is warned against tracking up the plastic lawn, and sharply advised to stay inside the house. Saturday might as well be Sunday.

Thus the season. Penrod had sought all possible means to pass the time. A full half-hour of vehement yodeling in the Williams' yard had failed to bring forth comrade Sam; and, at last, a colored woman had opened a window to inform Penrod that her intellect was being unseated by his vocalizations, which had surpassed in unpleasantness, she

claimed, every sound in her previous experience—and, for the sake of definiteness, she stated her age to be fifty-three years and four months. She added that all members of the Williams family had gone out of town to attend the funeral of a relative, but she wished that they might have remained to attend Penrod's, which she confidently predicted as imminent if the neighborhood followed its natural impulse.

Penrod listened for a time, but coldly departed before the conclusion of the oration. He sought other comrades, with no success; he even went to the length of yodeling in the yard of that best of boys, Georgie Bassett. Here was failure again, for George signaled to him, through a closed window, that a closeting with dramatic literature was preferable to the society of a playmate; and the book which Georgie exhibited was openly labeled, "300 Choice Declamations." Georgie also managed to convey another reason for his refusal of Penrod's companionship, the visitor being conversant with lip-reading through his studies at the "movies." "*Too muddy!*"

Penrod went home.

"Well," said Mrs. Schofield, having almost exhausted a mother's powers of suggestion, "well, why don't you give Duke a bath?" She was that far depleted when Penrod came to-her the third time.

Mothers' suggestions are wonderful for little children, but sometimes lack luster when a boy is about twelve—an age to which the ideas of a Swede farm-hand would usually prove more congenial. However, the dim and melancholy eye of Penrod showed a pale gleam, and he departed. He gave his little old dog, Duke, a bath.

The entertainment proved damp and discouraging for both parties. Duke began to tremble even before he was lifted into the water, and after his first immersion he was revealed to be a dog weighing about one-fourth of what an observer of Duke when dry must have guessed his weight to be. His wetness and the disclosure of his extreme fleshly insignificance appeared to mortify him profoundly; he wept. Presently, under Penrod's thorough ministrations—for the young master was inclined to make this bath last as long as possible—Duke plucked up a heart and began a series of passionate attempts to close the interview. As this was his first bath since September, the effects were lavish and impressionistic, both upon Penrod and upon the bathroom. However, the imperious boy's loud remonstrances contributed to bring about the result desired by Duke.

Mrs. Schofield came running, and eloquently put an end to Duke's winter bath. When she had suggested this cleansing as a pleasant means of passing the time, she had assumed that it would take place in a wash-tub in the cellar; and Penrod's location of the performance in her own bathroom was far from her intention.

Penrod found her language oppressive, and, having been denied the right to rub Duke dry with a bath-towel—or even with the cover of a table in the next room—the dismal boy, accompanied by his dismal dog, set forth, by way of the kitchen door, into the dismal weather. With no purpose in mind, they mechanically went out to the alley, where Penrod leaned morosely against the fence, and Duke stood shivering close by, his figure still unnaturally emaciated and his tail absolutely withdrawn from view.

There was a cold, wet wind, however, and Duke presently found his condition unendurable. He was past middle age and cared little for exercise, but he saw that something must be done. Therefore, he made a vigorous attempt to dry himself in a dog's way. He threw himself, shoulders first, upon the alley mud; he slid upon it, back downward; he rolled and rolled and rolled. He began to feel lively and rolled the more; in every way he convinced Penrod that dogs have no regard for appearances. Also, having discovered an ex-fish near the cottage of some colored people who lived in the alley, Duke confirmed an impression of Penrod's that dogs have a peculiar fancy in the matter of odors which they like to wear.

Duke became livelier and livelier, and now wished to play with his master. Penrod was anything but fastidious; nevertheless, under the circumstances, he withdrew to the kitchen, leaving Duke to play by himself, outside.

Della, the cook, was comfortably making rolls and entertaining a caller with a cup of tea. Penrod lingered a few moments, but found even his attention to the conversation



The library door flew open, and Mrs. Cullen appeared as a mingled streak, crossing the room from he entered, there appeared a big, long, black, horrible snake with

ill received, while his attempts to take part in it met with outright rebuff. His feelings were hurt, and he passed broodingly to the front part of the house. In the library, he flung himself wearily into an armchair, and, with glazed eyes, stared at the shelves of books which meant to him just what the wall-paper meant. He sighed from the abyss; his legs tossed and his arms flopped; he got up, scratched himself exhaustively, and shuffled to a window. Ten desolate minutes he stood there, gazing out sluggishly upon a soggy world. During this time, two wet delivery-wagons and four elderly women under umbrellas were all that crossed his field of vision. Somewhere in the world, he thought, there was probably a boy who lived across the street from a jail or a fire-engine house, and had windows worth looking out of. Penrod rubbed his nose up and down the pane slowly, continuously, and without the slightest pleasure; and he again scratched himself wherever it was possible to do so, though he did not even itch. There was nothing in his life.

Such boredom as he was suffering can become agony, and an imaginative creature may do wild things to escape it; many a grown person has taken to drink on account of less pressure than was upon Penrod during that intolerable Saturday.

A faint sound in his ear informed him that Della, in the kitchen, had uttered a loud exclamation, and he decided to go back there. However, since his former visit had resulted in painful rebuff, he paused outside the kitchen door, which was slightly ajar, and listened. He did this idly, and with no hope of hearing anything interesting or helpful.

"Snakes!" Della exclaimed. "Didja say the poor man was seein' snakes, Mrs. Cullen?"

"No, Della," Mrs. Cullen returned dolorously; "jist one. Flora says he niver see more th'n one—jist one big, long, ugly-faced, horr'ble black one, the same one comin' back an' makin' a fizzin' n'ise at um iv'ry time he had the fit on um. 'Twas alw'ys the same snake; an' he'd holler at Flora, 'Here it comes ag'in, O me soul!' he'd holler. 'The big, black, ugly-faced thing—it's as long as the front fence!' he'd holler. 'An' it's makin' a fizzin' n'ise at me, an' breathin' in me face!' he'd holler. 'Fer th' love o' hivin', Flora,' he'd holler, 'it's got a little black man wit' a gassly white forehead a-pokin' of it along wit' a broom-handle an' a-sickin' it on me, the same as a boy sicks a dog on a poor cat! Fer the love o' hivin', Flora,' he'd holler, 'cantcha fright it away from me before I go out o' me head?'"

"Poor Tom!" said Della, with deep compassion. "An' the poor man out of his head all the time, an' not knowin' it. 'Twas awful fer Flora to sit there an' hear such things in the night like that."

"You may believe yerself whin ye say it," Mrs. Cullen agreed. "Right the very night the poor soul died, he was hollerin' how the big black snake and the little black man wit' the gassly white forehead a-pokin' it wit' a broomstick had come fer um. 'Fright 'em away, Flora!' he was croakin', in a v'ice that hoarse an' husky 'twas hard to make out what he says. 'Fright 'em away, Flora!' he says. ''Tis the big, black, ugly-faced snake, as black as a black stockin' an' thicker round than me leg at the thigh before I was wasted away,' he says, poor man! 'It's makin' the fizzin' n'ise awful to-night,' he says. 'An' the little black man wit' the gassly white forehead is a-laughin',' he says. 'He's a-laughin' an' a-pokin' the big, black, fizzin', ugly-faced snake wit' his broomstick ——'"

Della was unable to endure the description.

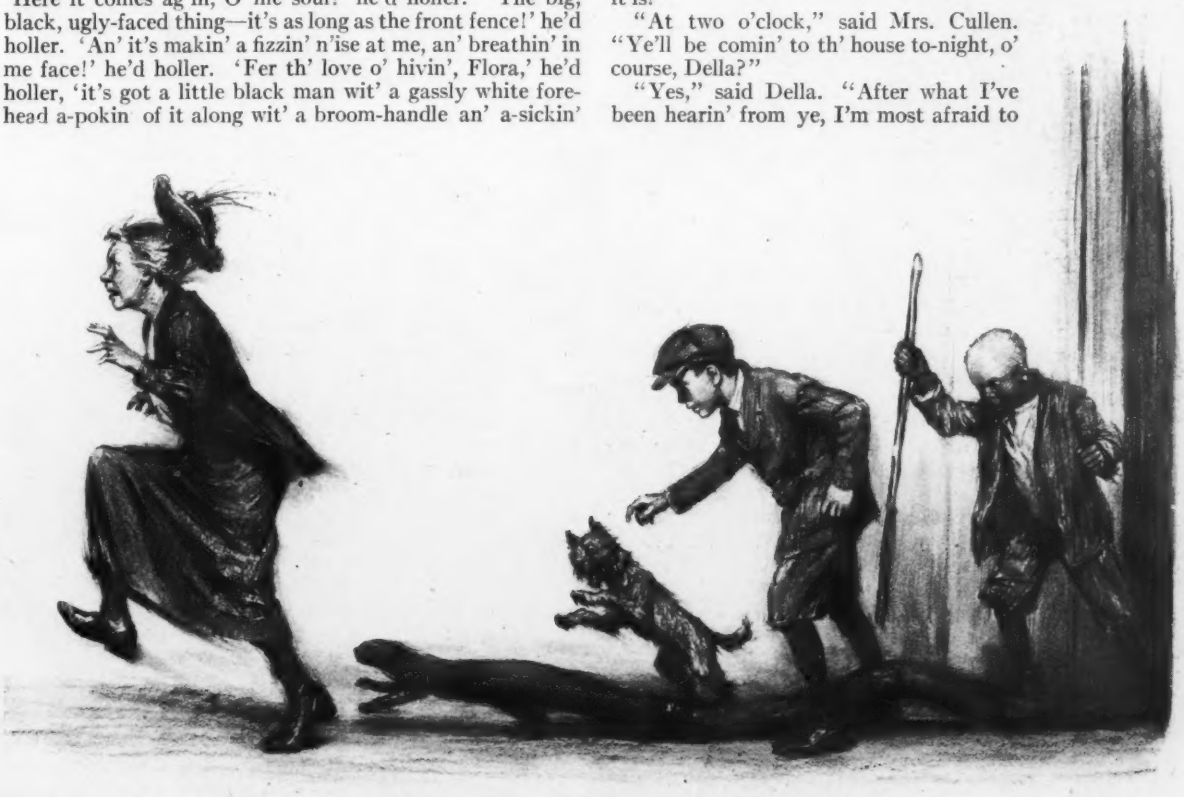
"Don't tell me no more, Mrs. Cullen!" she protested. "Poor Tom! I thought Flora was wrong last week whin she hid the whisky. 'Twas takin' it away from him that killed him—an' him already so sick!"

"Well," said Mrs. Cullen, "he hardly had the strengt' to drink much, she tells me, after he see the big snake an' the little black divil the first time. Poor woman, she says he talked so plain she sees 'em both herself, iv'ry time she looks at the poor body where it's laid out. She says——"

"Don't tell me!" cried the impressionable Della. "Don't tell me, Mrs. Cullen! I can most see 'em meself, right here in me own kitchen! Poor Tom! To think whin I bought me a new hat, only last week, the first time I'd be wearin' it'd be to his funeral. To-morrow afternoon, it is?"

"At two o'clock," said Mrs. Cullen. "Ye'll be comin' to th' house to-night, o' course, Della?"

"Yes," said Della. "After what I've been hearin' from ye, I'm most afraid to



one door to the other. She was followed by a boy with a coal-black nose, and between his feet, as frantic legs springing from what appeared to be its head



He drew forth from his pocket his entire fortune. "All right, Verman," he said resignedly; "if you won't do it any other way, here's a nickel"

come, but I'll do it. Poor Tom! I remember the day him an' Flora was married——"

But the eavesdropper heard no more; he was on his way up the back stairs, and life and light—and purpose—had come to his face once more.

His nineteen-year-old sister Margaret was out for the afternoon. Unostentatiously, he went to her room, and for the next few minutes occupied himself busily therein. He was so quiet that his mother, sewing in her own room, would not have heard him except for the obstinacy of one of the drawers in Margaret's bureau. Mrs. Schofield went to the door of her daughter's room.

"What are you doing, Penrod?"

"Nothing."

"You're not disturbing any of Margaret's things, are you?"

"No, ma'am," said the meek lad.

"What did you jerk that drawer open for?"

"Ma'am?"

"You heard me, Penrod."

"Yes, ma'am. I was just lookin' for sumpthing."

"For what?" Mrs. Schofield asked. "You know that nothing of yours would be in Margaret's room, Penrod, don't you?"

"Ma'am?"

"What was it you wanted?" she asked, rather impatiently.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "I was lookin' for some pins."

"Very well," she said, and handed him two from the shoulder of her blouse.

"I ought to have more," he said. "I want about forty."

"What for?"

"I just want to *make* sumpthing, mamma," he said plaintively. "My goodness! Can't I even want to have a few pins without everybody makin' such a fuss about it you'd think I was doin' a srime?"

"Doing a what, Penrod?"

"A *srime!*" he repeated, with emphasis; and a moment's reflection enlightened his mother.

"Oh, a crime!" she exclaimed. "You *must* quit reading the murder trials in the newspapers, Penrod. And when you read words you don't know how to pronounce, you ought to ask either your papa or me."

"Well, I am askin' you about sumpthing now," said Penrod. "Can't I even have a few *pins* without stoppin' to talk about everything in the newspapers, mamma?"

"Yes," she said, laughing at his seriousness; and she took him to her room and bestowed upon him five or six rows torn from a paper of pins. "That ought to be plenty," she said, "whatever you want to make."

And she smiled after his retreating figure, not noting that he looked softly bulky around the body, and held his elbows unnaturally tight to his sides. She was assured of the innocence of anything to be made with pins, and forbore to press investigation. For Penrod to be playing with pins seemed almost girlish. Unhappy woman, it pleased her to have her son seem girlish!

Penrod went out to the stable, tossed his pins into the wheelbarrow, then took from his pocket and unfolded six pairs of long black stockings, indubitably the property of his sister Margaret. (Evidently Mrs. Schofield had been a little late in making her appearance at the door of Margaret's room.)

Penrod worked systematically; he hung the twelve stockings over the sides of the wheelbarrow, and placed the wheelbarrow beside a large packing-box, which was half full of excelsior. One after another, he stuffed the stockings full of excelsior, till they looked like twelve long black sausages. Then he pinned the top of one stocking securely over the stuffed foot of another, pinning the top of a third to the foot of the second, the top of a fourth to the foot of the third—and continued operations in this fashion until the twelve stockings were the semblance of one long and sinuous black body, sufficiently suggestive to any normal eye.

He tied a string to one end of this unpleasant-looking thing, led it around the stable, and, by vigorous manipulations, succeeded in making it wriggle realistically; but he was not satisfied. He dropped the string listlessly, and sat down in the wheelbarrow to ponder. Penrod sometimes proved that there were within him the makings of an artist; he had become fascinated by an idea, *(Continued on page 122)*

The Will of Earth

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos

Photographic Decoration by Lejaren A. Hiller

EDITOR'S NOTE—Looking, with his wonderful, penetrating vision, beyond the political ideals, national aims and ambitions that have brought about the present appalling conflict in Europe, the great Belgian philosopher discerns what he believes to be the true significance of the gigantic struggle, and here he describes it to Cosmopolitan readers. If there is anything at all that can reconcile humanity to the unparalleled sacrifice that the most civilized races of mankind are now making, shall it not be found in the prospect of attaining such an end as M. Maeterlinck perceives—an end that, in its sublimity, goes far beyond the hopes and expectations of the warring nations?

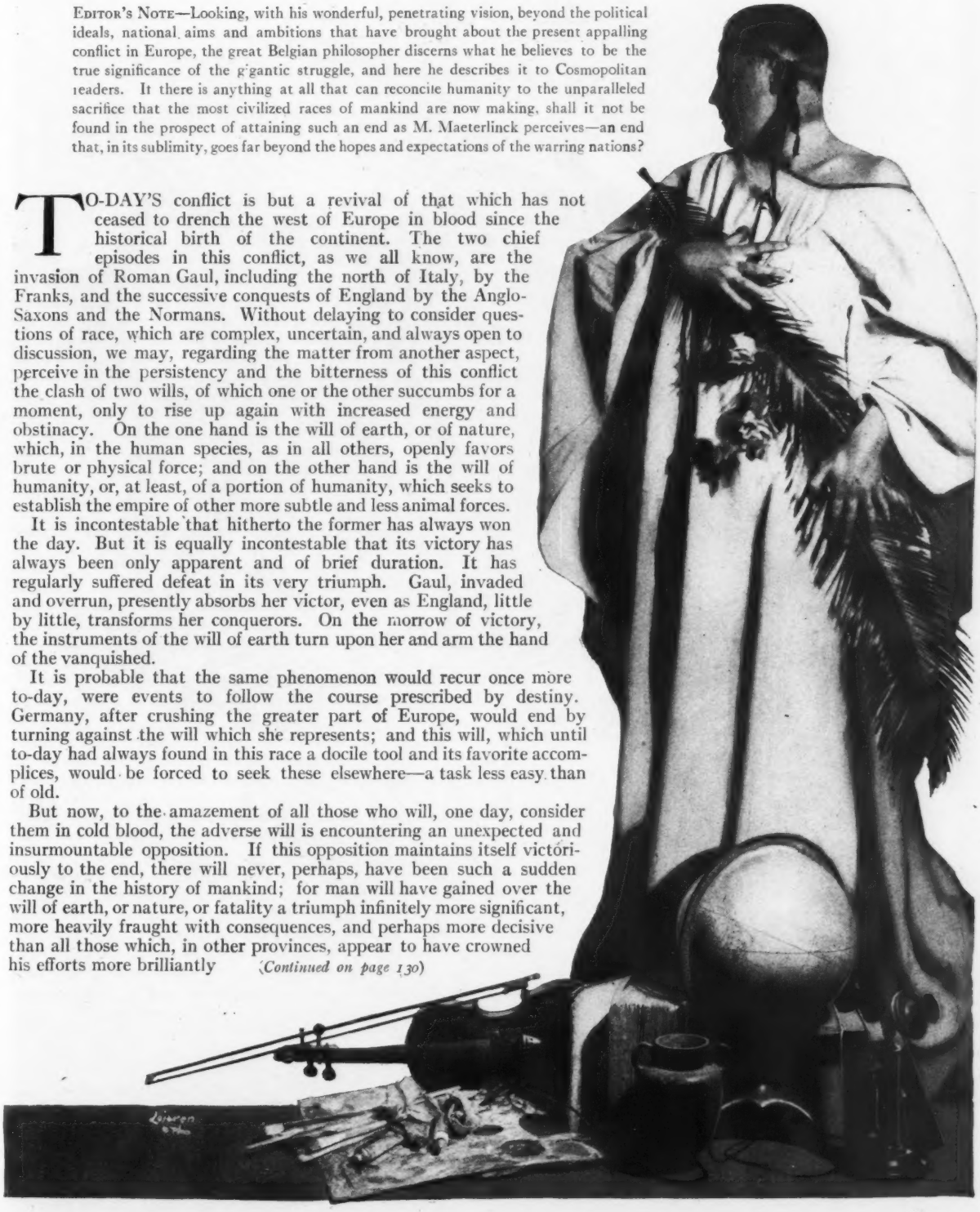
TO-DAY'S conflict is but a revival of that which has not ceased to drench the west of Europe in blood since the historical birth of the continent. The two chief episodes in this conflict, as we all know, are the invasion of Roman Gaul, including the north of Italy, by the Franks, and the successive conquests of England by the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans. Without delaying to consider questions of race, which are complex, uncertain, and always open to discussion, we may, regarding the matter from another aspect, perceive in the persistency and the bitterness of this conflict the clash of two wills, of which one or the other succumbs for a moment, only to rise up again with increased energy and obstinacy. On the one hand is the will of earth, or of nature, which, in the human species, as in all others, openly favors brute or physical force; and on the other hand is the will of humanity, or, at least, of a portion of humanity, which seeks to establish the empire of other more subtle and less animal forces.

It is incontestable that hitherto the former has always won the day. But it is equally incontestable that its victory has always been only apparent and of brief duration. It has regularly suffered defeat in its very triumph. Gaul, invaded and overrun, presently absorbs her victor, even as England, little by little, transforms her conquerors. On the morrow of victory, the instruments of the will of earth turn upon her and arm the hand of the vanquished.

It is probable that the same phenomenon would recur once more to-day, were events to follow the course prescribed by destiny. Germany, after crushing the greater part of Europe, would end by turning against the will which she represents; and this will, which until to-day had always found in this race a docile tool and its favorite accomplices, would be forced to seek these elsewhere—a task less easy than of old.

But now, to the amazement of all those who will, one day, consider them in cold blood, the adverse will is encountering an unexpected and insurmountable opposition. If this opposition maintains itself victoriously to the end, there will never, perhaps, have been such a sudden change in the history of mankind; for man will have gained over the will of earth, or nature, or fatality a triumph infinitely more significant, more heavily fraught with consequences, and perhaps more decisive than all those which, in other provinces, appear to have crowned his efforts more brilliantly

(*Continued on page 130*)





DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

It was so wonderful to lean against the steamer-rail toward dusk, and talk to some one who was tanned and natural and American, and who didn't have the slightest idea who one was, and who liked one for oneself alone

(*The Hoard*)

The Hoard

By
Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by
Harrison Fisher

IF Phil Ryder had known who she was, he would not have had the effrontery to fall in love with her. She had money, of course, or else she would not have been circumnavigating the globe with a chaperon, but, then, he had money, too. There was nothing to show that she had a great deal of money. And there was nothing to show that he had only just enough to pay an income tax. There was nothing to show that he, at the end of his year of wandering over the world, would go to work in a law-office, or that she, if she chose, could go on wandering for the rest of her life. To the eye, he was a young American of the best type, good-looking, modest, and in easy circumstances; she could be described by the same terms, which, as a matter of fact, provide a lame and inadequate description of either.

On the first day of the voyage to Colombo, each made an equally lame attempt to describe the other. She said to Mrs. Beaufort, her chaperon,

"The nice-looking boy's name is Ryder, after all."

And he, writing to his mother, said,

"There's a bully good-looking American girl on board —a Miss Brown."

Two months later, Ryder's mother read that letter, and remarked to an empty egg-shell and some coffee-things,

"If only it was *the* Miss Brown, and Phil *should* fall in love with her!" And, of course, it was *the* Miss Brown, and Phil did fall in love with her. Of equal importance is the fact that she fell in love with him.

It was so wonderful to lean against the steamer-rail, toward dusk, and talk to some one who was tanned and natural and American, and who didn't have the slightest idea who one was, and who liked one for oneself alone. You leaned against the rail, and the ship leaned on a mud bar, and the muddy water of the Hugli flowed past, and that black thing out there that looked like a tree stump and that bobbed up and down and rolled slowly over and over as the crows tugged at it was a corpse that had only been half cremated at the burning ghat of Benares. It had only been half cremated because it was the corpse of a poor man, and fire-wood is expensive, and crows are good birds who ought to be encouraged. And over beyond—those low-lying shores, thick with tropic growth and fever and cobras—that was tiger country. You felt reasonably certain, though you could not actually see, that every little way there was one crouched by the river's brim, his four hip-joints higher than his back, his tail slowly waving, and his muzzle and whiskers dipped into the refreshing if muddy water.

And then the steamer having rested itself (ships plying between Calcutta and Colombo are not "shes" but "its"), stopped leaning on the mud bar, and began to drift with the current. Night came—the tropic night with its fewer, brighter stars (there had been an interlude of eating), and the other rail of the steamer proved even softer for elbows, and you tried to make a cross out of the Southern Cross and failed, and you tried to read a newspaper clipping by the light of it, and failed, and at the beginning of each hour you heard the shrill voice of the barefoot Hindu who stands watch in the bows of ships, and tried to catch the syllables, to see if he was really crying, "Hum deckty hai!" And you wondered if "Hum deckty hai" really meant, "I'm looking out." And you listened to a natural and tanned one (the nicest kind of an American boy, mark you) who quoted with feeling and great diffidence,

"For to admire and for to see,
For to behold this world so wide,
It never done no good to me,
But I can't help it if I tried."



And when you went to bed, you had a good look at yourself in a very small looking-glass that perched over a very small wash-basin in a very stuffy cabin, and you liked the look of yourself

And then, young as you were, at the very threshold of your career as a pampered and world-famous heiress and beauty, you felt lonely and old, a little cynical, a little sad; you even felt that you had lived (long years ago) and loved (ditto, ditto) and that you had laughed indeed, gently, bravely, mirthlessly. And when you went to bed, you had a good look at yourself in a very small looking-glass that perched over a very small wash-basin in a very stuffy cabin, and you liked the look of yourself.

How did they meet? The crows that tugged at the half-burnt corpse arranged that. They pecked and they tugged until they aroused in the mind of the beautiful Miss Brown an insatiable curiosity, and she spoke her curiosity aloud, saying, "What *have* they got?" And then she looked to the left and caught his eye, and he blushed and stammered and satiated the insatiable.

"Ugh, how horrid!" she said.

He explained that *it* was too far off to be really horrid, but this did not satisfy her.

"I shall always hate crows," she said.

"And I shall always like them. I shall always be grateful to them."

She did not ask him what he meant by this extraordinary statement. She didn't have to. He was looking straight into her eyes when he made it.

"I have always thought it would be smart to have a crest," he went on. "I shall have a crow for mine—a crow, presentant."

She smiled upon him and murmured that perhaps the sound old Latin word "pickmenupant" would be more appropriate. He confessed to being horrified by this suggestion.

"But I did," she said, "really."

"I deny the imputation," he said, "and denounce it. It was the crows—bless 'em!"

II

In the midst of a New York winter, it seems to me that Colombo, which is the metropolis of Ceylon, is one of the most delightful places in the world. There, it is always hot. There, a man frozen with cares and northwest winds may boil out and forget his troubles.

Is your heart marble? Try Colombo. Have you the drink-habit? Try Colombo. There, you will not drink. There are two reasons: a cocktail, having a sort of dirty froth on top and tasting vaguely of elderberry wine and bile, costs a dollar; and if you do drink, you will die.

There, you must wear one hat on top of another and convert yourself into a sort of living thermos bottle, so that the sun will not addle your brain; and there, dawdling in the streets in the early morning or late afternoon, you may buy sapphires and rubies from demi-nudes who sit cross-legged in the dirt.

But Tipperary itself is not so far away as Colombo. Even from Calcutta it's a seven days' stew and steam. And in the old days there were pink-scalped, boily persons with blond mustaches who made smoking-room life intolerable; but, just as they infested the smoking-room, so they avoided the one tub in the one bathroom, and in that tub, the morning rush over, and the rat who sleeps on the cross-beam just overhead gone on his day's business, you could lie, gasping, while, from a sprinkler, sea-water slightly cooler than the air thundered upon you. But had you been an eligible young man—the only one on board—and there been so amicable and good-looking a young lady as Miss Brown along, you would have made light of the trials and tribulations, and of that voyage you would have remembered only water so blue that Description himself, his pockets turned inside out to show that he is beggared, must turn wistfully away. You would have remembered only the long, dreamlike flights of flying-fish, the sperm-whale that fought with the killer-whales off the port bow, and goings-to-bed of the sun, celebrated by no mere hori-



She shrugged her shoulders and waited for him to speak. But he said nothing—only looked at her in a puzzled way

zontal display of bright bunting but by the whole great circle of heaven streaming with crimson and gold. These things you would have remembered, and also stars bright as human eyes, and human eyes bright as stars.

The ship steamed into Colombo harbor just at dawn, and those who had the luck to be still asleep were wakened by the far-off, multitudinous cawings of crows. He waked and his first thought was, "That is a good omen." She



waked and listened and smiled. "He'll think it's going to be one of his lucky days," she thought, and yawned, and rose and looked in her mirror, and saw that, in spite of the long, troubled, superheated night, she looked as fresh as the dawn.

By the time the passengers had been landed, the sun had reached an ominous place in the heavens, and those accustomed to tropic heat (especially the men with short, thick necks) sought at once the doubtful coolth of high-ceilinged hotel bedrooms, and began to take sponge-baths, and to write letters home, their pen-handles as slippery as if they had been vaselined, and to moan to each other (those who shared rooms) of their troubles and sufferings and of their fortitude in meeting and enduring them. But newcomers to the tropics defied the sun, and, in rickshaws or on foot, scattered to the four quarters of the city. Ryder and Miss Brown even drove out to the country club and tried a few holes of golf. But when a baby cobra, disturbed by Miss Brown's well-hit put, lifted his loaded head from the third cup and made tongues at them, they gave it up. They even abandoned Miss Brown's ball, a brand-new one, with only two niblick dents in it, and walked all the way back to the clubhouse without once lifting their eyes from the ground.

And they returned to the city and squandered money up and down the main street. They bought various kinds of walking-sticks for friends at home—Malacca, ebony, king-palm—cinnamon sticks, the bark still on, all ready to be grated over a hot waffle, and they bought elephants of various sizes (ebony elephants with ivory eyes), and silk, embroidered with flowers and bits of looking-glass, and puzzles, and silver ankle-rings, and they spent nearly eleven dollars apiece; and all the time, up and down the streets, there followed them an ancient merchant (in the precious-stone way) who, at mathematically regulated intervals, approached very close and whispered, in a hopeful voice,

"Massa buy ruby?"

They couldn't shake that ancient merchant, and, at length, his reiteration and his leering, hopeful face brought Ryder's patience to an end. And he turned and said sharply,

"Let's see it."

The merchant looked up the street and down. Then he dove a monkeylike hand into depths of rags, windings, and draperies, and brought forth the hand clenched, and unclenched it suddenly, and showed them, in the hollowed, withered palm, what looked like a pool of blood.

It was uncut (that is cabochon—roughly polished, native-fashion). It was huge, and its flaw (for there is one in every ruby) had to be looked for twice and thrice before it could be detected. Even Ryder knew that the color was right and the weight extraordinary. As for Miss Brown, she simply smiled like a May morning, and gave a little delighted gasp.

"Well," said Ryder, after quite a long pause. "How much?"

"I make a special price," said the merchant. "I make him ten thousand pound."

"That's very reasonable," said Ryder; "I'll take a dozen."

But Miss Brown did not share his levity. She considered a moment. Then she said:

"Bring that to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank tomorrow morning at ten. If an expert whom I shall select passes on the quality of the stone, I will give you eight thousand pounds for it."

The merchant followed them a little way, suggesting that nine thousand would be a happy compromise. But Miss Brown had spoken.

As for Ryder, he felt as if eight or nine or ten thousand pounds of lead had been dumped into his heart. He felt as if an immeasurable distance had been suddenly opened between himself and his companion. Finally, he faltered,

"You must be *the* Miss Brown."

"I'm not *the* anything," she said. "But I know what you mean."

"You are John Brown's daughter?"

"Ye-es," she said.

"O good Lord!" cried the tragic young man. "Just when I was building one primrose hope on top of another."

"Now, I *don't* know what you mean. Is the fact that I'm So-and-So going to make any difference? We liked each other, and took each other for friends without asking any questions. You didn't know who I was. I might have been a wicked adventuress, but you trusted me. I don't know who you are. But I trust you, and so," she concluded, "that's that. And please don't be silly any more."

The city was in shadow now, and the crows, after a happy day with the city's carrion, were going to bed. All the green trees in the streets and squares turned black, and there arose the triumphant good-night cawings of a valiant and victorious people.

"Oughtn't it to make a difference to me?" said Ryder.

She met his eyes for a moment and then looked away.

"It ought not to," she said.



Something caused the raging process-server to look up, and he beheld, in a frame of Virginia creeper, the rose-pink-morning face of the celebrated Miss Brown. "Does — the gentleman you were talking to owe a lot of money?" she asked



He preceded Miss Brown and her chaperon to China. There, they overtook him, and there were some happy days. He preceded them to Japan (he was traveling on a Cook's ticket—poor, tragic young man—and had to go where the ticket said and when it said), and, until they arrived, Japan was a sad and dull place—a gray place. The stems of the trees were gray; the houses were gray; the sky overhead was gray, and, although the people were yellow, they weren't a bright, cheerful yellow, and they wore gray clothes.

Then she came, and it was a holiday, and the girls and children flowered in clothes of the loveliest and most fantastic colorings, and the blossoms opened on the cherry trees, and the sun came out, and Nippon began to look like the screens and porcelains that are made in Nippon; and Ryder and Miss Brown, climbing many long flights of stairs leading to temples, agreed that the Japanese are a "wonderful little people."

Ryder might have found the courage to cross an ordinary week or week-end ocean unaccompanied by Miss Brown and her chaperon, but to face upon such terms the broadest and least pacific of all oceans was impossible. He did something or other to his round-trip ticket—just what, he could not have rightly said himself—the doing of which cost a great deal of money, and he went down from Yokohama to the sea in the same ship with his heart's desire. With her, many days later, he saw the Honolulu ladies dance, while the Hawaiian gentleman sang and wailed the guitar and the *ukulele*. And together they learned some new wrinkles in surf-bathing, and together they embarked *(Continued on page 132)*



Some China *and* Two Bulls

The Finish of Hy Lowe

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by George Gibbs

"The Trufflers" is a name invented by Peter Ericson Mann, a playwright, to designate a group of radical young people in the quaint Greenwich Village section of New York city who, in their daily lives, apply the doctrines of modern individualistic philosophy. Peter does not approve of trufflers, but one of his roommates, Hy Lowe, answers to the type. Hy is a noted philanderer, and one of his many conquests is a fair truffler by the name of Betty Deane. Betty returns to her native town and marries, but, unable to resist the lure of the Village, she is soon back again, without her husband, and renews her friendship with Hy, who, by this time, has broken off with Peter and moved into an apartment in the neighborhood.

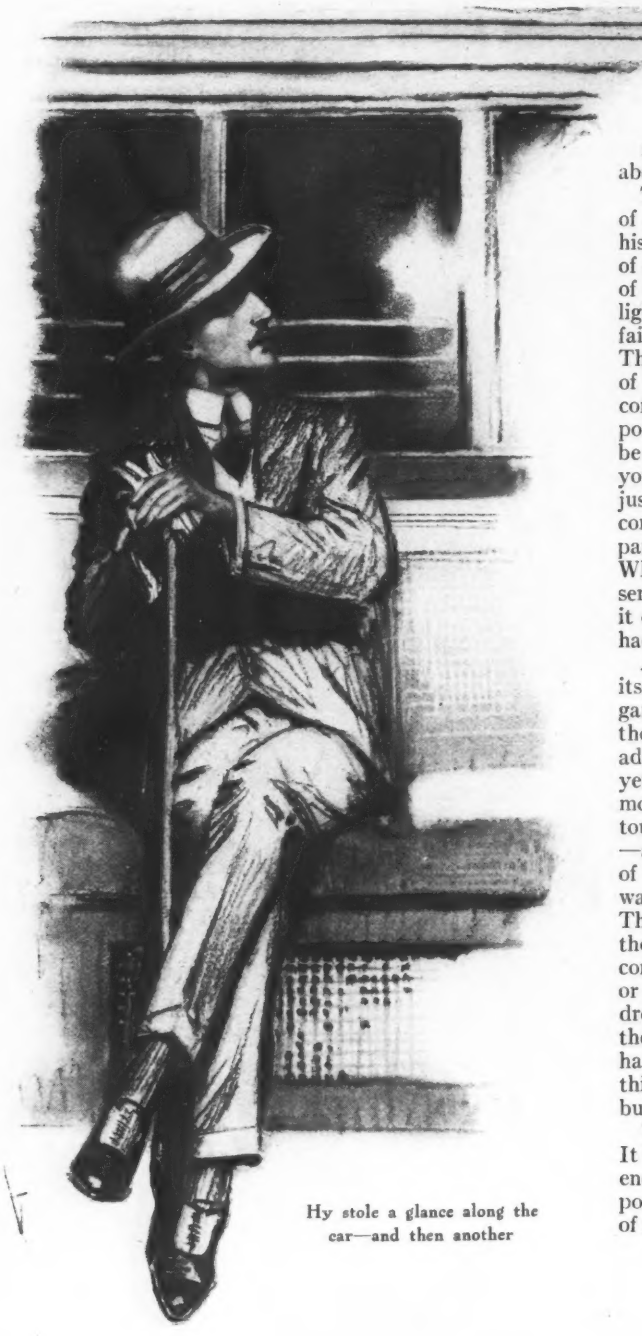
THIS is a detective story—with a moral. Opening scene: The Mews, a short alley off Fifth Avenue, once flanked with the stables of the notably rich, now a bit of New York's Latin Quarter supplementary to Washington Square and Greenwich Village. Years back, front walls and roofs had been opened to make room for studio-lights of ground glass.

It was quiet in the Mews. The traffic of the great avenue never penetrated there. No uniformed West Indian held you at bay while telephoning up to see if the lady was in; you went to her door and knocked. Temperament here, as in the Village, clung to its capital T. The principal inhabitants were sculptors, painters, illustrators, cover-designers, a modest producer of stained glass—and Hy Lowe.

Hy, as managing editor of a somewhat sensational religious weekly, and trembling for his job at that, was in, rather than of, the Mews. His apartment—with a door giving directly on the alley, one step up—consisted of a barn of a studio which served for living-room, a bedroom, and, between these, a kitchen with a zinc bathtub in one corner. The furnishings—including two Morris chairs, a rocker, one Mission and one gate-legged table, an impressive maple high-boy, a pair of Arab saddle-bags, Hy's own partly skinned old upright piano, a samovar, crossed spears on the wall, and half a hundred "original" illustrations of love-stories—were included in the rather low rental-price.

A tall young woman slipped in, shut the door, leaned against it, breathing quickly

The drift of Hy's reflections on the particular evening—it must have been July, and a Friday—had to do with the deep pleasure, after years of bachelor companions and the pursuit of ladies, that lies in solitude and a good book—a worth-while book. During the years there had been simply no time for reading. Now, a man *must* read. It was all



Hy stole a glance along the car—and then another

right to have a good time. Gaiety, brisk town-pleasures were vital to a man of spirit. But there must also be calm, meditation, culture. Hy had been a long time in coming upon this fact. Indeed, he had stumbled upon it only to-day.

He sat in one of the Morris chairs, feet on the table, clad in creamy gray trousers, a striped, soft silk shirt, a soft silk collar, low tan shoes, and silk hose to match the rosy tie—a slim and airy person. The book on his lap (he had not yet begun the reading process) was a volume of biography. For he had felt that a young man should study the lives of other, greater men; in which mood, and on the advice of a book salesman, he had made the purchase.

"Yes," he mused; "I've changed. I've sobered down. It's about time, too. Lord knows I've had my bit of fun!" A faint shadow crossed his face at this moment; crossed it, and passed. "Don't know but I ought to marry. It's a queer idea—but why not? The thing is done. And it does steady 'em."

The faint shadow again appeared on his face, lingering this time. There was a slight obstacle to marriage in his case. But then, in the life of a bachelor about town, slight obstacles occurred now and then.

The upper panes of the studio-light, which occupied most of the front wall-space, were open. From his chair, letting his head lie back against the cushion, he could see the top of a roof, a cluster of old-fashioned chimney-pots, and a bit of twilight sky. He reached out and switched off the drop-light at his elbow. There was a star out there, glimmering faintly, as if peeping out to spy on the approaching dark. The noise of the teeming city sounded only as the faintest of roars, not unlike a distant sea. Hy sighed in luxurious contentment, drew cigarette-box and match-holder from his pocket, and lighted a fresh cigarette. It sure was great to be alone, to let the mad city rush past, to have your life to yourself. Taking it in this detached way, keeping out of it, just looking on, you saw all that was most interesting—comedy, tragedy, fashion, crime, the parade of vice, and the parade of virtue. Any way you looked, it was diverting. When you chose, you switched off the light and gazed at the serene heavens through a fragrant haze of smoke, or switched it on and read your book. Yes; it sure was great to have had your experience and sober down.

Again that hitherto repellent notion of marriage intruded itself soothingly. The right girl—not a dancer or bridge-gambler, not an emotional rioter, not a clinger, not one of those too wise Villagers, but a steady, gentle little thing, adding soft touches of devotion and comfort to your busy yet meditative life—soft mouth, quiet eyes, gray or blue; modest yet becoming dress, simple dignity not without its touch of humor, two wonderful weeks at Bermuda. But, no—a German raider might break loose! He must take care of the little woman, protect her from every danger. She was taking shape there in the smoke against the bit of sky. The Maine woods would be nice in summer. With the thought, he saw her in soft hat, rolled-up sleeves, short corduroy skirt, laced boots—tanned, with a roguish freckle or so. Or California, stopping at the Grand Cañon. He drew in the smoke, inhaled it deeply, sent a smoke ring up the dim path of light. It would cost considerable, and he had saved nothing. He would begin to save. That was the thing. You could do a lot with sixty a week, once you buckled down to it.

There was a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan on Broadway. It had touched Hy, jaded with girl-shows, as a fresh experience of life. And now he hummed, without a thought of a possible application of the sentiment, out of a full, rich sense of life,

> "When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling,
> Not a-burgling,
> When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime,
> 'Pied in crime,
> He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
> Brook a-gurgling,
> And listen to the merry village chime,
> Village chime."

There was a light, hurried step on the pavement, a light, hurried tapping at the door.

He started—bit his lip, reached as if to switch on the light, but thought better of it, for the moment leaving his hand suspended over the table. Again the knock.

Slowly, soberly, his dream shattered, Hy dragged himself to the door, turned the spring-lock.

A tall young woman slipped in, shut the door, leaned against it, breathing quickly, and pressed her hands to her breast. The dim light, slanting downward, touched her abundant light hair, her sensuously modeled face, and one curving shoulder. She was beautiful. And she was frightened.

"Why did you turn out your light?" she whispered, when she could get her breath.

The question irritated Hy. He did not answer it. Instead, he slipped an arm about her shoulders, kissed her cheek perfunctorily, and guided her toward the chair by the table. But she held back.

"There's some one here!" she breathed.

"Not a soul. Sit down, Betty; you're all stirred up."

He smoothed her forehead, then reached over toward the light. She caught his wrist.

"For heaven's sake, Hy, not now! They were both out there. I think one of them followed me in."

He sank on the arm of the chair, played with her hair as if from habit, bit his lip again.

"Oh, come," he finally said; "you've got them on the brain, child." She drew in a deep breath, and clung to his wrist and hand. "They're nothing to us. I'm sure of it. I watched the red-headed one only to-day. It's that house next to the corner—where the taxis stop so much."

"Oh, Hy"—she leaned forward, pressed his head against her hot cheek—"if I could only be sure!"

"I tell you I *am* sure. Whoever heard of that sort of business down here in the Village? As if love were a crime! Besides, they're expensive as the devil. Who'd pay 'em?"

"My husband."

"Nonsense! I tell you I've kept an eye on 'em. It's just your self-consciousness. Tell you what: I'll *prove* I'm right. I'll talk to 'em to-morrow— "

"No, Hy; for heaven's sake! Have a little discretion!"

"Oh, I'm discreet enough. It's all in the way you do it. You forget that I'm an old newspaper man. I know these fellows backward. Why, I covered headquarters for two years! I know every cubic centimeter of their minds. I'll bet you that, by this time to-morrow evening, they—one of 'em, at least—will have told me their story."

"They'd tell you *a* story," she murmured. Then: "I wish I could believe you, Hy. I get terrified."

"Perfect nonsense!"

"You really think we could just as well have had dinner together?"

"Absolutely."

"I didn't eat a thing."

"Foolish."

"I got to worrying, and I wondered what you were doing."

Hy had dined well at the Parisian; so he kept silence. She leaned back against his arm, breathing more quietly. Her hands still clung to his. He knew that she was gazing up at him, and he looked away.

"Oh, Hy," she murmured, "make me forget! I've been so frightened."

"Just a minute," said he, springing up and going over to the door, then returning. "I didn't think we shut it tight," he explained.

She reached up a white hand. He took it, but did not resume his place on the chair-arm.

"You go out and get yourself up a bite, Betty." He switched on the light.

"Oh, don't, Hy! They might——"

"We'll make coffee," said he.

For a time she did not respond—sat there, downcast. He had to wrestle with an imp of restlessness, but managed to stand motionless, his hand in hers. Finally, her fingers relaxed. Relieved, he moved away, hung up a suit the tailor had brought, hummed, .

> "Take heart, no danger lowers;
> Take any heart but ours."

Betty watched him, her beautiful if inexpressive eyes half hidden under heavy lids. Finally she rose and moved, supple, graceful, very quiet, out to the little kitchen, and lighted the gas stove. He picked up his book.

Once she asked, from the doorway,

"Do you want anything, Hy?"



She was, indeed, of a sort not so often seen in the subway down-town

"Thanks, no; I had a bite." He was reading. She stood a moment, considering him, then moved back into the kitchen. He had not turned. She brought in a tray with toast and coffee and sat at the table.

"Couldn't you eat a little regular food?" said he, trying to be cheerful.

"No, Hy; not to-night. But I wish you'd talk to me. Or, I suppose"—she hesitated, glanced toward the great window—"it's dark now—we might go somewhere. I wish something amusing would turn up. What is there, Hy? The 'movies,' of course."

He rested his elbows on his knees, closed his book, and slowly turned it around and around between his hands, following it intently with his eyes.

"I—I'm awfully sorry, Betty dear, but——"

She caught her breath, watched him, waited.

"I hadn't realized that you might run in——"

"Oh, go along, Hy—if you have an engagement——"

"That's it, of course. It's only up at the club. It isn't

anyone else, Betty. You understand, of course, there couldn't be anyone else. For that matter, I could call up and——"

"Oh, no, Hy! Go along."

"Well, it's early, of course. I wouldn't have to go this minute."

She sipped her coffee. When it was gone, she sat motionless for a little time, her face between her hands. He was still turning the book around and around.

"Maybe we could do something to-morrow. Run off for the afternoon and evening—anywhere—Coney, up the river—I don't care what."

His brows drew together.

"I could go Sunday," he said, and swallowed down a lump that might have been caused by excitement. For Hy Lowe was drawing near to a great resolve.

"Oh!" she said, very low. That was all.

"Of course, Betty child," he added, "you know that, ordinarily, I don't mean to plan even a day without you. It just happens——"

The silence that followed this was long. She broke it.

"You'd better go, Hy; you'll be late."

"It doesn't matter," said he. But he rose, put on his coat, looked for his stick and hat. He walked to the kitchen door, though he had no errand there, and peered about with irresolution.

"I'll pick up," said she. "You don't mind if I stay an hour. It is restful here."

"That's silly, child! You know I don't mind."

"Besides, it's just as well for us to leave separately."

He seemed not quite to hear. He was standing between the table and the outer door, his mind a tangle of hesitations and contradictions, that same odd, dry lump of excitement rising in his throat.

"Isn't it the very dickens?" he was dimly conscious of thinking. "She's a beauty, and a good sort, and crazy over me, and—I've just got to escape! Isn't that *la* well-known *vie*, though? I've got to tell her, too. No good putting it off. I hate to hurt her, but——"

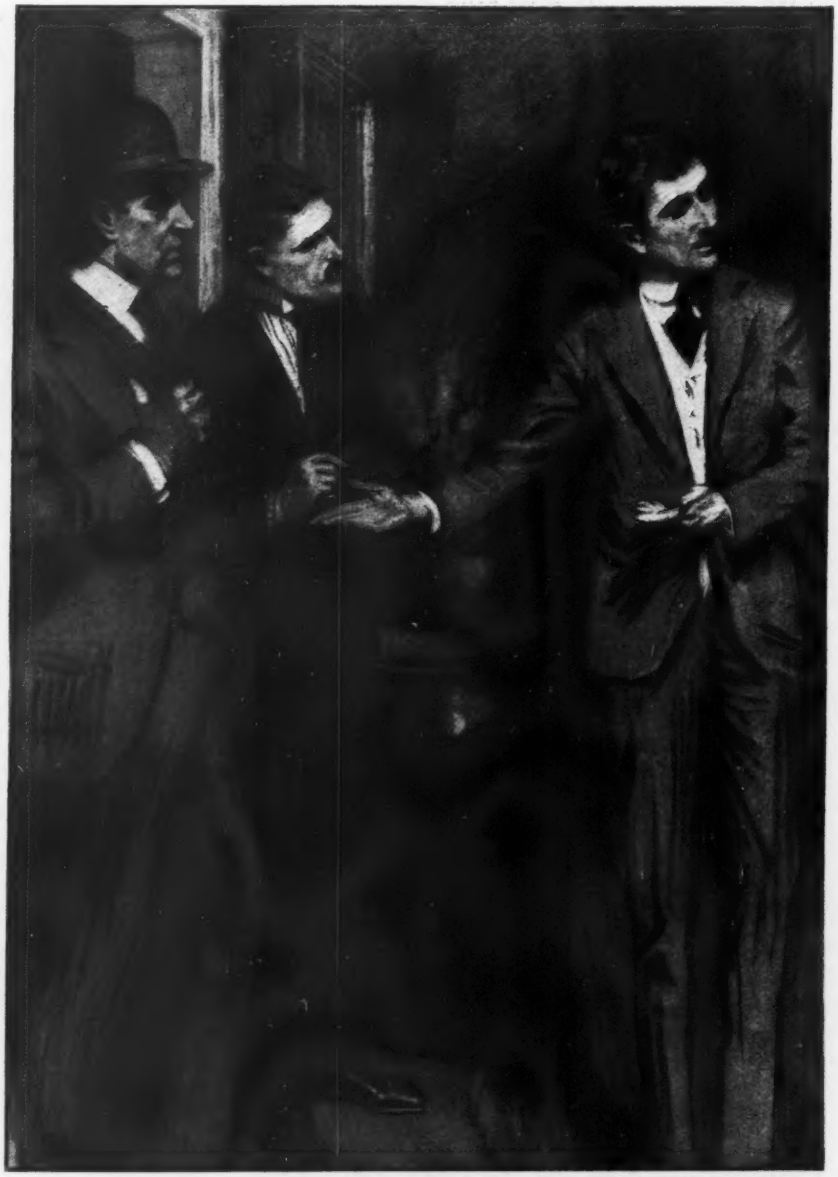
He was looking full at her. Now she raised her eyes. They met his. And he, of all things, blushed. As a result, he told her nothing, merely went over and kissed her good-by, as usual. And she passively let him go.

Out in the alley, he stood long enough to light a cigarette. Then he looked up at the evening sky. There were a thousand stars now. He breathed in the warm air, shook his shoulders nervously between anger and relief, walked out to the avenue. He had lied; he had no engagement. But it had seemed necessary. One way or another, he had to get away. At the avenue he paused again, swung his stick, watched the motors rolling by. The relief was gaining over the anger now. His volatile spirit, indeed, rose the more rapidly for its brief depression. He hummed,

> "If love is a nettle that makes you smart,
> Then why do you wear it next your heart?"

—and chuckled. Life, after all, was sweet!

Across the avenue, under a street-light, stood a figure that had lately become familiar—a heavy man, erect, with burly shoulders. He wore (Hy knew) heavy round-toed shoes with extra heavy projecting soles, and a black derby hat—this latter a little to one side. Obviously he had once been a New York policeman; probably he was now in the employ of a detective agency. It was midsummer—no one but a detective or a harbor-pilot would think of wearing a black derby. The man's hair was brick red, cropped close, and there was a double crease at the back of his neck just above the collar. He wore a close-cut red mustache; his face was weather-beaten and square, and inclined to heaviness about the mouth and jaw. He appeared to be looking fixedly at the second house from the alley to the north. He was always looking at that house.



"Ladies," cried Hy, with solemnity, indicating the red-headed fascinating toupee—"Mr. Jones!"

It occurred to Hy that the little scene with Betty had been something of a strain. He decided to drop in at the Parisian bar and fortify his spirit.

It was at the corner by the Parisian that he encountered the other one. This man was smaller, but he had the same shoes, the derby hat, the unmistakable shoulders and carriage. Further, as if to forestall every misconception as to his calling, he wore his black mustache waxed and curled at the ends. He was less forbidding than the red-headed one, looked as if he could smile on occasion, and there was a rosy flush on nose and cheeks, decorated with a delicate but perceptible tracery of purple lines, together with a humidity of eye that suggested possible avenues of approach. He was smoking a cigar with a gilt-and-scarlet band around it.

An impish impulse stirred in the bosom of Hy Lowe. He walked more slowly as he neared the corner, tossed away his cigarette, and produced a fresh one. With the briefest of waverings, thrilled at his own audacity, he slowed down, stopped, stepped to the curb, and gave a passable imitation of a good-natured young city bachelor looking for a 'bus, finally turned to the man (who, motionless, was staring over Hy's shoulder in the general direction of the alley), and said cheerfully,

"Have you got a match?"

The detective had a match. It passed from hand to hand.

"Rather warm," Hy observed.

"Yes; it's warm." The man's voice was husky, suppressed, almost as if he felt embarrassment as well as suspicion. Hy determined to place him at his ease.

"Seems to me I've seen you before."

At this, the humid eyes wandered rather uncertainly to Hy's face and away again, toward the alley.

"Let's see—during nineteen ten and eleven I covered headquarters for the *Record-Press*. You weren't there, were you?"

The man really started now. His reply disclosed unexpected powers of finesse.

"Headquarters of what?"

"Police," Hy explained simply.

The man shook his head.

"Must have been some one that looked like you."

"Probably."

This was not encouraging. Hy, hesitating again, began to think of moving on, even turned, and took a slow step. Whereupon, the fellow exhibited signs of coming to life.

"Live around here?" he asked.

"In the Mews, yonder."

"Lot of artists in there, ain't there?"

Hy nodded.

"Queer crowd, ain't they?"

"Oh, yes; rather queer."

"I've noticed 'em going in and out. Can't say I'm strong for the women."

"Oh, they're all right—when you know 'em. They work, you know—like the men. Some of 'em make a lot of money."

"You don't say!"

"Rather. I could tell you some things. Say, step into the Parisian and have a drink."

"No, thanks." A look of craft passed over the detective's face. It was gone when Hy turned, smiling with a hint of craft himself.

"I'm on, brother," said Hy.

"You're on? On what?"

"You—and your red-headed friend over yonder. It's the second house this side of the alley—where the taxis keep stopping. All I can say is, I wish you a long chase and a merry one. You can trust me—an old headquarters man, you know."

The detective's face went vacant. Then his brow furrowed. He might have been thinking laboriously. Finally, as Hy swung away, he spoke.

"You were mentioning a drink."

"Sure—come along!"

"Ordinarily, I don't take much of anything—still——"

"Bring your red-headed friend along."

"I don't know the party you refer to."

"Oh, very well. I'll keep your



one. "Mr. Brown! And"—sweeping around toward the all-
It was the effect of Hy's life

secret." They crossed the side street to the steps that lead down to the Parisian bar. And Hy said, "I didn't catch your name."

"Jones."

"Oh, of course—naturally—Mr. Jones."

Two or three of the newspaper men who haunt the Parisian basement were within easy reach of the bar. Hy called them over and made them acquainted with Mr. Jones. Sumner Smith, the stout star reporter of the *Evening Earth*, emerged from the corner dining-room. Him, Hy also included, first drawing him aside and whispering:

"Private detective. On a case. Perfect type. Isn't he wonderful!"

Then, leaving his new acquaintance visibly riper in spirits, the center of a delighted little group of cruelly shrewd young men, Hy hopped on a 'bus and went up-town to his club and a mildly riotous game of pool. This was soothing and delightful to his nerves. The club was his citadel. No woman could enter. Women were not mentioned; their softly entangling, ensnaring, devastating spirit was unfelt within these solid walls—unless, of course, one of them telephoned. During the present evening one did. And as she refused to give her name to the exigent boy, Hy, fearful of missing something, went to the booth. It was Betty.

"Oh, Hy," she breathed, "it's good to hear your voice!"

"She's spying on me," thought Hy. "She knows she mustn't call up the club." He even managed to get a little angry. But he answered with caution, "Where are you now?"

"At my rooms. I'm sorry I let myself get so disturbed, Hy."

"Oh, come, child; that was all right."

"Well—it wasn't very pleasant for you."

"My dear, it is always pleasant for me."

"I know—in a way, but—I did have an awful fright, Hy."

"There's nothing to it, though—absolutely!"

"Hy, you didn't talk to them!"

"Surely—the dark one. Poured good liquor into him. Turned his mind open to the sun—just like that! It *is* the other house—the one I said."

There was a silence. Then her voice.

"Well—of course that is a relief."

"And now you just put it out of your pretty head."

Another silence. Followed by,

"You—you said you'd be busy to-morrow, Hy."

"Well, yes—in the afternoon." Still another silence. "Listen here, dear: I'll tell you. You understand that I can't always be around to play with you——"

"Oh, of course, Hy."

"And there *does* seem to be a good deal to do these last few days. Suppose we say that, as soon as I'm free, I'll call you up."

She made no reply.

"Are you there, little girl? Hello!"

"Yes; I'm here."

"You'll excuse me now, dear, won't you? The fellows are waiting."

"Well—good-by, Hy."

"Good-by."

Hy's plan for the Saturday afternoon was a secret. It represented the flowering of a deep desire. Week after week, all summer, he had seen the precious half-holiday waste itself in the companionship of a languorously beautiful young woman with whose mental and conversational limits he was, by now, completely acquainted. "Why hasn't she got a little pep?" was the often repeated phrase that voiced his deepening perception. The plan for this Saturday was a delight to his overfed heart. He was going, alone, to the Polo Grounds to see the Detroit team in general, and one Ty Cobb in particular, play ball. He was going to smoke black cigars, and, at intervals, chew gum, and sit among fat, rough, talkative men, and yell a good deal.



He had not seen the great Cobb in a year. It seemed to him, despite the soothing, stolen moments at the club, that he had not been among real men in a decade. He was headed for an orgy of masculinity.

He had to work an hour later than usual on Saturday. This was disappointing, and necessitated a quickly gulped liquid luncheon at a soda-fountain. The delay led, also, to his catching an up-town subway local at Astor Place just after the early Saturday rush northward from the office region to the apartment-house region and the theater district. He designed riding up to One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, and walking eastward over the hill to the Speedway entrance of the baseball field. There was one drawback to this route; he couldn't smoke in the subway. But the cross-town walk, on this pleasant afternoon, held an allure of its own. Then, too, it would cut down a bit on his smoking—no bad thing!

There was but one other person in his half of the subway car. This was a girl. And such a girl! She was not a stenographer, or a telephone-miss, or a salesgirl. She was, indeed, of a sort not so often seen in the subway down-town. Hy stole a glance along the car—and then another. His pulse, always a dependable barometer of femininely atmospheric pressures, bounded upward. A thrill, faint at first but recurring, growing in intensity, stirred somewhere in his emotional centers and spread (through well-worn channels) from there to his brain, coloring his thoughts with rosy reverie. She was a little thing, slim and soft. He could not have described her costume, but he knew that she was dressed, if simply, better than Betty, better than the rich girls he sometimes danced with in up-town restaurants. She had a soft little mouth, quiet eyes—gray, or blue, or blue-gray—he could not quite make out. He hitched a little way along the seat and looked again. Then, suddenly, she raised her pretty lashes. She had caught him. Hy turned very red, which was surprising; a wink would have been more in character. But the girl appeared not to see. Her gaze moved on upward, and fastened demurely on the row of advertisements above his head.

Hy had meant to get out at Fourteenth Street and take a Broadway express. But he sat motionless. Twenty-third Street jerked past; Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Grand Central, Times Square. Hy knew nothing of this; he heard no sound of opening and closing doors, heard no starting-bells, saw no station-signs, was but dimly aware of the occasional passengers that got on, seated themselves, got off.

The last of these left at Seventy-second Street. And then, to Hy's dismay, the girl showed signs of getting off, too. She gathered three flat books under her arm, and gripped



They talked of the things they liked and the things they didn't like. Each was to the other a strange new experience, wonderful to question and explore

more firmly the handle of a rather large japanned tin box that, he now saw, rested in her lap. The train slowed down. The platform-lights of the Seventy-ninth Street station appeared. The girl rose.

She was going! It was to be, then, one of those profoundly moving moments when the unattainable flits momentarily before the eyes of the spirit, only to vanish forever. Never, so far back as Hy could remember, had he failed to seize upon life's little adventures as they passed. But now, no smile came to his countenance, no words to his tongue. He could not even look up, but fixed his gaze on the japanned tin box at her side as she moved slowly by, swaying gracefully with the motion of the train.

And then, right before his eyes, within reach of his palsied hand, the catch that held together the two sides of the box slipped upward perhaps a quarter of an inch. But a quarter of an inch was enough. The lid swung out and down. The girl still held the handle, but the entire contents of the box (except the square palette snapped inside the lid) were dropping, rolling, fluttering about the floor of the car. And before the startled young woman had gasped out her, "How perfectly *awful!*" Hy Lowe was on his knees before her and hard at work. He gathered up crayons, pencils, the wreck of a little silver watch, coins, a handkerchief, a powder-puff, a square of chamois skin, the two bottles of colored liquid that had not broken, cakes of pigment, tubes of the same, a folded-up dance-program, and a packet of hairpins. The girl, sitting on her heels, garnered a similar harvest along the other side of the car.

There were a good many papers—notes, apparently, from young men—which he hesitated to touch. But the wind caught these, whirled them up and around and down the car. Hy gave chase. Two he caught in mid-air. Others he gathered along the seats. One he pursued to the rear platform. He came lurching back along the aisle, flushed, self-conscious, and perceptibly out of breath, and with the papers crumpled in one large handful. For once in his life, Hy acted on pure, unconsidered instinct. The look in his worshiping eyes, the unsmiling deference on his not unpleasant countenance, his mumbled, "I think I got them all," as he placed them in her two hands (with an instant's thrilling contact of finger against finger)—these little acts combined themselves into a compliment so romantically satisfying that the (*Continued on page 180*)



PHOTOGRAPHIC DECORATION BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

The NEW

By Herbert

IN the beginning, Uranus ruled the earth and made such a mess of the job that the Titans rose in revolt and made Time the new king. Now Time is making new Titans.

The Age of Fables is done, but a more fabulous hour is right upon us.

It is a queer twist in human nature that man ceased to believe in miracles as soon as he began to achieve miraculously.

Folk-lore went out of fashion when electricity came into vogue. The moment we found the giant in ourselves, we lost credulity in the creatures of legend.

Monster-hatching is one of our chief occupations. Let us know your needs, and we will eventually produce a Cyclops, in any one of a thousand laboratories, whose exploits will relegate his mythological predecessors to the amateur ranks.

Briareus, with all his hundred arms, wouldn't last for the wink of an eye before a handful of melinite or one of Doctor Krupp's famous Iron Pills.

The past is a considerably overrated period. Romance has gilded the fumbling eras with lavish undeserving.

More astounding events are happening daily than Methuselah witnessed in the course of his long but narrow career.

Modern schemes outreach ancient dreams.

Jules Verne died convinced that he had stretched fancy to the uttermost limits, and we of the immediately next generation are practising what he could not even prophesy. But, like the boiler-maker, so accustomed to the din of his hammer that he doesn't notice his own noise, we're so used to Brobdingnagian conception and execution that we placidly accept once incredible accomplishment as a matter of course.

Imaginary tales are commonplace beside some tales of contemporaneous imagination.

Yesterday is a fabric of exaggerations.

A thousand years and ten thousand miles away, the domes and minarets of Bagdad gleam in the magic mists.

Cinnamon and santal and myrrh scent the dim distances. Fantasy paints a mirage of Nubians, Mongols, Rajputs, Parsees, Byzantines, traders of Samarkand, embassies from Delhi, Riff ruffians, and tatterdemalions from all the reaches of the East.

Yonder, intrigue rides in a curtained palanquin. There, an odalisk moons above her broidered yashmak and invites adventure. Whispers float through zenana grilles, and choked sobs and the faint twang of stringed music.

Now a camel-train out of Tartary pads through the gates and winds into the musky bazaars. Merchants chatter, barter, gossip, and wheedle in indescribable cacophony. Barbaric magnificences seduce desire—troves of goldcraft, bewildering fabrics, jeweled weapons.

This is the Bagdad of Harun-al-Raschid of fiction; but the Bagdad of reality is a tawdry, filthy huddle—a ramshackle town beside a muddy river—leaning houses, crazy streets, a brazen sky, and unspeakable stenches. Her vaunted splendor is a myth. It never existed.

But if everything recounted in the "Arabian Nights" had actually been, American days are still more amazing.

Immortal Homer would snap the strings of his "bloomin' lyre" glorifying the stunts of a trip-hammer.

So little worth while had been accomplished in his lifetime that he wasted all the phrases that we now need to interpret events properly on the trivial incidents of the Heroic era. All superlatives are threadbare, and language is bankrupt at the climactic moment of progress. Facts have outgrown available symbols of definitions; nothing seems extraordinary—no individual especially wonderful. Inventions, discoveries, and cures that would have stunned the comprehension of our fathers are accepted and adopted without a thrill.

A dentist locates heart-disease in a bad tooth; telephony dispenses with wires; the cause of epilepsy is finally detected, and the average man doesn't even discuss the marvel of it all with his own children.

The public mind has drifted to a regardless and insulated attitude. There is no general inclination to measure the



TITAN

Kaufman

import of forces which are rapidly transforming civilization into a millennium estate.

Opportunity grows out of opportunity. The solution of one problem provides the key to another. The universal tool-chest crowds with time-reducing and man-saving devices. At every turn, sky-scrapers poke the clouds, and chimneys belch forth a message to the nation that success is simply a mixture of wit and will.

"Look at us!" they cry. "See what others have built with their faculties! You are just like them. We prove that no aspiration is futile. Beginnings play small part in results; circumstances of birth, not even age or environment, are barriers before determination." And still folk continue to protest for "a chance to make good."

The development of the steel, electrical, railroad, and oil industries culminated in a series of spectacular financial operations which, at the moment, seemed to absorb all the loose change of the country.

Superficial observers hastened to contend that the peak of the load had been reached, that power had been centralized into the hands of a group which would thereafter oligarchize opportunity. Another chapter in the history of the American people was about to close—there were to be no more multimillionaires from the ranks, no further founding of colossal industries by self-made men.

Whereupon an idea was born to confound pessimism—an idea which a few dogged mechanics, college students, clerks, and salesmen nurtured and nursed into a new Titan, destined to drain the oil fields, devour the capacity of steel-mills, challenge the locomotive for mastery of the roads, to leap in a single decade to world-wide utility, to revolutionize warfare and commerce—to rub the lamp for countless Aladdins—to demonstrate again the irresistibility of dauntless ambition—THE AUTOMOBILE.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

It was raining a little when they came to the door, and there stood Lord Algy, talking, with his caressing, devoted air, to a lovely lady in black whom Katherine had noticed in one of the boxes. He did not see her, as, clutching Matilda's arm, she shrank away among the bedraggled people beyond the lights

The Career of Katherine Bush

By Elinor Glyn

Illustrated by André Castaigne

KATHERINE BUSH has given up her position of shorthand typist in the office of Livingstone & Devereux (familiarly known as "Liv & Dev"), money-lenders, and becomes secretary to Sarah Lady Garribardine, one of the great ladies of London society. This move upon her part is in the way of a well-formed plan to lift herself out of the environment in which she has been brought up and into one where she will find more congeniality and perhaps attain conspicuous worldly success. Katherine is twenty-three and a girl of unusual intelligence. By diligent self-culture she has acquired a fondness for good literature, has learned to play the piano, and has taught herself French. Thus, she is already far above the cultural plane of her three sisters and two brothers with whom she lived at Laburnum Villa, in the London suburb of Bindon's Green. They appear to her hopelessly vulgar, with ideals that are utterly sham and low. Their social aspirations have been quite satisfied with the entrance of the typically middle-class Mabel Cawber into the family as the wife of the brother Fred. With the exception of her eldest sister, Matilda, Katherine loathes them all.

Among the clients of "Liv & Dev" was Lord Algernon ("Algy") Fitz-Rufus, the younger son of a stingy Welsh marquis. Katherine falls in love with him, and he, in turn, becomes very devoted, but she knows that his family would never forgive him if he married her and that the lives of both would be ruined. So, although in love with him, she resolves to put him out of her life, and writes him to forget about her. It is shortly after this that she enters upon her new position and goes to live in the fine mansion in Berkeley Square. Henceforth she takes little interest in her family, but when her sister Gladys asks for help in making her *fiancé* keep his promise of marriage, Katherine gladly gives it and with success.

Lady Garribardine becomes greatly interested in her new secretary, who shows a passionate desire to learn and improve herself in every way, and the girl sees in her employer her sought-for model of the true aristocrat. This titled woman never loses sight of the responsibilities of her station and class. Katherine quickly assimilates her ideas and looks around for others who can help her. A frequent visitor is Lady Garribardine's nephew, Gerard Strobridge, who is married to Lady Beatrice, born Thorvil, a thoroughly unconventional woman. The pair go their own ways. Katherine believes Gerard a man from whom she can learn true culture, and resolves, without thinking of possible consequences, that she will make him see in her more than his aunt's secretary.

The result is that Gerard falls deeply in love with Katherine, but she quickly gives him to understand that he can never be anything more to her than a friend—of a kind of which she stands in real need—who will give her advice and assistance in gaining her great ambition. After a considerable struggle, Gerard accepts this rôle, and applies himself to it with zest. More and more Lady Garribardine gives Katherine opportunities to mingle with her guests, and learn more about the great world. The time is passed mostly in London and at Lady Garribardine's country estate, Blissington Court. On one occasion, Katherine tells Strobridge that she is eager to hear a debate in the House of Lords. Lady Garribardine gives permission, and a party is made up, consisting of Katherine, Gerard, and Miss D'Estaire, an elderly cousin of Lady Garribardine's. On this visit, Katherine becomes greatly interested in a somewhat unique personality who makes a speech. She learns that he is the Duke of Mordryn, recently a widower, and returned to England after a long absence abroad, also that the duke is most conservative in his ideas. A thought at once comes to her: "This is what fate means for me." The position of this man's wife would be one of the greatest to be achieved in England. The unknown goal of all her striving is revealed at last.

KATHERINE heard and saw and knew nothing which happened after this, except what was spoken and done by the duke, and presently, Miss Arabella D'Estaire growing tired, they went out, their exit accelerated by Katherine, who saw that his grace had risen and was coming their way. They stopped, for a second, just at the place where the hats are left, and he caught up with them and shook hands cordially with Mr. Strobridge and Miss D'Estaire.

"I am *very* glad to see you, Gerard," he said. "It is good to be at home again." And then he gave some gallant greeting to Miss D'Estaire, and paused, looking absently at Katherine, who stood by demurely, presenting an attractive picture in her gray suit and hat. All care was now taken of her ample tresses, which were arranged to show the smallness of her head, and every article of her garments was chosen to express unobtrusive distinction. For many months, her astute intelligence had been turned upon the enhancing of her attractions, with wonderful result.

"Miss Bush—the Duke of Mordryn," Mr. Strobridge was obliged to murmur, and Katherine bowed and waited to see if the duke would speak. He did, with that aloof but gracious courtesy which he showed to all women.

"You have come to hear our highly futile debate in this mutilated chamber? I hope you were not bored."

"I was very much interested." And she looked straight into his eyes in the way she did when she intended to compel attention.

As Gerard Strobridge watched her, he suddenly felt a twinge of fear. He refused to acknowledge the thought which presented itself, but indicated that they should go on.

The duke, meanwhile, had not been unaffected by Katherine's magnetic eyes. He felt a spark of interest, and so continued the conversation for a minute, but finally had to give way to Gerard's evident desire to move forward.

"Tell your aunt that I am coming to lunch to-morrow. I only crossed last night, and have had no time to answer her note awaiting me. I hope she is well and has not allowed this modern rush and turmoil to spoil her enchanting wit."

When they got out into the open air, Katherine noticed that Mr. Strobridge had a fierce and rather hunted expression on his face. Without a word, he got into the taxi after the two ladies, and said very little as they drove to Miss D'Estaire's tiny flat in Knightsbridge.

"Perhaps, as it is so fine, you will let me dismiss the cab and we might walk across the park," he suggested, as he rejoined Katherine after seeing Miss Arabella in at the door. And she consented.

The air was crisp and fresh and the dusk was gathering. It was a quarter to six o'clock.

They turned toward Stanhope Gate and walked in silence. Then Mr. Strobridge stopped suddenly and drew Katherine to a chair.

"Katherine," he said, and his voice was husky, "is it so?"

"Is what so?" she questioned, to be quite certain what he meant.

"Is the duke to be your objective?"

She did not answer. She was weighing things. Gerard's assistance would be necessary for the pursuance of a plan which had been forming in her head since she had left the Houses of Parliament. She was swift to decide, and swift to act at critical moments in her life.

"Do you think you have any right to ask me such a question?"

"Yes."

"What right?"

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"I love you."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"No; I will never admit it."

"It is true, though. Oh, Katherine, there is nothing I would not do for you and you know it—only I cannot help wanting to be certain if I am to expect the worst. I feared it at once when you looked into his eyes. Has my doom come at last, then?"

"You are paying me a great compliment; you seem to think that the matter lies only in my hands."

"You will accomplish anything you desire." She did not speak. "Katherine," he pleaded, and there was anguish in his voice, "tell me the truth, whether I have the right to ask it or no. The idea has come to you that this would be worth winning—this position, has it not?"

"Yes."

"He is fifty-three years old, Mordryn — but a fifty-three which women adore. You would probably fall in love with him also."

"It is possible."

"Can you expect me to be anything but pained, then?"

"I have always told you that I consider you only as a friend, and that I only view your emotions for me as those of friendship. Therefore, there should be no pain, even in such an idea, according to my view."

"There is."

"I am sorry."

"But it does not change your determination?"

"No."

"I understand a man's killing a woman sometimes." And he clenched his hands passionately.

"So do I—when she deceives him, never because she is honest and unvarying. I have never deceived you or led you to hope for anything but friendship—that you have in full. And you have hundreds of times promised me yours. If you meant it, I now ask you to give me a proof of it."

"What proof?"

"I wish to meet the duke—not as Lady Garribardine's secretary—that would prejudice him too much, naturally. I want to meet him in the evening, at dinner, as a guest. I want to talk to him and see for myself what he is like, and if he is as wonderful as he looks. Only you could arrange this. If you asked him to dinner and asked me and Miss Arabella or Miss Gwendoline D'Estaire, it would be possible, would it not?"

He was staring at her now, overcome by her masterly frankness. No; she would never deceive him. He realized that, and also that nothing of his will could ever impóse upon hers. He knew he was impotent as a factor in the determining of her plans—all he could do to keep her favor was to fall in with them.

Her face, white as a lily in the growing dusk, was calm and cold and beautiful. He had never desired her more —but that fastidiousness in him, that power of detachment which could appreciate skill, even when exercised against his own interests, asserted itself and helped him. She was so wonderful a character, he must assist her—even to his own pain.

"I suppose it would be possible—Beatrice goes down to Allerton to-morrow until after Easter. I expect I could arrange it for Friday night if I can only get the duke. He will be awfully busy these days—but perhaps if I ask him at once, I might catch him." Then he thought a moment. "Yes; I've got a new case of miniatures I bought last week at an odd sale. I could beguile him on the pretext of giving me his opinion as to whether or no two of them are really Cosways. You see to what a state of abject slavery you have reduced me."



She looked straight into his eyes in the way

"No; I have not—you are being merely a loyal friend."

"To-night, at dinner, I will ask my aunt if you may dine. I have some boring country friends coming in any case that night, and she will let me have you to help to entertain them, I expect. You are supposed to be extraordinarily talented as an entertainer of bores."

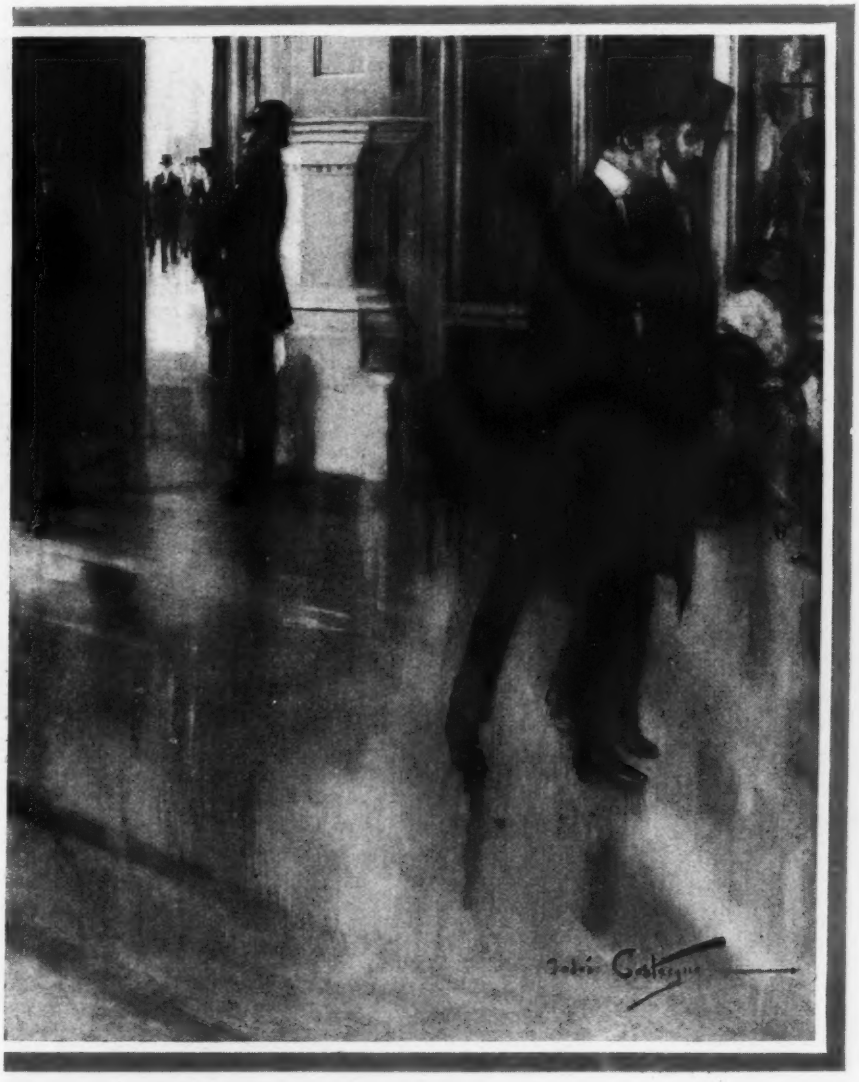
He could not keep some of the bitterness he was feeling out of his voice. Katherine looked at him reproachfully.

"I thought you would perhaps have understood—and been kind."

He responded at once to her tone.

"I will—you know it; I will show you that I am indeed your devoted friend. Will that please you?"

She inwardly appreciated his sacrifice, and her eyes shone softly upon him. His face was haggard and looked hungry.



she did when she intended to compel attention

Its expression would have surprised the many women who had loved him, and on whom he had turned a transient smile.

"Yes; that will please me." And her voice was sweet. "Now tell me about him. I remember to have read in the papers some time ago that the duchess had died."

"He has had an awful life—the duchess was mad. She was a Thorvil, a cousin of my wife's, and went more or less off her head soon after they were married, about twenty-eight years ago. Then, for more than fifteen years, she was extremely peculiar, but not quite bad enough to be entirely shut up. Only, of course, it made it impossible for him to have friends or to entertain and enjoy his great position. Then she became quite mad and had to be isolated; and, by this time, Adeliza, the only child, began to show signs of derangement, too, and so he had the horror of seeing the same thing occurring over again. About two years ago, the duchess died and, fortunately, soon after, Adeliza caught scarlet fever and died also, just before you came to my aunt's, and then Mordryn started on a long voyage round the world to try and make a break and forget. And he has been abroad ever since, and only returned last night."

"And now all those ugly shadows have been removed from his life and he is free—" Katherine drew in her breath a little.

"Yes; he is free," Gerard concurred gloomily. "He is a most intimate friend of my aunt's; you will see him constantly at Blissington."

"Where I am the secretary—yes. Ah, if you knew how I long, sometimes, to be me—myself—and not to have to act meekness! Ah, you would know then how grateful I shall be if you can give me this one evening of happiness!"

He was touched. She so seldom showed any emotion that he felt rewarded for some of his sufferings.

"You shall have as perfect a time as I can secure for you, Katherine, dear girl." And he bent forward and took her hand. "You would adorn any position in the world—but if Mordryn were not a most splendid character, I would not help you to meet him. He is one of the finest in the world, and I will try—I promise you I will try—not to let any jealous envy stand in your way."

"You are a dear, after all," And she returned the pressure of his fingers before she drew hers away.

There was a strange light in her eyes as she walked up the stairs to her room in Berkeley Square. A wonderful vision had suddenly opened itself before her, with a mountain in the distance all of shining gold. It seemed that it must always have been there, but that some mist had hidden it which was now rolled away.

What if she should be able to reach this splendid, gilded mountain-top—some day? A glorious end to aim at, in any case, and she shut her white teeth firmly, and, sitting down by her open window, began steadily to think.

That night, fate held a surprise in store for her. She was going to the theater with Matilda, a periodical treat which that sister greatly enjoyed. They went in the dress-circle and saw the show, two unobserved units of the crowd. As it was for Matilda's pleasure, she was left to choose what she would see—it was always either a Lyceum melodrama or a musical comedy, and this night it chanced to be the latter, and one newly put on, so the audience was less remarkably homely than usual.

Who and what were the audiences at theaters? This Katherine often asked herself. And while Matilda enjoyed what was happening on the stage, she studied the types around her.

Who invented such hair-dressing? Who designed such clothes? From whence came they, and whither did they

go? On this particular night, Katherine and Matilda were at the side of the dress-circle, a row or two back, so that they could see a good deal of the stalls, and, toward the end of the first act, Katherine's languid attention suddenly became riveted upon two particularly well groomed brushed male heads seated in the front row. Their owners must have come in while she had been looking at the stage. There was something quite uniquely spruce about young Englishmen's heads, she knew, and they were all very much alike of a certain class, but the fairer of these two was painfully familiar—it belonged to Lord Algy and to no one else! He had returned from Egypt, then. He was there within a few yards of her. Oh, why was it such pain to see him again?

Her heart beat to suffocation; she felt every pulse in her body tingle with excitement, and then she felt a little sick—and, for a few minutes, she could not have risen from her seat. Matilda turned for a moment and exclaimed:

"Oh, my goodness gracious, Kitten! Whatever is the matter, dear?"

Then Katherine recollected herself, and answered a little shakily:

"I don't know—the heat, I suppose. I am all right now, though; and isn't this a funny scene? Don't let us talk and spoil it."

And Matilda, reassured, gladly turned again to the stage. So Katherine sat on, fighting her battle alone. She forced herself to look at Lord Algy with calm, and watch every movement of his attractive head. He appeared well and bronzed and handsomer than ever, she could see, as he turned to speak to his companion, and she almost fancied she could hear the tones of his voice. Then she made herself analyze things. Did she really love him still? Or was this only some emotion of the senses, because of his wonderful good looks?

Then, gradually, she became more controlled as she realized that, if she kept her eyes fixed upon him, the magnetic power of her gaze would certainly cause him to look round presently and see her, and that, above everything, she did not want this to occur. So she turned her attention to the stage, and forced herself to listen to what was being sung.

The act was soon over, and then she saw Lord Algy's perfect figure rise to go out. That was Jack Kilcourcy probably, she thought, with him, about whom she had so often heard—and perhaps they had come to see some special beauty in the chorus, and would go on to supper later at the Savoy or elsewhere. Oh, no; she would not allow herself to feel any more—she had surely passed beyond such things!

The second act came and went, and the third, and when it was over, she hurried Matilda out, in a desire to escape before the stall-crowd could mingle with theirs in the doorway.

It was raining a little when they came to the door, and there stood Lord Algy, talking, with his caressing, devoted air, to a lovely woman in black whom Katherine had noticed in one of the boxes. He did not see her, as, clutching Matilda's arm, she shrank away among the bedraggled people beyond the lights, and there she paused and turned for a last look at him, and saw him follow the lady into a smart car, the door of which was held open by a motor-groom.

"We will have a taxi, Tild," she said. "Let us walk on and find one. I can't stand an omnibus to-night."

She drove Matilda to Victoria, first, and then went back to Berkeley Square, a rather damp creature in body and soul. And when she was in bed, the tears would trickle down her cheeks. It was all hateful—the dress-circle, the rain, the cab, the dependence, and, last of all, Lord Algy and the lovely woman in black!

Then her sense of the value of things came back again; her indomitable spirit revived, and, before she fell asleep, she knew that, once for all, she had banished any lingering regrets, and that she would play for the great stakes in the game of her ambition with a zest as strong as the desire for love—that love which, she now realized, was over and dead.

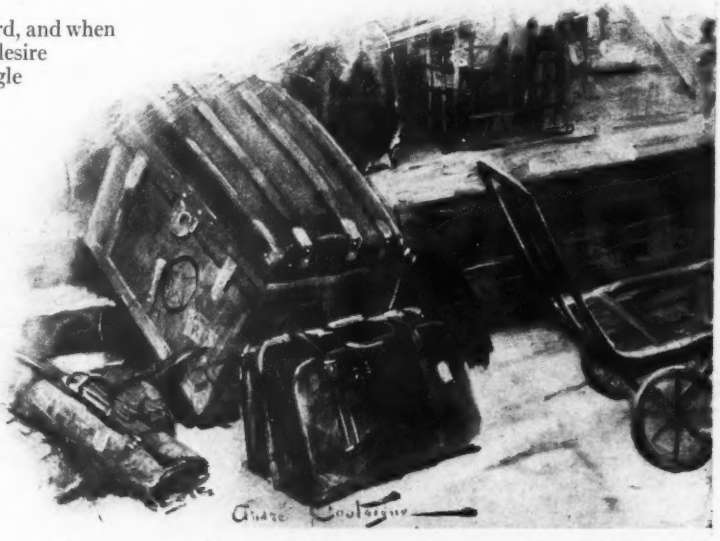
XXIII

THAT night, after dinner, when the guests had left the house in Berkeley Square, Mr. Strobridge asked his aunt if she would lend him Miss Bush for Friday night to help him to entertain some bores. Beatrice would be away, and he really felt he could not face them alone. Gwendoline or Arabella would come, too. Katherine had dined at the Strobridges' house in Brook Street once or twice before, for similar reasons, and the request, therefore, did not seem unusual. But Gerard knew his Seraphim too well not to be aware that, when she heard that Mordryn had dined also, she might not suspect some plot, and would then very possibly be mildly annoyed with him and really angry with Katherine. Every scrap of his diplomatic gift would have to be employed over this. He was going to be at the luncheon next day which the duke had announced his intention of attending. He must so manage the conversation that miniatures were discussed, and then, in her hearing, Mordryn could be asked to come and inspect them as a mere afterthought. If this failed to allay all suspicion of underlying intention in the affair, he would have boldly to tell his aunt the truth, only taking the whole credit—or blame—of the idea upon his own shoulders. No reflection must fall upon Katherine.

Her ladyship announced casually that, yes, he might take her secretary and welcome, if he returned her not too late at night; she had to be up early in the morning, as she was starting on a holiday of a few days' duration. The dutiful nephew thanked his aunt, and requested her to let Miss Bush know that she would be wanted on Friday, if she would be kind enough to come.

But Lady Garribardine was preoccupied with a subject much nearer her heart, and turned to it at once.

"I am dying to see Mordryn, G. I wish I had known he was going to speak to-day and I would have gone to the House. He felt it his duty, I suppose—this wretched Land



He hurried after her, but only got outside the station to see her

Bill! How did he look? And did you get a word with him? I shall see him to-morrow, of course."

Mr. Strobridge gave the message that he had been asked to give, and vouchsafed the information that the duke had appeared as usual, and was altogether as charming as ever.

"It is to be hoped he will get some good out of life, now that he is free at last from those mad women."

Her ladyship's face assumed a strange expression. She sat down in her usual armchair with an air of fatigue.

"Your words strike home, G, for you know I made his marriage—in those far-back, ignorant days, when no one thought of heredity or such things. I literally married him off to Laura almost against his will, because he was utterly devoted to me and I to him, and the situation was becoming impossible, over ten years between our ages! His immense position and mine—and Garribardine jealous! There was nothing else for it. Laura was a sweet, foolish creature then, beautiful and of no account. I felt she would never replace me in his affection, and, in those days, nearly thirty years ago, it would have been considered almost indecent to talk of how future children might turn out—they were supposed to come from the cabbage beds and to have nothing to do with their parents."

"Of course, one had always heard he was devoted to you, Seraphim—he is still."

"Dear Mordryn! Laura gave him trouble on the honeymoon, and once made him look ridiculous—he never pardoned that. By the time she was shut up, I was fifty, G, and had, mercifully, a strong sense of humor, so Mordryn and I had no lapses and have remained firm friends as you know."

"One has often wondered what his inner life could have been during all those years of horror at home. I suppose he will marry again now, having no heir."

There was a very interested note in Mr. Strobridge's voice.

"He must—and he must find a sane and strong woman. The family is on the verge of being overbred. I must look out a suitable bunch for him to select from."

"I should leave it to fate this time, Seraphim."

"If I do that, some totally unsuitable creature with a clever mother will grab him."

Mr. Strobridge laughed.

"Has not the man a will of his own?"

"No man has a will of his own while the vanity of his sex is still in him. He is as defenseless as a baby, and at the mercy of any cunning female. I could not bear to see Mordryn suffering a second time." And Lady Garribardine sighed.

After luncheon next day, when the rest of the company had departed, the duke stayed on and accompanied his friend up to her own sitting-room, where they could talk undisturbed.

They understood each other completely. They spoke for a long time of his travels and of his release, at last, from bondage and strain, and of how he was going to open Valfreyne once more and see the world of his fellows and take up the thread of his life.

"You must not keep a grain of mawkish sentiment, Mordryn," her ladyship said, at last. "You must banish all remembrance of Laura and Adeliza and begin life afresh."

"At fifty-three? It is a little late, I fear, for the game to have much zest."

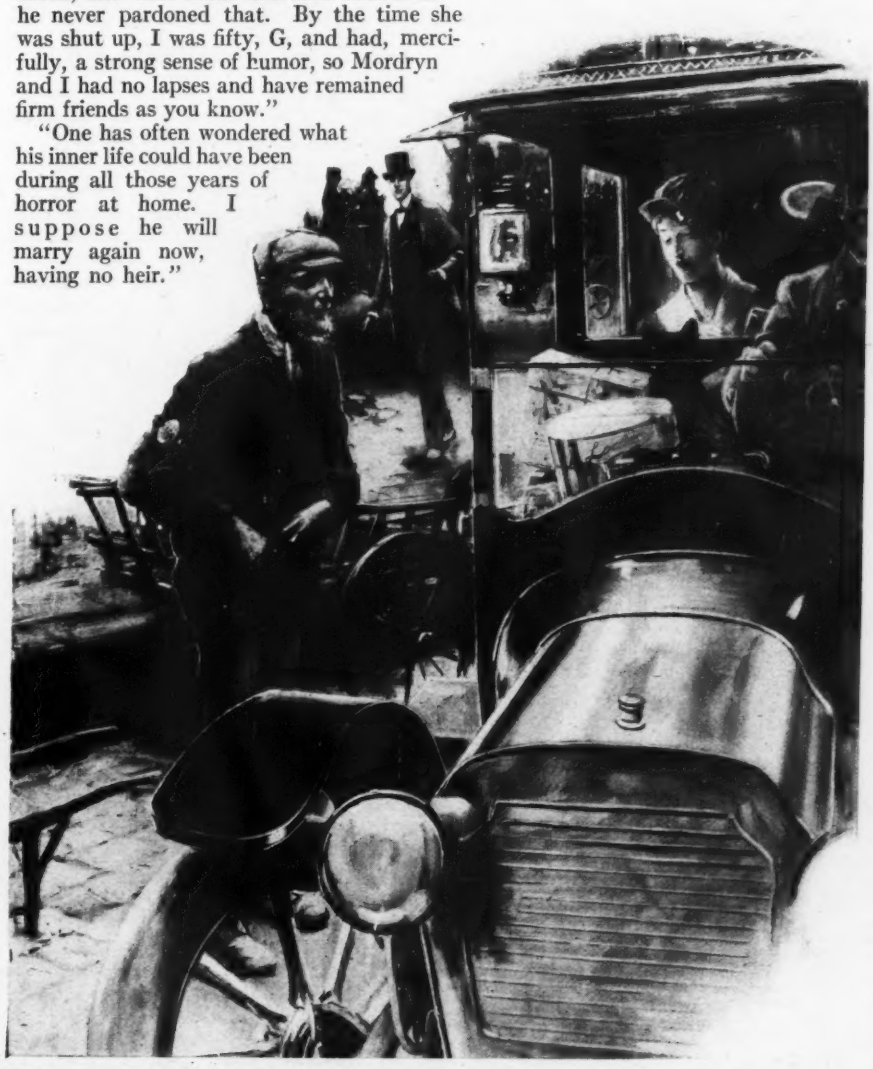
Then their talk drifted to other things, and, before his grace left, he had promised to spend Easter at Blissington.

While luncheon had yet been in full swing and a propitious moment had come, Gerard had carried out his plan. The subject of miniatures was introduced, and a heated argument ensued about the likelihood of the new acquisitions being by Cosway, and then the suggestion that the duke should come in and dine the next night and decide the matter came out quite naturally.

Lady Garribardine made no remark at the time, and, indeed, hardly thought about it, but that night, when she sat by her bedroom fire, she suddenly remembered that her secretary would meet the duke, and, for a long time, she stared into the glowing embers in deep thought.

No; it was not possible that the girl had known that he would speak—that was not her reason for wishing to go to the House of Lords; but she had seen him there, and now she would meet him at dinner!

A number of expressions chased themselves over her ladyship's countenance, while her eyes never left the one point in the coals. The frown of cogitation deepened on her forehead and then cleared away. She had come to a decision.



disappear in a motor already piled up inside with milliner's boxes



Katherine was in the seventh heaven; she was blooming like a hothouse plant, and seemed to radiate sweetness and serenity

When Mordryn had retired with his hostess after luncheon, Gerard Strobridge had sought Miss Bush in the secretary's room.

"The deed is done, Katherine," he announced, with an attempt at gaiety while his heart was heavy within him. "The duke is coming to dinner on Friday night, and Gwendoline, not Arabella, and a couple of bores from the country; so all my duties and sacrifices are completed. Now are you going to give me a reward?"

"It depends upon its nature."

"Yes; I know that. It is quite a reasonable one. It is to come down in my motor with me this afternoon and see the spring borders at Hampton Court?"

Katherine hesitated. She would love to go, but she had work to do before to-morrow, and unless she sat up late at night, it could not be accomplished. He came over and spoke earnestly.

"I feel that this will be the last time that we can be pupil and teacher, Katherine. Face is going to change for us both. I want to keep a memory of you, when you were my friend alone, without the shadow of any other interest between. Won't you try to give me this one last great pleasure?"

Katherine was touched.

"Yes, I will," she agreed. "I cannot go up and ask her ladyship now, but I believe she would let me go. I have no business with her until to-morrow morning. Do you want me to come at once?"

"Yes; I will walk on round to the garage and get the motor, and you can meet me at Stanhope Gate."

It turned out to be an afternoon which neither of them would ever forget.

Mr. Strobridge had exerted every power he possessed to please her. He had enchanted her fancy, and had drawn out all that was finest in herself. They had studied the flowers and talked of their favorite books; and Katherine was conscious that she herself was being brilliant, and that now his flights were not beyond her, but that she could fully hold her own.

"If I had been unwed, Katherine, would you have married me?" he asked her, at last. "Divine as to-day has been, think what it would have meant with love between us. Katherine, I would have done my utmost to make you happy. Will you answer me this question? I think it may be the last one I shall ever ask you."

She let her hands fall into her lap, and she looked at him critically for a while before she spoke. And her voice was reflective when she did reply.

"I think if you had been free at that first Christmas—yes, I would have married you. I would have let you take me away and teach me all that I now know—and then I would have made you use all your gifts and rise, rise to the top of your tree. I would never have rested until you had reached the summit, and I with you."

He had given a little groan and covered his face with his hands.

"I forged all the barriers to joy by weakness long ago, Katherine. I drifted idly down life's stream, and now am caught in the rushes and cannot get free. The thought is bitter sweet—this picture of what might have been. And I would have taught you to love me at last. Ah, the pain! But now I do not want to finish this day with sorrowful repinings. I will keep this memory of your words and go my way, and when you come into your kingdom, remember me, and let us renew our friendship on calmer shores."

He took her hand, and, pulling her glove off backward, kissed each white finger, and then his eyes grew misty and he said farewell. And in Katherine's heart there was a strange sadness, and they hardly spoke at all as they sped homeward.

XXIV

WHEN the Friday night came and Katherine was ready to get into the taxi with Miss Gwendoline D'Estaire, she felt exalted as she had never done in her life.

This evening would be the test of her powers. If she failed, then she would know that such high goals were not for her, and so she must curtail her aspirations. *But she would not fail.* It might be that the duke would not be drawn to her—it was impossible to tell from that one afternoon what his temperament could be; but, (*Continued on page 174*)

Irene Castle Star of Patriotic Photo-Plays



IRENE CASTLE, while her husband, Vernon Castle, is serving his country in the aviation corps of Great Britain, has found a way to aid her own land. She will be the star in a remarkable series of patriotic photo-plays, written for her by Louis Joseph Vance, and dealing with the greatest of America's present needs. The production will be on an elaborate scale.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



PHŒBE FOSTER, as the fairy godmother in "The Cinderella Man," uses her power to turn herself into Princess Charming and marries the struggling young author she has befriended. Thus, this feminist variation of the old tale goes the prototype one better. The play is one of the year's big successes, due, in large measure, to the delightful team-work of Miss Foster and Mr. Shelley Hull.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

A Genre Player



FLORENCE NASH chooses to enact types of common life — no historical, romantic, or idealistic rôles for her. The wisdom of her choice has been fully proved by her conspicuous success as Aggie Lynch, in "Within the Law," and Polly Cary, in "Sinners." A vaudeville sketch, "Pansy's Particular Patch," has been the most recent medium for the display of this clever young woman's special talent on the boards.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

A Dancing Girl of New York



YOU will have to go to New York if you want to see Margaret St. Clair dance, for this dainty artist does not perform outside the metropolis, where she has graced many famous productions, including the perennial "Follies" and the diverting "Midnight Frolic."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Love-Meter

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Beauty-Mask" and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster



We found Anitra crying softly to herself, while near her sat Eulalia, tearless, stunned by the blow, broken-hearted

Of all the ingenious instruments invented by up-to-date scientists and used in their investigations, there is none that has more fascinating interest than that which registers the quality and intensity of the human emotions. It may be a long time before its records are accepted as evidence in a court of law; but Craig Kennedy has faith in it, and shows, in this story, what tremendously short cuts the modern scientific detective is able to take in reaching the goal of his inquiry.

"SINCE we brought him home, my brother just tosses and gasps for air. Oh, I think Eulalia and I will both go mad!"

The soft, pleading voice of Anitra Barrios and her big, appealing brown eyes filled with tears were doubly affecting as, in spite of her own feelings, she placed her hand on that of a somewhat younger girl who had accompanied her to the laboratory.

"We were to have been married next month," sobbed Eulalia Sandoval. "Can't you come and see José, Professor Kennedy? There must be something you can do. We fear he is dying—yes, dying."

"Poor little girl!" murmured Anitra, still patting her hand affectionately, then to us, "You know, Eulalia is the sister of Manuel Sandoval, who manages the New York business of my brother." She paused. "Oh, I can't believe it myself—it's all so strange, so sudden!"

For the moment, her own grief overwhelmed Anitra, and both sister and sweetheart of José Barrios clung to each other.

"What is the trouble?" soothed Craig. "What has happened? How can I help you?"

"Everything was so happy with us," cried Anitra, "until José and I came to New York—and—now—" She broke down again.

"Please be calm," encouraged Kennedy. "Tell me everything—anything." With an effort, Anitra began again.

"It was last night—quite late—at his office at the foot of Wall Street—he was there alone—" She strove to connect her broken thoughts. "Some one—I think it must have been the janitor—called me up at home and said that my brother was very ill. Eulalia was there with me. We hurried down to him. When we got there, José was on the floor by his desk, unconscious, struggling for breath, just as he is now."

"Did you observe anything peculiar?" queried Kennedy.

Anitra Barrios considered.

"Nothing," she replied slowly, "except that the windows were all closed. There was a peculiar odor in the room. I couldn't tell you just what it was like."

"What did you do?" inquired Craig.

"We took him home, to the hotel, in a cab, and called the hotel physician, Doctor Scott."

Both girls were again weeping silently in each other's arms. If there was anything that moved Kennedy to

action, it was distress of this sort. Without a word, he rose from his desk, and I followed him. Anitra and Eulalia seemed to understand. Though they said nothing, they looked their gratitude as we four left the laboratory.

On the way down to the hotel, Anitra continued to pour out her story in a fragmentary way. Her brother and she, it seemed, had inherited from their father a large sugar plantation in Santa Clara, the middle province of Cuba.

José had taken hold of the plantation, and had re-established it on modern scientific lines. Now it was one of the largest independent plantations on the island.

To increase its efficiency, he had later established a New York office to look after the sale of the raw sugar and had placed it in charge of a friend, Manuel Sandoval. A month or so before, he had come to New York with his sister to sell the plantation, to get the high price that the boom in sugar had made it worth. It was while he had been negotiating for the sale that he had fallen in love with Eulalia, and they had become engaged.

Doctor Scott met us in the sitting-room of the suite which Anitra and her brother occupied, and, as she introduced us, with an anxious glance in the direction of the door of the sick-room, he shook his head gravely.

"It's a case of poisoning of some kind, I fear," he whispered aside to us, at the first opportunity.

We followed the doctor into the room. Eulalia had preceded us and had dropped down on her knees by the bed, passing her little white hand caressingly over the pale and distorted face of José.

He was still unconscious, gasping and fighting for breath, his features pinched and his skin cold and clammy. Kennedy examined the stricken man carefully, first feeling his pulse. It was barely perceptible, rapid, thready, and irregular. Now and then there were muscular tremblings and convulsive movements of the limbs.

Craig moved over to the side of the room away from the two girls, where Doctor Scott was standing.

"Sometimes," I heard the doctor venture, "I think it is aconite, but the symptoms are not quite the same. Besides, I don't see how it could have been administered. There's no mark on him that might have come from a hypodermic, no wound, not even a scratch. He couldn't have swallowed it. Suicide is out of the question. But his nose and throat are terribly swollen and inflamed."

I tried to recall other cases I had seen. There was one case of Kennedy's in which several deaths had occurred, due to aconite. Was this another of that sort? I felt unqualified to judge where Doctor Scott himself was so uncertain. Kennedy himself said nothing, and, from his face, I gathered that even he had no clue as yet.

As we left the sick-room, we found that another visitor had arrived in the sitting-room. It was Manuel Sandoval.

Sandoval was a handsome fellow, tall, straight as an arrow, with bushy, dark hair and a mustache which gave him a distinguished appearance. Born in Cuba, he had been educated in the United States and had made a special study of the technology of sugar. He was quite as much a scientist as a business man.

He and Eulalia talked for a moment in low tones in Spanish, but it neeeded only to watch his eyes to guess where his heart was. He seemed fairly to devour every move that Anitra made about the apartment.

A few minutes later, the door opened again, and a striking-looking man entered. He was a bit older than Sandoval, but still young. As he entered, he bowed to Sandoval and Eulalia, but greeted Anitra warmly.

"Mr. Burton Page," introduced Anitra, turning to us



For one fleeting instant she looked startled. Yet she betrayed nothing as to whether it was through fear or surprise

quickly, with just the trace of a flush on her face. "Mr. Page has been putting my brother in touch with people who are interested in Cuban sugar plantations."

A call from Doctor Scott for some help took both girls into the sick-room for a moment.

"Is Barrios any better?" asked Page, turning to Sandoval. Sandoval shook his head in the negative, but said nothing. One could not help observing that there seemed to be a sort of antipathy between the two, and I saw that Craig was observing them both closely.

Page was a typical breezy Westerner, who had first drifted to New York as a mining promoter. From that, he had gone into selling ranches and, by natural stages, into the promotion of almost anything in the universe.

Sugar being at the time uppermost in the mind of the "Street," Page was naturally to be found crammed with facts about that staple. One could not help being interested in studying a man of his type—as long as one kept his grip on one's pocketbook. For he was a veritable Pied Piper when it came to enticing dollars to follow him, and in his promotings he had the reputation of having amassed an impressive pile of dollars.

No important change in the condition of Barrios had taken place, except that he was a trifle more exhausted, and Doctor Scott administered a stimulant. Kennedy, who was eager to take up the investigation of the case on the outside, excused himself, with a nod to Anitra to follow into the hall.

"I may look over the office?" Craig ventured, when we were alone with her.

"Surely," she replied frankly, opening her hand-bag, which was lying on a table near the door. "I have an equal right in the business with my brother. Here are the keys. The office has been closed to-day."

Kennedy took the keys, promising to let her know the moment he discovered anything important.

The office of the Barrios company was at the foot of Wall Street, where the business of importing touched on the financial district. From the window, one could see freighters unloading their cargoes at the docks. In the other direction, capital to the billions was represented. But in all that interesting neighborhood, nothing just at present could surpass the mystery of what had taken place in the lonely little office late the night before.

Kennedy passed the rail that shut the outer office off from a sort of reception-space. He glanced about at the safe, the books, papers, and letter-files.

Two glass doors opened at one end to two smaller, private offices, one belonging, evidently, to Sandoval, the other to Barrios. What theory Craig had formed I could not guess, but, as he tiptoed from the hall door, past the rail, to the door of José's office, I could see that, first of all, he was trying to discover whether it were possible to enter the outer office and reach José's door unseen and unheard by anyone sitting at the desk inside. Apparently, it was easily possible, and he paused a moment to consider what good that knowledge might do.

As he did so, his eye rested on the floor. A few feet away stood one of the modern "sanitary" desks. In this case, the legs of the desk raised the desk high enough from the floor so that one could at least see where the cleaning woman had left a small pile of unsanitary dust near the wall. Suddenly Kennedy bent down and poked something out of the pile of dust. There, on the floor, was an empty shell of a cartridge. Kennedy picked it up and looked at it curiously.



Hastily Kennedy read through the open letter. Its tone seemed to be that of a threat

What did it mean? I recalled that Doctor Scott had said particularly that Barrios had not been wounded.

Still regarding the cartridge-shell, Kennedy sat down at the desk of Barrios. Looking for a piece of paper in which to wrap the shell, he pulled out the middle drawer of the desk. In a back corner was a package of letters, neatly tied. We glanced at them. The envelops bore the name of José Barrios and were in the handwriting of a woman. Some were postmarked "Cuba;" others, later, "New York." Kennedy opened one of them.

I could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment. I had expected that they were from Eulalia Sandoval. But



I saw that some one else in another doorway was watching them, too, so intently that he did not see me. It was Sandoval

they were signed by a name that we had not heard—Teresa de Leon. Hastily Kennedy read through the open letter. Its tone seemed to be that of a threat. One sentence I recall was, "I would follow you anywhere—I'll *make* you want me."

One after another, Kennedy ran through the letters. All were vague and veiled, as though the writer wished, by some circumlocution, to convey an idea that would not be apparent to a third inquisitive party.

What was back of it all? Had José been making love to another woman at the same time that he was engaged to Eulalia Sandoval? As far as the contents of the letters went, there was nothing to show that he had done anything wrong. This evidence of the "other woman" only served to deepen the mystery of what little we already knew.

Craig dropped the letters into his pocket along with the shell, and walked around into Sandoval's office. I followed him. Quickly he made a search, but it did not seem to net him anything.

Meanwhile, I had been regarding a queer-looking instrument that stood on a flat table against one wall. It seemed to consist of a standard, on each end of which was fastened a disk, besides several other arrangements, of whose the purpose I had not the slightest idea. Between the two ends rested a glass tube of some liquid. At one end was a lamp; the other was fitted with an eyepiece like that of a telescope. Beside the instrument, on the table, lay some more glass-capped tubes, and strewn about were samples of raw sugar.

"It is a saccharimeter," explained Kennedy, also looking at it, "an instrument used to detect the amount of sugar held in solution, a form of the polariscope."

He was about to turn back into the outer office when an idea seemed to occur to him. He took the cartridge from his pocket and carefully scraped off what he could of the powder that still adhered to the outer rim. It was just a bit, but he dissolved it in some liquid from a bottle on the table, filled one of the clean glass tubes, capped the open end, and placed this tube in the saccharimeter, where the first one I noticed had been.

Carefully he lighted the lamp, then squinted through the eyepiece at the tube of liquid containing what he had derived from the cartridge. He made some adjustments, and, as he did so, his face indicated that, at last, he began to see something dimly.

"I think I know what we have here," he said briefly, rising and placing the tube and its contents in his pocket with the other things he had discovered. "Of course, it is only a hint. This instrument won't tell me finally. But I think it is worth following up."

With a final glance about, Kennedy closed and locked the outside door.

"I'm going directly up to the laboratory, Walter," decided Kennedy. "Meanwhile, you can help me very much if you will look up this Teresa de Leon. I noticed that the New York letters were written on the stationery of the Hotel Pan-America. Get what you can. I leave it to you. And if you can find out anything about the others, so much the better. I'll see you as soon as you finish."

It was rather a large contract. If the story had reached the newspaper stage, I should have known how to go about it. For there is no detective agency in the world like the *Star*, and, even on the slender basis that we had, with a flock of reporters deployed at every point in the city, with telephones, wires, and cables busily engaged, I might have gathered priceless information in a few hours. But, as it was, whatever was to be got must be got by me alone.

I found Teresa de Leon registered at the Pan-America, as Craig had surmised. Such inquiries as I was able to make about the hotel did not show a trace of reason for believing that José Barrios had been numbered among her visitors. While that proved nothing as to the relations of the two, it was at least reassuring as far as Anitra and Eulalia were concerned, and, after all, as in such cases, this was their story.

Not having been able to learn much about the lady, I decided finally to send up my card, and, to my satisfaction, she sent back word that she would receive me in the parlor.

Teresa de Leon proved to be a really striking type of Latin-American beauty. She was no longer young, but there was an elusiveness about her personality that made a more fascinating study than youth. I felt that, with such a woman, directness might be more of a surprise than subtlety.

"I suppose you know that Señor Barrios is very seriously ill?" I ventured, in answer to her inquiring gaze that played from my card to my face.

For a fleeting instant she looked startled. Yet she betrayed nothing as to whether it was through fear or surprise.



"I have called his office several times," she replied, "but no one answered. Even Señor Sandoval was not there."

I felt that she was countering as cleverly as I might lead.

"Then you know Mr. Sandoval, also?" I asked, adding, "And Mr. Page?"

"I have known Señor Barrios a long time in Cuba," she answered, "and the others, too—here."

There was something evasive about her answers. She was trying to say neither too much nor too little. She left one in doubt as to whether she was trying to shield herself or to involve another. Though we chatted several minutes, I could gain nothing that would lead me to judge how intimately she knew Barrios. Except that she knew Sandoval and Page, her conversation might have been a replica of the letters we had discovered. Even when she hinted politely but finally that the talk was over, she left me in doubt, even, whether she was an adventuress. The woman was an enigma.

I was not ready to return to Kennedy merely with another unanswered question, and I determined to stop again at the hotel where Barrios and his sister lived, in the hope of picking up something there.

The clerk at the desk told me that no one had called since we had been there, adding: "Except the tall gentleman, who came back. I think Señorita Barrios came down and met him in the tea-room."

Wondering whether it was Page or Sandoval the clerk meant, I sauntered down the corridor past the door of the tea-room. It was Page with whom Anitra was talking. There was no way in which I could hear what was said, although Page was very earnest and Anitra showed plainly that she was anxious to return to the sick-room.

As I watched, I took good care that I should not be seen. It was well that I did, for once, when I looked about, I saw that some one else in another doorway was watching them, too, so intently that he did not see me. It was Sandoval. Jealousy of Page was written in every line of his face.

Studying the three, while I could not escape the rivalry of the two men, I was unable to see or recollect anything that had happened which would convey even an inkling of Anitra's feelings toward them. Yet I was convinced that that way lay a problem quite as important as the relations between the other triangle of Eulalia, Teresa, and Barrios. I was not psychologist enough to deal with either triangle. There was something that distinctly called for the higher mathematics of Kennedy.

Determined not to return to him entirely empty-mouthed, I thought it would be a good opportunity to see Eulalia alone, and hurried to the elevator which whisked me up to the Barrios apartment. Doctor Scott had not left his patient.

"No change," he whispered, "except that he is reaching a crisis."

Interested as I was in the patient, it had been for the purpose of seeing Eulalia that I had come, and I was glad when Doctor Scott left us for a moment.

"Has Mr. Kennedy found out anything yet?" she asked.

"I think he is on the right track now," I encouraged. "Has anything happened here? Remember—it is important that you should tell him all."

She looked at me a moment, then drew a telegram from a fold of her waist. I took it and read:

Beware of Teresa de Leon, Hotel Pan-America. A FRIEND.

"You know her?" I asked, folding the telegram but not returning it.

Eulalia shook her head. (*Continued on page 150*)



She eluded his sudden grasp and went scurrying out of doors and up into the sheltering branches of a broken tree. He stood at the foot, laughing, one hand on her ankle, which he had caught just as she was hurrying out of reach. Thus arrested, she turned and settled herself on the swaying branch

The

FOR weeks they had no news from the Arcade, except a postal from King O'Leary. It was far into September before a batch of letters, which had journeyed back and forth and had been reenclosed, arrived with news of the outer world. There were several of no importance—notices of firms soliciting patronage, and advertisements—but among them were two letters which Dangerfield pounced upon eagerly—the first from Flick, with a Southern postmark which excited their curiosity; the second from Tootles, which was deferred for a later reading.

The New Imperial Lodging House,
Jiggs Rest,
Georgia.

Temperature, 105 in the cellar.

DEAR KIND FOLKS SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES:

I'm in trouble again—awful trouble, but this time it's desperate. I've lost the best pal in the world; I have forfeited the respect of the whitest white man in Manhattan; I have ruined, blighted, dynamited, sold out, and Judas-Iscarioted my best friend. I shall never face him again, never look into his reproachful eyes. I couldn't—I couldn't! It would break me all up; I should crumble and weep like a maiden. He has forgiven me much, but he will never, *never* forgive this. I shall never return unless a scheme I am looking into here turns out big money and I can come back proudly, with my wallet cracking, ready to make amends. It's all about the pride of Tootles' heart, the masterpiece which was to create a new art, to dignify the advertising profession, and put a dress suit into the home of every flat-climber. But, first— The address may surprise you. You're not as surprised as me. I've been here about five days—I think. Just how I came is also hazy, but the evidence is I came in a smoker, under a smoker, or on top of a smoker. Likewise, somewhere up or down the road is a collection of trunks, boxes, and barrels belonging to me and containing heaven knows what. I likewise annexed a coon-dog. He is with me. I admire him because he manages to get several square meals a day. I don't know how he does it, but he does. I have named him Remorse—it's the way he looks at me. The last city I remember is Wilmington. I likewise have some faint recollections of a milkman—a charming fellow—in West Philadelphia.

At any rate, I'm here—until I make enough to get out. I could take all the money away from these rubes, only there isn't any money to take. My best chance is selling a Wimpheimer & Gold-

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Woman *Gives*

A Story of Regeneration

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

UNDER the name of Dangerfield, Daniel Garford, a talented painter, has for several months been occupying a studio in Teagan's Arcade, a building situated in Lincoln Square, New York city. The man's domestic happiness has been wrecked and he has drifted into dissipation through the discovery of his wife's infidelty. He has insisted that she accept from him a divorce and the settlement of an income, and marry her lover, Reginald Bowden. The woman, however, has the opportunity of wedding a rich man, but she is at her husband's mercy, and cannot disobey him. He has reason to believe that she and her brother, Doctor Fortier, will try to have him locked up as insane, and indeed, after they discover his retreat, several attempts to do so are made. They are frustrated by the resource and watchfulness of Inga Sonderson, a dweller in the Arcade, who makes posters, magazine covers, and decorative sketches. Up to the painter's arrival, she had no friends in the building except Champeno, a young sculptor, who, getting into financial difficulties, has been forced to leave. She now devotes herself entirely to Dangerfield, and finally the foundation of a good influence over him seems to be laid.

The other dwellers in the Arcade are St. George Kidder (known as "Tootles"), a struggling painter who is at work on an ambitious canvas which his roommate, Flick Wilder, an eccentric literary hack, believes he can dispose of for advertising purposes; Pansy Hartmann and Belle Shaler, artist's models; King O'Leary, a man of roving disposition whose wife has deserted him; Millie Brewster, with ambition to be a singer; Myrtle Popper, a manicurist, who marries a wealthy moving-picture manager named Pomello; Mr. Cornelius (who is really the Comte de Retz), an elderly Frenchman known as "the baron," whose gambling habits have brought him to a more or less precarious existence in the Arcade, and Drinkwater, a lawyer, who is looked upon with considerable suspicion.

After the marriage of his former wife to Bowden, Dangerfield begins to recover his grip on life, thanks to Inga's devotion and assistance. He wants to marry her, but the girl has an aversion to the bonds of wedlock, and only consents after she is convinced of the sincerity of his love and on obtaining a promise that if ever she asks her liberty, he will grant it. Dangerfield vows a lifelong devotion that will never cause a wish for release. The honeymoon is spent in New Hampshire, and, later in the summer, they go to the Maine coast. To Dangerfield, Inga remains a baffling personality. She will tell him nothing of her past, and makes him admit that he really wants to know nothing.

finch silk-lined, pointed-cuff, velvet-collar, two-button-and-braid-down-the-trousers dress suit for one week's board and ten dollars flat to Jiggstown's chief of police, who's hankering at the chance of a lifetime to wear one but's afraid of being R E - M A R K E D ! Which brings me to the point.

How did I acquire thirty-two dress suits, sizes 38 to 42, eighteen white-piqué vests, three winter overcoats, and one golf suit? At least, I did have them, because I've got a little paper that tells me so in my pocket. How it got in my pocket, I don't know. Where these are at present, I don't know, with the exception of three dress suits and a winter ulster that seem to have stuck by me. If it would only snow, I might sell the overcoats and go after the dress suits. I've got two checks for Chattanooga, three for Miami, and one for Oscaloosa. Where I acquired all these trunks, I don't know. I suppose the dress suits are in them. I can't imagine where else they can be.

It all began so peacefully, too. I'd played Wimpheimer & Goldfinch backward and forward and three times around the corner until I had them feeding out of my hand. When everything was set, I hired an open-face dray and tucked the "Well-dressed Man" in it—*uncovered*—with a bunch of palms at the head and the foot, and started down Broadway. Say, we gathered a mob about us that had to be beaten apart! I'd tipped off the reporters—a few particular friends of mine—that this was something new in publicity about to be pulled off, and when they saw us floating down the mob, they began to pull the coat off me to get the inside story. All I would give them was a bouquet of dark and mysterious hints—picture by famous artist, identity profound secret, fabulous price, every figure supposed to be a close portrait of some of the swells higher up (which was true—six flights up). That started them on a fine guessing-bee. Well, when Wimpy and Goldy looked out the windows and saw what was coming, it was all off. They wanted to pin a medal on me and take me into the firm. We set the canvas up in the main showrooms, and business was over for the day. At this point, there came upon the scene a little gink by the name of Steinwilly or something close to that name.

"Our purchasing agent," says Mr. Goldfinch, with his eyes still bulging at the "Well-dressed Man."

"Shall we talk business over a little gentle lunch," says Steinwilly pleasantly.

'Course that's a way they have down there; they think if they buy you a five-dollar meal you're going to come down a thousand or two. So I nodded, and we sauntered out.

"Ever try a royal-smile cocktail?" says Steinwilly.

I knew that game, too, but I looked him over and sized up his capacity, and I said to myself, "Two can play at that." There's where I was wrong—besides, it was a hot day. Well, we sat down and I plumped out my terms. Twelve hundred outright and three hundred extra if it took on and they ran it another year. I was figuring on falling back to a flat thousand, you see. Steinwilly looked terribly distressed at this, but I knew that game, too, so I proposed another flock of royal smiles. He brightened up at once—reckon he must have been living on them for the past year. So we matched, and I won. Then we decided to take in a show, and we matched for the taxi, and then for the tickets.

"Would you match twelve hundred or nothing for the picture?" he said smoothly.

"Nothin' doin'," I said.

He sort of sized me over and decided to wait a little longer. Now, I don't know just exactly what happened after this. I know we stayed together for a good part of the night, for all I remember is seeing royal smiles (they're pink, you know) blooming on every bar. Whether I left him or he left me, I don't know. Fact, there's a good deal I don't know, or why or when or where, but the awful outstanding fact is that Steinwilly and I must have matched and I must have sold Tootles' masterpiece for a bunch of dress suits. The worst of it is: Where are the dress suits? The memorandum I've got is signed "Steinwilly," and there's an awful scrawl "per special agreement;" but if I got the dress suits, did I keep them? I don't like the appearance of Remorse on the scene. Did I swap a dress suit for this bandy-legged pup, I wonder? I'll have to work down to Chattanooga before I'll know.

Honest, I'm all broke up. What will Tootles say? I don't dare write him.

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Chattanooga (later).

There's no doubt about it—the dress suits are here, most of them. I met a conductor on the way who greeted me like a long-lost brother. Seems I paid my fare by contributing one to his beautiful appearance. I wonder how many more are roaming the sunny South? Couldn't work the sheriff in Jiggstown, but, as I was eating on tick, he concluded he'd save money by buying me a railroad ticket out. Remorse is here with me.

Miami.

Located more dress suits, likewise ran into a traveling man whom I swapped two dress suits with for about half a ton of patent bottle-openers. I found half the dress suits gone and all kinds of junk in their place, folding tooth-brushes, histories of the South, etc. Guess I must have gotten into a traveling man's convention. Am at work selling out the stock, slow business—weather against me.

Wonder what I'll find at Oscaloosa.

Break the news to Tootles, won't you? The way I'm headed now it looks as though I'd reach the Arcade via Panama and Japan. Let me know what really did happen with that body-snatcher, Steinwilly. Honest, I'm sick over it. I shall never, *never* forgive myself. FLICK.

P. S. I expect to do considerable sightseeing down here, but I'll get a letter if you send it

care Hank,
The Jackson House.

At the Bar.

"Do you suppose that's all he got for the picture?" said Inga, when they had ended laughing over Flick's adventures. "Tootles will be broken-hearted."

"Looks pretty bad," said Dangerfield, shaking his head. "Well, let's get to the worst." He took up Tootles' letter, and immediately broke into a roar of laughter.

DEAR FOLKS:

Lots of things have happened since you left, good, bad, and indifferent. Flick has disappeared. Where the deuce he's landed, is beyond me. He's been gone two weeks and never sent a word. He started on a spree after selling the masterpiece to Wimpheimer & Goldfinch for fifteen hundred dollars down and a royalty of five hundred a year. This must have been too much for him, for he started in to celebrate. Don't blame him, do you? It almost made me take up drinking. As far as I can make out from what they tell me, the firm put one of their best little drinkers up against Flick, a fellow called Steinweld—quite a decent old sport, too. According to him, he started Flick at lunch, kept with him through the afternoon and evening, and ran him into a couple of their traveling men to take up the job. Flick not only cleaned up the contract, but matched the crowd for all their spare change and then kept on matching until he'd won about six trunks of spring styles which were waiting over in the depot to go out the next day. More than that, he ran them into some benefit ball up at Terrace Garden. You know Flick. The dance, they're not sure it was at the garden, either, broke up with a free fight, and when they woke up the next day, they were enjoying the hospitality of the city. The last they remember of Flick he was leading the grand march with the winner of some popularity contest. They weren't sure just where this was—they said they'd been so many places. However, Goldfinch was a sport, stuck by the bargain, said they'd been caught at their own game. But what do you think happened to Flick? The only clue I have had was the arrival of a strange-looking pup, which Sassafras says is a coon-dog, which came here in a box, half starved and howling like mischief. Box was addressed to Flick from some point on a Southern railroad line. Sounds as though he were still alive, doesn't it?

When are you coming back? It's awfully glum up here, you can imagine, with everyone away. I've been working hard all summer, drawing like mad—think you'll say I'm getting somewhere. As far as news goes, there are some queer turns. Old Pomello died some three months after the marriage, over in Italy—pneumonia, I believe. Belle Shaler had a note from Myrtle. Queer, isn't it? Wonder what'll become of her now. She inherits what the old fellow had, I suppose. The news excited everyone, of course. You see, Madame Probasco, the time she had that séance, made some prophecy that fitted in with what happened. Millie Brewster is back after a visit home. "The baron" hasn't been any too well, looks shaky, and then something happened that cut him up terribly; hit me, too, for a while, but now I've gotten hold again. Pansy went off with that old scoundrel, Drinkwater. Seems they'd been seeing each other all along, and he must have got some hold over her, hypnotized her. Belle was as surprised as any of us, and mad clean through and through. We don't know just what happened—hope they're married. That's about all, but, Lord, it's lonely without the crowd! Have you done great things? I'm crazy to see what you're bringing back. My best to the missis.

TOOTLES.

The hilarity which Tootles' elucidation of the mystery of the dress suits occasioned died out at the news of Pansy's elopement. Underneath the quiet of his announcement, they divined the hurt that lay near his heart. A few more letters remained among the chaff, which Dangerfield opened rapidly—announcements of fall exhibitions, which woke in him curious currents of impatience; a note from Steingall, urging him to exhibit, another from Quinny, with the news of the club. Then, all of a sudden, his fingers struck one addressed to,

MISS INGA SONDERSON.

"The idea!" he exclaimed, in pretended wrath. "Never heard of such a person! What impudence!"

He tossed the letter over to her without curiosity, and took up Quinny's letter for a more careful perusal. The echoes of the old world brought a strange fluttering to his heart. He wondered what they, the old friends, believed had happened to him all this time, and he wondered, looking out of the doorway with a curious, quivering smile, what they would say when they knew that he had not gone under, that he had won his fight, and was coming back to his own.

He took a long breath, and there was a new light in his eyes as he turned. Inga was at the fireplace, her head resting on her hand, staring into the flames, which were licking up the letter she had tossed there.

"What was your letter?" he said, noticing the immobility of her attitude.

"Nothing—a notice from a publisher, that's all."

He came closer with a sudden, leaping jealousy which he would have been at loss to justify.

"Is that true?" he said slowly.

She nodded, looking at the burning, twisted mass.

"Inga, tell me the truth!" he said, in a voice he had never used before with her. She raised her head, met his burning eyes, and answered steadily,

"Why, that was all."

In the embers, the flames died down. He knew that she had lied to save him pain. In a sudden disgust at this outer world which still had power to throw its disturbing shadow across their Eden, he went to the table and took up the whole correspondence and flung it into the coals.

"Curse them! I wish they'd leave me alone."

Then he sat down and held his head in his hands for fear of jumping up, of seizing her and turning her to his eyes, and forcing her to admit that what lay now in ashes had been a letter from out the ashes of the past, from that other man, whom he could never see or comprehend, but who haunted his days and stood always between him and the sun of unconscious happiness.

"I hate letters!" she burst out as suddenly, and went precipitately out of the door and flying over the cliffs.

He made no move to follow, but sat there grimly, staring into the fire, and what he thought of darkly was not alone the past but what lay ahead.

XLI

INGA had lied to him, and he had understood the reasons of her denial. Yet the fact remained that the first lie lay between them, the blade that cut ruthlessly through the veil of the summer's illusion. Until then, he had lived in

an unreal paradise. The world had been exiled, or, rather, from morning to night, in every mood of nature he had dominated where he had walked. There was a primitive directness, a savage charm about Inga that had carried him back to the healing savagery of the solitary world. Absorbed in the fulness of his artistic regeneration, falling into pleasant mental languor, an ease of the body and all the senses, he had forgotten, in the quiet reveries of fire-lit evenings, that beyond the threshold there waited those irreconcilable enemies of the present—the haunted past and the inscrutable future. So completely did she blend into the roaming moods of his mind, so keenly intuitive of the moment to listen and the moment to dream, that, at times, stretched indolently and gracefully before the roaring logs, she seemed to wait his pleasure with the mute loyalty of some friendly animal. Now, all at once, the spell had vanished.

He was a man alive to fierce, disturbing emotions, aware that, side by side with the blinding figure of love, was that relentless, inevitable companion—primeval jealousy—exacting its ruthless toll for every narcotic moment of oblivion. She, too, was different, no longer the companion whose every word and every thought he possessed, but something that drew back from him before the clutching hunger of his soul, and veiled herself in the obscurity of the past—the eternal stranger—Woman.

He did not blame her—the crueler thing would have been to have told the truth. He felt this, and yet his whole nature rebelled against the stealing-in of suffering, the intruder which had crept in like weeds among the flowers. He could not speak to her; he could not meet her eyes. His own self seemed to have run away from him. He was incapable of rest or activity, and, when she returned, he marveled at the calm in which she moved. The next day and the day after, something hot and red stood between his eyes and his canvas. He tried desperately to paint, and remained bewildered by the void within him. He began a dozen sketches, swore, and scraped them out, and, after long, racking hours, remained with his head in his hands, staring at the terrifying white depth of his canvas that seemed to him to be something without end or beginning, a vast emptiness into which he had sunk all his hope.

The first day when she returned over the dripping rocks to join him for the long tramp home, she asked, as usual,

"Good day?"

"No; nothing," he said shortly.

The following morning when she appeared, she looked into his face once and asked no questions. They were silent during the walk, each curious of the other, keeping a little apart, as though a thousand miles intervened between them. The evening had gone down in angry squalls and, across the white-lipped sea, the wind went scurrying in frantic flights. At their sides, the wakened sand-grasses writhed in fitful temper, hissing like disturbed serpents. Occasionally, a whirlwind, turning along the beach, flung stinging pellets against their eyes. A great restlessness, a rebellion against indistinct things filled their breasts and made them ache, and persistently the eyes of one avoided the other's.

When they had gained the shack and barred the groaning door against the assaults of the storm, Inga took the easel from his back, stood a moment looking solemnly into his clouded face, and turned without a smile. A moment later, as he sat sunk in a chair before the fire to which he had given fiery wings, she came with his slippers and knelt at his feet. Before he realized what she was doing, she had started to unlace his boots. He drew back angrily, crying,

"Why do you do that?"



Inga was at the fireplace, her head resting on her hand, staring into the flames, which were licking up the letter she had tossed there

But, without changing her pose, she remained kneeling, and suddenly, clutching her knees, she cried passionately,

"Oh, please—please let me!"

Then, with a rise of tears, he understood the longing and the misery she expressed in this instinctive submission, and, leaning suddenly, drew her up into his arms, where she lay with a catch in her breath.

"Mr. Dan, Mr. Dan, you are so unhappy!" she said, at last.

He did not answer; but his arms tightened about her, as though he would have crushed the thing he loved.

"You are unhappy—and I have made you so!"

"It can't be helped," he said bitterly.

She did not say anything more and, after a moment, drew herself up and out of his arms. Not for a long while did they speak to each other, until the supper was over and the fire had been built for the night. Instead of stretching out on the rug in feline languor, she began to move restlessly about the room, with an indecision that was strange to her. He watched her through the sheltering clouds of tobacco smoke as she went from window to window, listening to something that cried in the soughing chorus of the tempestuous night without, and, as he watched her, he wondered if the day would close thus in this aching unease, this

numbed suffering that wrapped them around and yet held them remorselessly from each other. She came to the fireplace and abruptly faced him, her hands behind her back, pain and wistfulness in the anxious, searching glance she laid upon him.

"I told you a lie," she said, all at once. He raised his eyes and looked at her. "About that letter," she said hastily.

"Yes; I know."

"You knew, of course," she said thoughtfully.

"Of course."

"Are you sure you would rather I told you?" she said earnestly. Then, as he frowned and gripped his hands nervously, "It has nothing—it can have nothing to do with us now," she said desperately, and, as he still hesitated, she added: "It will only hurt you. That is why I did what I did—not to hurt you."

"I know that, too," he said. "You were right. Don't tell me."

"But I will if you wish," she said, her eyes growing rounder and larger in the intensity of her gaze, while her lips trembled a little.

"No, no; I don't want you to!"

He drew a great sigh, rose, and stretched out his arms. But immediately he had refused to hear her explanation, a revulsion came to him. It seemed to him that anything were better than not to know. The mystery that enveloped them had a hundred monstrous figures of doubt and jealousy in it. The one thing he could not combat was the unknown.

"It was a man—a man who loved you!" he cried, before he had realized it.

She caught her breath, startled, collected herself angrily, and, at last, looking him directly in the eyes, nodded slowly.

He came closer and stood staring in her averted face.

"And whom you once loved?"

She drew back, turned, looked into his eyes, and turned away again.

"Yes; since you would know."

He hesitated. Should he go on or should he draw back now while it was yet time, before the self-infliction of pain, before the visualizing of a shadow which meant nothing to them now, which was of the past, as other things had been in his own memory? All at once he stopped, aghast. Tears were in her eyes, and her hands were at her throat.

"Why do you do that?" he said abruptly.

"Because it will hurt you," she said.

"Yes, yes—horribly!"

"What good does it do?" she said, shaking her head.

"None, none at all—I shan't ask to know any more," he said firmly. And he took up his pipe from the table where he had flung it and began to fill it, humming to himself.

She came and stood beside him until he was ready for a light. Then she struck a match and held it to him.

"Very becoming," he said, with an effort, smiling at the sudden glow that suffused her soft face and gave points of fire to the depths of her eyes.

"I wish you understood me," she said, with a wistful arching of her brows and a sudden downward slant of her eyes away from his.

"Wish I did."

"I am different—different from you, I suppose. I don't let shadows make me sad."

"No; you are never jealous," he said bitterly. "In fact, I wonder if you are capable of such an emotion."

She appeared to consider this question.

"I suppose not," she said, at length.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Not even—not even if you saw another woman coming into my life—really?"

"If that happened, I should go away—quietly," she said thoughtfully.

"And you would not suffer?"

"Oh, yes—of course—I should suffer, but I should disappear just the same, for the world would be empty to me." She looked at him a moment, hesitated, and said: "That



"The baron" leaned over and patted her on the arm, saying, are in heaven will you ask *le bon Dieu*

would be something real, not something that is ended or something that might happen. You see, it's this: You have something in you that I haven't got."

"What?"

"Sentiment."

"I believe that is so," he said suddenly; yet he continued to look at her, mystified.

"I mean it this way," she said pensively: "You don't see me at all as I am. You see me as you wish to see me. It is very beautiful, but it is not always me, and so, sometimes, I feel that it's not me you love and—and I wonder——"

"You'd rather I didn't idealize you?" he said, greatly astonished.

She smiled with a smile that changed the sadness prophetic in her eyes to a glow of happiness.

"No; I want you to feel as you do just now," she said shyly, "even——"

"Well, even what?"

"Even if you wake up after," she said solemnly.

"Inga!" he cried, in a furious protest. But she avoided the arms which sought to sweep her down to him.

"That's what I mean by sentiment," she said hastily. "Do you understand?"

He paused, his curiosity returning.

"And you?"

"I? Oh, I see you and love you for what you are."

"Even for my weaknesses?"

She looked at him, her eyes deep in his eyes.

"Above all for that," she said, and, though her lips turned slowly into a smile, her eyes remained sad. "I wish——"

"What?" he asked, as she stopped.

She shook her head.

"That I should always remain what I was—a derelict worth saving?"

She looked at him suddenly and so fiercely that he laughed and caught her in a passionate embrace.

"Look out! If I get to behaving too well, you'll lose interest in me, Inga," he said, laughing.

To this she made no reply.

He was astounded at the things she had shown him she had divined. He recognized their truth. He even felt that in her eyes was some strange intuition, that made them see, beyond his view, down the long lanes of the future. But, above all, he understood that in their love the first phase had ended and another begun—a phase where the bitter and the sweet, sorrow and sadness, possession and denial would forevermore go hand in hand. She knew it, too, for that night they spoke no word, for what lay in their minds they could not say to each other.



with his courtly smile, "You wonderful child—when you to squeeze me through—a little?"

Yet this knowledge that life in all its aspects could not be avoided, that the thoughts which he cried out against could not be stilled, and that, even as he loved her, the woman of the present, he must suffer fiercely and weakly for what had been, entered into that inner consciousness of the artist and illuminated it with a new sense of power.

When he returned to his work, the test of sorrow brought him a deeper comprehension. In the completeness of his dream, he had forgotten what no artist should forget—that life is tragedy. He put before him a canvas which, a week before, had thrilled him with its mastery. He looked now and saw that it was only half truth, that he had done it in an ecstasy of sentimentalism. He threw it aside and began swiftly to paint in another. And as he looked upon the immemorial rocks with their head-dresses of sand-grasses turning with the first colorful touches of the autumn, he perceived, beneath the surface-pleasure to the eyes, something grim and tragic in this spectacle of summer stifling in the arms of autumn, in these scarred and rocky sentinels, waiting the momentary flurry of the bitter time—the soul of those

things which cannot die, inscrutable, contemplative, and majestic, amid the poignant sadness of the green world which must die and die again, endlessly returning to its pain.

He painted breathlessly, seized by something poignant and illuminating that drove him on, and, when he had ended, he covered the canvas hastily, afraid to look at it. For a week he worked in this frenzy, without pause for self-analysis, warned only by the fever of work which possessed him that what he had done was true, feeling in himself immense, clarifying changes, a detachment of visions he had never had—a new, stern independence of the intellect which he had purchased at the price of the intoxication of the senses.

At the end of this period, a certain heaviness of the spirit succeeded. He felt that he had worked beyond his capacity, aware of profound weariness and dejection. The next morning, he postponed the day's sketching.

"No work to-day," he said; "I feel like looking over what I've done. Let's get out the canvases and sit in judgment."

"First fall exhibition?" she said, laughing.

"Exactly."

Together they brought out the voluminous records of the summer and ranged them about the walls. As he studied them, group by group, in their historical progress, he nodded, surprised himself at the richness of the record, its sincerity and grasp. At the end, he brought out the dozen sketches of the past fortnight, which he had put away each evening without an appraising glance, reserving them even from Inga. He placed them in a row and stood back to watch the girl. She stood before them, making no comment, but so accustomed was he to her moods that he comprehended at once the depth of her tribute. In truth, she was overwhelmed by the revelation of a new note, something which she would not have been able to define, but which held her transfixed by a penetrating sense of mastery, as sometimes, in the moment of lightest teasing, she had felt herself breathlessly impotent in the sudden closing-about her of his compelling arms.

"So this is what you have been doing," she said, in a reverie. Then she turned and looked at him, seeing a new self in the man. "What made you do this?"

"You."

"I? How so?"

"Things you've done—things you've said—about sentiment, you know," he said rather incoherently.

His glance returned to his work, and he felt a sudden thrill, even an astonishment, transcending all earthly happiness at the recognition of what had come to him.

"You said I've done this?" she said, frowning.

"By making me suffer," he said quietly. "Oh, I needed it! It was right. It came, I suppose, with that letter. If it hadn't," he added, smiling, "I suppose I should have gone on dreaming—for the dreaming was sweet—with you, Inga."

Portrait of a Woman

By Edgar Lee Masters

Author of "Spoon River Anthology"

THE pathos in your face is like a peace;
It is like resignation or a grace
Which smiles at the surcease
Of hope. But there is in your face
The shadow of pain, and there is a trace
Of memory of pain.

I look at you again and again,
And hide my looks, lest your quick eye perceives
My search for your despair.
I look at your pale hands; I look at your hair,
And I watch you use your hands. I watch the flare
Of thought in your eyes like light that interweaves
A flutter of color running under leaves—
Such anguished dreams in your eyes!
And I listen to you speak
Words like crystals breaking with a tinkle,
Or a star's twinkle.
Sometimes as we talk, you rise
And leave the room, and then I rub a streak
Of a tear from my cheek.

You tell me such magical things
Of pictures, books, romance,
And of your life in France
In the varied music of exquisite words,
And in a voice that sings.

All things are memory now with you,
For poverty girds
Your hopes, and only your dreams remain.
And sometimes, here and there,
I see, as you turn your head, a whitened hair.
Even when you are smiling most,
And a light comes in your eyes like a passing ghost,
And a color runs through your cheeks as fresh
As burns in a girl's flesh,
Then I can shut my eyes and feel the pain
That has become a part of you, though I feign
Laughter myself. One sees another's bruise
And shakes his thought out of it, shuddering;
So I turn and clamp my will, lest I bring
Your sorrow into my flesh, who cannot choose
But hear your words and laughter
And watch your hands and eyes.

Then, as I think you over after
I have gone from you, and your face
Comes to me with its grace
Of memory of unfound love,
You seem to me the image of all women
Who dream and keep under smiles the grief thereof.

DRAWING BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



Or sew, or sit by windows, or read books
To hide their Secret's looks,
And, after a time, go out of life and leave
No uttered word, but in their silence grieve
For life and for the things no tongue can tell—
Why Life hurts so, and why Love haunts and hurts
Poor men and women in this demi-hell.

Perhaps your pathos means that it is well
Death in his time the aspiring torch inverts,
And all tired flesh and haunted eyes and hands,
Moving in pained whiteness, are put under
The soothing earth to brighten April's wonder.

"Yes, I see," she said, nodding.

"What do you see, I wonder?" he said curiously.

"You don't need me any more," she said, looking not at him but at the work.

"I have gotten above myself," he said pensively. "I am not afraid of life—in its completeness now. The bitter as well as the sweet—they are both good, both vital."

"You see in a way that makes one feel strange things—even to a sense of time."

"It's impersonal, isn't it?"

"Very."

"For the first time?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if I will keep it," he said moodily.

She turned, laying her hand on his arm, nodding her head with conviction.

"You won't lose it now."

"And yet," he said, laying his hand on her head, "there are times when I wonder if it had not been better—not to wake up."

"You feel differently—about me, don't you?" she said slowly.

"No."

"Yes, yes—oh, it's not that you love me less, I think, but—but if I went away, you would stand by yourself now. I mean, it would not crush you."

"Inga—you *will* go away some day," he said, looking at her profoundly, speaking as one sometimes does in inspired moments—a thought which flashes across the lips before the will can check it.

For a moment, they stood staring at each other, equally amazed.

"Why did you say that?" she said, at last, of the two the most visibly astounded.

"I don't know—I hardly knew I'd said it. And yet I believe what I said is true. More, I believe you believe so, too. Isn't that the truth?"

"Some day—yes; I'm sure," she said, looking at him solemnly.

"When, I wonder?"

He felt as though something uncanny was in this conversation, a moment of rare and absolute truth had brought a flash of the future. Indeed, the words he had spoken astonished him as much as they had Inga. Yet he felt a sense of conviction, as though, before the verity of his work which faced them, they, too, had faced the truth.

"Are you—sorry?" she said, at length, timidly.

"That the dreaming is over?" He shook his head. "I don't think so," he said slowly. "I feel as though now we can talk to each other."

"That is true," she said, moving nearer, and she added, "Mr. Dan."

"Trying to tease me?" he asked, smiling.

She shook her head. He was looking into his canvases hungrily; he did not see her eyes or comprehend the significance of her return to the old deference, but, for a moment, while they stood gazing at the victory on the canvas, she swayed against him slightly, and her hand slipped under his arm as though clinging to its protection.

An hour later, when he remembered the suddenness with which he had prophesied that the day would come when she would go her own way out of his life, he was amazed and puzzled to comprehend the impulse he had obeyed. At the bottom, he believed in no such possibility. What he had said must have been said in some sudden cruelty of love to test her, to know that, if she could quiver before such a possibility, the intensity of her devotion was constant. A little conscience-stricken, he referred to it that evening.

"That was a crazy thing I said about you leaving," he began lightly. "Queer mood I was in."

"We can't help having queer thoughts. That's natural," she said quietly, looking down at the floor.

He laughed a full-throated, confident laugh.

"Well, you know, Inga—I did feel that about you—at first."

"And now?"

"Just try, little viking!"

"And yet you are very"—she stopped and slowly accentuated the word—"very different."

"How so?" he asked, a little uneasily.

She hesitated, and perhaps changed the intent of her answer.

"It's the way you look at me. I think you see me as I am now."

"That happens always when you love," he said pensively. "And it means something deeper, surer—something quieter. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

He could not divine from her manner any special regret, or that any serious consideration remained from his thoughtless remark. In fact, he felt in her a new sense of closeness, an almost Oriental solicitude of his slightest desire or comfort. When he went out now in the sharp chill of the autumn mornings, she no longer went roaming away over the rocks, or played over the sand reaches, tantalizing the waves with sudden rushes. Instead, she camped down at his side on a great rug, her hands propping up the tanned oval face, her eyes dreaming into the distance. At times, he felt their gaze turned on him for long, unvarying moments. He remembered a favorite pointer of his college days which had adored him as no one else had worshiped him, and the strange sense of the summer's end which had possessed the animal to lie in mute, staring wonder at his side, by some canine intuition of change. The dog had died years ago. He had never replaced him.

A certain calm content came into his soul in these soaring days. A change had operated in him; a gust of divine madness had passed, and, with it, all the rebellion against the progress of life. He had loved as youth loves, blindly, fiercely, flinging all his self in impulsive sacrifice, longing to be convinced that, with love, he had found the ardent, fiery youth which he had renounced. Now, in the awakened sense of power, he faced middle age with a confident triumph. He saw ahead clear regions of light that opened immeasurable horizons of life. He had found himself, and, as he looked at her from time to time, with eyes satisfied with the charm of life and color, he said to himself that he would never again be capable of the fierce, gripping ache of jealousy which had possessed him. Yet it was good to have her close to his side, to listen to the low music of her voice, and yield to the enveloping charm of her ministering devotion. The first obsessing spell had given place to this: It was good to be so loved. She was the companion above all others he needed for what lay ahead. It was even providential. He felt a deep and tender sense of gratitude that softened the almost cruel confidence which had come to him in his new self-sufficiency.



King O'Leary produced a derby, which he adjusted with nicety on his head, giving it a rakish tilt

By the middle of November, the weather had become so stormy and chill that work was only a question of haphazard moments. He began to feel a new longing—an impulse back to that world of conflict and multitudes, of strife and jealousy and competition, which he had left behind him in loathing and renunciation. When the fog and the rain hung outside, he would spend long days in contemplating his sketches, making note of future compositions to

(*Continued on page 158*)

The Uncertain Fox-Chase

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

Sometimes J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw seek out opportunities; sometimes they stumble right into them. The latter seems to be the case in this adventure, which our readers will find one of the most diverting ever planned and executed by these two skilful gentlemen. It is undeniably true that beverages of the reputed type of the fox-chase decrease one's physical and mental efficiency. Therefore we must ask you to decide whether the character of this new concoction may be rightly inferred from the behavior of its partakers.



"What's the idea?" Blackie had jerked his feet up, out of the way of the sprinkling-operation

THOUGH it was a misty night when Wallingford and Blackie Daw stepped off the train, to J. Rufus, whose hat was cocked on one side and whose round pink face was wreathed in ineffable joy, the world was rosy, the universe was full of music, and gay colors streamed across the sky, the lights of the town were iridescent, and the dingy cigar store, up near the center of things, was a bright little fairy-land; so he lifted his voice in song.

"Mona, my own love,
Mona, my true love,
Art thou not mine
Thro' the long years to be——

"Hello, Whiskers!"

"Whiskers!" The bitter man behind the counter scowled with his thin nose at the gentlemen embellished in Prince Alberts and diamonds—the big, florid one flowing with friendliness to all humanity, and the lean, lank one devoted to grinning solicitude. Two sportive traveling men, who had been wearily rejecting dry cigars, were grateful for the illumination.

"Mind your step, Jimmy!" warned Blackie, with the care of a mother. "Watch out for the cigar-lighter, and don't lean on the show-case!"

"All right, Blackie; you're my friend!" was the genial reply, and J. Rufus beamed on all the occupants of the dingy shop, including the battered and disused Indian in the corner. "Whiskers, riffle your stock, and hunt my pal some pearl-studded cigarettes! Gentlemen, step up and have something! What's yours, old Pain-in-the-Face?" Attacked by sympathy, he brought over the battered Indian on its flat-wheeled rollers, lined it against the counter, threw his arm around it, and sang into its wooden ear,

"By the bright stars above thee,
I love thee, I love thee!"

"Where, oh where, did he get it?" asked the traveling man with the snappy gray mustache and the snappy gray eyes.

"Dining-car," explained Blackie. "And, believe me or not, it's a single drink."

"I'd give a dollar and a half for a sample," enviously observed the younger traveling man, looking out at the moist night. "What do you ask for?"

"A fox-chase. It's mixed in two glasses, and you drink the pink one first. You don't know a good early-morning doctor in this town, do you?"

"All together, gentlemen!" requested Mr. Wallingford, lifting his finger. "One, two, three—now! All sing!

"Oh, swift goes my boat
Like a bird on the billow,
The boat of my heart, my trim——"

There was a sudden interruption. The door swung open with a bang, and an urchin, with a grin which ran up toward his ears like spectacle-prongs, poked in his tousled yellow head, and shouted,

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to our house,
And stole a piece of beef."

Bang! The door slammed.

"Yeeeeee!" A yell of triumph from half a dozen urchin-throats, and the spat of running feet.

Bang! The door slammed again. Hannibal P. Taffer had run outside, stick in hand, and was chasing the urchins around the corner and two blocks down an alley.

When Hannibal P. returned to the shop, breathless, and bilious with vindictiveness, he found Chief Pain-in-the-Face

behind the counter, wearing Wallingford's dented silk hat askew on his wooden locks; and his broken tomahawk was upraised in watchful strictness, for, across the tenderest show-case, he was conducting a crap-game of great hilarity. A goodly pile of silver and small bills was heaped in front of Happy Jim, who was coaxing the dice for the sake of "Mona, his true love."

"Looky here!" Mr. Taffer had regained his bitter rasp. "I don't 'low any gambling in my place!"

"Oh, be happy, Taffy!" beamed J. Rufus. "You look like a pleasant man, Taffy, why not be such? Let go of your money, gentlemen. And let's sing!

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy——"

"Get out of my place!" screeched Taffy, grabbing his stick in the middle.

"Shucks, brother!" Blackie crossed his fingers. "Can't you see that my friend is among the angels? Shoot, Jim; everybody's up."

There was a swift movement as Wallingford threw the dice. The irate Mr. Taffer had made a grab, but the two traveling gentlemen clutched him firmly by the elbows.

"I'll call the police!" raged Hannibal P. "I'll clear you out of my shop! I'll give you to understand I ain't a Welshman and I ain't a thief! I'll have the law on you! I'll——"

"Oh, hush, Taffy!" The leader of the celebration stopped in the pleasant act of gathering money in a heap, and a trace of distress disturbed his geniality. "When all the world is happy, why should you be dismal?" He gave the dice a contemplative shake. "Tell you what I'll do, friend: If you don't want your shop to be a scene of radiant life, I'll buy the place. How much do you want for it?" And, dropping the dice, he drew from inside his coat a long pocketbook. There fluttered from it bills of such large denominations that even the sportive traveling men grew momentarily respectful, and Hannibal P. Taffer went into a trance.

"Tell me one thing," begged the man with the snappy gray mustache: "How do you make a fox-chase?"

"Cinch!" Blackie cast a worried eye on his friend Jim as he thought of the morning to come. "First, you catch a rainbow, and give it ptomaine poisoning; you take some spoiled absinthe and a jigger of dynamite; you next——"

Hannibal P. had leaned breathlessly against the corner of the show-case as he had stared from Wallingford's money to the huge diamond in his scarf; then his eyes had glittered.

"I'll sell you this business for four hundred dollars."

"You're on, Taffy!" And the blissful Wallingford beamed again as he tossed over four one-hundred-dollar bills. "Come in, gents, and feed Mona! Say, fellows, these ivories don't listen right. Whiskers has stuck a cloud in the sunset. Now, Mona——

"Pray for me; pray for the long years to be."

He shook the dice and rolled them out, and gazed down on a deuce and an ace, and sang lugubriously, though the beaming smile was still on his face:

"Farewell—all is over, the bitter tears falling;
My life is a wreck on a dark winter's sea.
The innocent days all are gone past recalling;
There yawns a dark gulf 'twixt my darling and me."

"Sorry you lost," commiserated the younger traveling man, as he scooped in his share of the stakes. He wore a bright-red necktie and sold auto trucks. "Your voice is a shade better when you win."

"The night is young, my boys," chuckled J. Rufus, his broad shoulders heaving, and his eyes half closing. "Daisies and black-eyed Susans border the Milky Way, and blue comets shoot across the purple sky, and the little dice are still Jimmy's, and Mona waits her winnings beside the brink of the brook. Cover this fifty-dollar William, you gay young frivolous!

"And down drops the anchor,
The brown sails are falling,
And out on the shingle,
We leap in our glee.

"Come on, little seven!"

"Here's your agreement of sale!" crackled the harsh voice of Mr. Taffer, and he thrust on Wallingford's corner of the show-case two copies of a document which he had executed with much labor amid his sandy gray whiskers. "Sign 'em right there!"

"Anything to dispel gloom." And J. Rufus jerked out his fountain pen.

"What are you doing, you big casawba!" yelled Blackie; but he was too late. J. Rufus had signed both copies with a flourish.

"Witness it!" hastily directed Taffer, shoving the papers in front of the players.

"Run along, or we'll pull you, Taffy!" growled Blackie, but the apostle of bliss objected.

"On with the dance!" he ordered. "This is a plain and pretty statement that I have bought a toy-size business, with all its toy-size assets, liabilities, and obligations. Sign it, you human hairpin!"

"And I hope you get stung," retorted Blackie, as he appended his name.

"I could pay the liabilities of this shack out of one vest pocket." Wallingford expanded his chest as the traveling men cheerfully obliged with their signatures. "Now, Taffy, if you'll take your grief out of here, and sit in the warm glow of the mist till we get through, I'll hand you back your shop. I'm bound to make you happy."

"Oh, I'm happy enough!" rejoined Hannibal P. Taffer, putting his copy of the document carefully in his pocket, and rubbing his leathery hands together and grinning like a Cheshire cat. "I'm happy as I want to be." He stepped behind the front end of the counter and gathered up all his personal belongings, including his carpet slippers and the change in the cash-drawer. "The business I just sold you is one I foreclosed for rent, and its main obligation is a ten-year lease on this place, at a hundred dollars a month. I'm your landlord. Here's your key. To-morrow's rent-day. Good-night."

II

"HAVE you forgotten, love, so soon,
That night, that lovely night of June?"

Blackie Daw woke to the bright sunshine, to hear song on the lips of J. Rufus, accompanied by a great splashing in the bathroom.

"When down the tide so idly dreaming,
We floated where the moon lay gleaming."

The voice was perfectly clear and blithe and hearty; and Horace G. Daw sat straight up and ran his fingers through his black hair in perplexity. He had fortified himself against his partner's savage humor this morning, and dismal dumps for a week; but here came J. Rufus, bulging comfortably in his bath-robe, clear-eyed, pink-shaven, and smiling.

"Fine morning; eh, Blackie?"

"Say, that fox-chase drink must have the strength of a mule's kick." And the lean partner eyed the fat one in wonder. "The bust-head hasn't overtaken you yet?"

"Bust-head? Why should I have one?" inquired Jim indignantly.

"Oh, why?" A reminiscent grin. "After last night's pickle?"

"Who was pickled? Not your Uncle James."

"Not? Not, eh? Do you suppose it would mean anything to you if I reminded you that this is rent-day?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CRAMBLES

He stepped behind the front end of the counter and gathered up all his personal belongings, including his carpet slippers and the change in the cash-drawer



J. Rufus, with an aggravating chuckle of triumph, had torn in two the envelop which had contained his copy of the agreement, and had tossed it contemptuously into the stove

"Mean anything to me? Of course it would." Jim tried vainly, for the thousandth morning, to touch his toes with his fingers without bending his knees. "I got up early this morning on purpose to go down and open the shop."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Blackie's perplexity deepened. "So you remember about that lease!"

"Huh! Huh! Huh!" That was big Jim taking three vigorous sweeps toward the floor. He straightened up, red-faced but beaming. "Ten years," he said. "Hundred dollars a month. Hustle and dress—you're hired to tend store!"

"Is it the fox or the chase which clings so long?" mused Blackie; but, nevertheless, he humored the man, and went down with him, after breakfast, to sell cigars.

As J. Rufus reached for his key, he inspected the lay of the land—six-story office-building on one corner, prosperous-looking café on another, and, diagonally across, the bright, clean-looking big store of the U. S. A. Cigar Company. He hummed at an old-time love-song about a broken heart, and threw open the door.

"Blackie, get the sprinkling-can and sweep out while I take an inventory of the stock."

"Not on your life!" emphatically refused Blackie, climbing up on the counter and resting his arm on Chief Pain-in-the-Face. "That's carrying a joke too far." He looked fastidiously around the dingy shop, and his somberness deepened. "I wish I knew how your friend, the captain of that diner, made his cheer-up mixture. I need one!"

"Tut, friend of my youth." Wallingford surveyed his dismal partner with a chuckle. "A light heart and a contented mind are better than a heavy pocket and an evil conscience. If you won't sweep, begin to doll up the place. Where's that broom?" He hung his coat and hat on the tomahawk of the wooden chief, and started energetically to work with sprinkler and broom.

"A violet grew upon the lea,
So sweet and pure and fair to see."

"What's the idea?" Blackie had jerked his feet up, out of the way of the sprinkling-operation.

"Stop yammering and get busy!" ordered Wallingford. "When Hannibal P. Whiskers gets here for the rent, I want this coop to look as if it had been struck by a cyclone of progress."

Sober! Blackie drew a long breath of relief. Dead, cold sober!

When Hannibal P. Taffer arrived, he stopped in astonishment. Every bit of trash had been removed from sight; the counter had been washed; the two show-cases glistened; such stock as there was had been neatly arranged, and proprietor and hired hand were tacking red velvet in the bottom of the show-window.

"Good-morning, Taffy!" Radiantly cordial was the new proprietor. "Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"My name's Taffer!" indignantly exploded that gentleman, shaking a leathery forefinger at Mr. Wallingford. "I want you to remember it. T-a-f-f-e-r—Taffer! There it is on the window. I've come for the rent."

"Oh, yes." An ingratiating smile. "Don't you think I'd better see a copy of that lease, Mr. Taffer?"

"I thought you'd want to, unless you'd propose to compromise in a hurry," Taffer explained, as he produced the lease.

"There'll be no compromise," J. Rufus assured him, preparing to read. "I came here with an expert clerk to build up the finest retail cigar business in this town. Boy! Hustle out and get me a carpenter and a painter; on the jump, you!"

Blackie Daw, who had been smoothing his pointed mustaches as he listened, looked around quickly for the boy in question, but finding that he was it, went out of the door on

the jump and on the wide grin. J. Rufus Wallingford, put him where you would, was certainly a star performer!

"Ah, I supposed so!" Wallingford's eye had caught an important clause. "I have to keep this building for ten years, whether I like it or not, and there's no way for me to wiggle out of it. My tenantry, however, is terminable by you at any time on thirty days' notice."

"Well, under restrictions," admitted Mr. Taffer slyly, with just a flicker underneath his catlike grin—"in case of sale, rebuilding, or alteration."

"Which means that all you have to do to terminate my lease is to tear off a shingle and replace it with a tin patch." Mr. Wallingford expanded his white waistcoat and beamed down at Hannibal his jovial disapproval. "You're a very clever man, Mr. Landlord, but this won't do for me. I'm a business man and a hustler. You didn't realize it, but you have the finest corner in this town for a cigar store. I'm going to put a hummer here. In six months, I'll have the U. S. A. Cigar Store renting space to a laundry. If I bring my receipts up to a hundred dollars a day, I don't want my lease taken away from me with a tin shingle, nor do I want the rent raised on me."

The eyes of Mr. Taffer almost disappeared as he contemplated the golden vision thus suddenly opened before him; but his mind was clear.

"I don't see any call to change that lease. I don't see how I could improve it for me."

"Then you won't alter it?"

"Nope. Business is business."

"I presume, then, I'll have to make you an inducement," considered J. Rufus, and again the eyes of Mr. Taffer disappeared. "Suppose, in exchange for a clear, tight lease, I give you an agreement to let you in on the profits of the business when it reaches a certain volume, this to take the place of additional rent."

There was a long silence.

"About what volume would you say?" finally inquired Mr. Taffer.

III

OLD TAFFY'S CIGARS
They were made of
CABBAGE AND BALED HAY!
We are closing them out.
Come in and get them at your own price.
MONA CIGAR STORE

This was the big advertisement which stared from the pages of every paper in town; but while it was being printed in the early dawn, Blackie Daw was at work on his art exhibit in the red-velvet window of the Mona Cigar Store. In the center he placed a bale of hay; in front of it, a pile of shredded hemp rope; in one corner, a luxuriant cabbage, and, in the other, a bundle of wilted spinach. Neat signs announced these to be the identical materials from which old Taffy's cigars were made. The cigars themselves were clustered about the raw ingredients—the baled-hay cigars at four cents each, the cabbage at three, the spinach at two, and the rope at one. J. Rufus was busy with the exterior decorations, the embellishment of Chief Pain-in-the-Face, who had become that way through smoking Taffy's vegetable cigars, the framing of the window and door in sticks of fodder, and the placing of signs. Over the door was the legend,

NO SMOKING INSIDE

On each side of the steps was a cigar-lighter, and the public was informed that they must light their cigars after they came out. Small cards everywhere called attention to the composition of old Taffy's stock in trade. Not until the last tack was in, did proprietor and hired hand go home for bath and breakfast. When they came back, Blackie had his saxophone, and, glistening from patent-leather shoes to silk hat, took his place on the steps opposite the battered wooden warrior.

That was a busy corner, for nearly every male human being in the business part of town passed it at morning, evening, or luncheon-time. There was not one man but grinned as he came abreast of Blackie and Chief Pain-in-the-Face and the window-display. If a group gathered and lingered outside, Blackie Daw, jerking his saxophone under his arm with his other hand under his coat tails, ballyhooed with all the vibrant energy of a circus expert until he started them in. Few there were who could resist his earnest praise of vegetarianism for smokers; and men who had never dreamed of going into Hannibal P. Taffer's dingy little shop thronged into the Mona for the joke of the thing.

Inside, they found genial big Jim Wallingford, spotless of white waistcoat, sparking of cravat-pin, twinkling of eye, urbane of manner, and obliging of disposition.

"Same old cigars, gentlemen! Taffy's regular stock; and good enough at the price!" An infectious chuckle. "Five of the three-cent cabbages? Thank *(Continued on page 108)*



"What do I care?" he growled.
"I got a fox-chase"

The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

by Daniel Frohman and Isaac F. Marcosson

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the first years of the twentieth century, Charles Frohman's brilliant constellation of dramatic stars far outshone any other group in the theatrical heavens. But still he was not satisfied with his gorgeous display. In this chapter of his biography, we read how he constantly added new luminaries, all of whom justified his faith and judgment.

The Growing Constellation

ANOTHER star now appeared in the growing Frohman constellation. This was the way of it: Paul Potter was making a periodical visit to New York in 1901. David Belasco came to see him at the Holland House.

"Paul," said he, "C. F. and I want you to make us a version of Ouida's 'Under Two Flags' for Blanche Bates."

"I never read the novel," said Potter.

"You can dramatize it without reading it," remarked Belasco, and, in a month, he was sitting in Frohman's rooms at Sherry's, and Potter was reading his dramatization of "Under Two Flags," throwing in, for good measure, a ride from "Mazeppa" and a snow-storm from "The Queen of Sheba."

"I like all but the last scene," said Frohman. "When Cigarette rides up those mountains with her lover's pardon, the pardon is, to all intents and purposes, delivered. The actual delivery is an anticlimax. What the audience wants to see is a return to the garret, where the lovers loved and were happy."

As they walked home that night, Belasco said to Potter:

"That was a great point which C. F. made. What remarkable intuition he has!"

Frohman and Potter used to watch Belasco at work, teaching the actors to act, the singers to sing, the dancers to dance. Then came a hitch.

"Gros, our scene-painter," said Frohman, "maintains that Cigarette couldn't ride up any mountains near the Algerian coast, for the nearest mountains are the Atlas Mountains, eight hundred miles away."



Blanche Bates as Cigarette, in "Under Two Flags"



Scene from Act V of Paul Potter's dra- "Under Two Flags," in which Belasco presented

He undertook to convert Mr. Gros. Fortunately for Gros, the author stood in the Garden Theatre while Belasco was rehearsing a dance.

"Oh," said he, "if it's a comic opera, you can have all the mountains you please. I thought it was a serious drama."

Then Frohman ventured to criticize the mountain torrent.

"What's the matter with the torrent?" called Belasco, while Cigarette and her horse stood on the slope.

"It doesn't look like water at all," said Frohman.

Just then the horse plunged his nose into the torrent and licked it furiously. Criticism was silenced. The play was a big popular success.

One day, a year later, Frohman remarked to Potter in Paris,

"What do you say to paying Ouida a visit in Florence?"



matic version of Ouida's famous novel. Charles Frohman and David Blanche Bates as a star

He and Belasco had sent her considerable royalties. He thought she would be gratified by a friendly call. Frohman and Potter obtained letters of introduction from bankers, consuls, and Florentine notables, and sent them in advance to Ouida. The landlord of the inn gave them a resplendent two-horse carriage, with a liveried coachman and a footman. Frohman objected to the footman as undemocratic. The landlord insisted that it was Florentine etiquette, and shrugged his shoulders when they departed, seeming to think that they were bound on a perilous journey.

Through the perfumed, flower-covered hills they climbed, the Arno gleaming below. The footman took in their cards to the villa of Mademoiselle de la Ramée. He promptly returned.

"The *signora* is indisposed," he remarked.

The visitors sent him back to ask if they might come some other day. Again he returned.

"The *signora* is indisposed," was the only answer he could get.

Potter and Frohman drove away. Frohman was hurt. He did not try to conceal it.

"That's the first author," he said, "who ever turned me down. Anyway, the pancakes at lunch were delicious."

He met rebuff—as he met loss—with infinite humor.

Stars now crowded quick and fast into the Frohman heaven. Next came Virginia Harned. Daniel Frohman had seen her in a traveling company at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and engaged her to support E. H. Sothern. She came under Charles Frohman's control, and he presented her as star in "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Iris," and "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes."

Francis Wilson became a "straight comedy" star under Charles Frohman's management

Virginia Harned, in "Alice of Old Vincennes"

Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey followed. Their first venture with him, "Manon Lescaut," was a direful failure,

but it was followed up with "My Lady Dainty," which was a success.

Charles Frohman had various formulas for making stars. Some he discovered outright; others he developed. Here is an example of his Christopher Columbus proclivities:

One day, he heard that there was a very brilliant young Hungarian actor playing a small part down at the Irving Place Theatre, in New York city. He went to see him, was very much impressed with his ability, sent for him, and said,

"If you will study English, I will agree to take care of you on the English-speaking stage."

The man assented, and Frohman paid him a salary all the while he was studying English. Before many years he was a well-known star. His name is Leo Ditrichstein.

Frohman now got Ditrichstein to adapt "Are You a Mason?" from the German, put it on at Wallack's Theatre, and it was an enormous success. Besides Ditrichstein, this cast, which was a very notable one, included John C. Rice, Thomas A. Wise, May Robson, Arnold Daly, Cecil De Mille, and, curiously enough, Sallie Cohen, who had played as Topsy in the stranded "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, whose advance fortunes Frohman had piloted in his precarious days on the road.

Just as Frohman led the American invasion in England, so did he now bring about an English invasion of America. He had inaugurated it with Olga Nethersole. He introduced to American theatergoers such artists as Charles Hawtrey, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Charles Warner, Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore, Marie Tempest, and Fay Davis. In the career of the last, he was enormously interested, and he starred her in a group of plays ranging from "Lady Rose's Daughter" to "The House of Mirth."

In connection with Mrs. Campbell's first tour occurred one of the famous Frohman examples of quick retort. He was rehearsing this highly emotional lady and made a constructive criticism which nettled her very much. She became indignant, called him down to the footlights, and said,

"Do you know that I am an artist?"

Frohman, with solemn face, instantly replied,

"Madam, I will keep your secret."

One of the early English importations revealed Frohman's utterly uncommercialized attitude about the theater. He was greatly taken with the miracle-play, "Everyman," and brought over Edith Wynne Matthison and Charles Rann Kennedy to do it. He was unable to get a theater, so he put them in Mendelssohn Hall.

"You'll make no money with them there," said a friend.



Kyrle Bellew, co-star with Margaret Illington in "The Thief"

William Gillette, in James M. Barrie's play "The Admirable Crichton"



Margaret Illington, in Bernstein's play, "The Thief"

"I don't expect to make any," replied Frohman, "but I want the American people to see this fine and worthy thing."

It drew small audiences for a long time, then became the talk of the town, and when it went on tour, it repaid him with a profit on his early loss.

Even with his importations, Frohman was a pioneer. He gave Isadora Duncan her first engagement in America, and with her appearance in the Criterion Theatre, New York, he started the whole vogue for classic and interpretive dancing.

One of the happiest of Charles Frohman's theatrical associations now developed. In 1903, when the famous Weber and Fields organization seemed to be headed toward dissolution, Charles Dillingham suggested to "Willie" Collier that he go under Charles Frohman's management. Collier went up to the Empire Theatre and saw Frohman.

"It took you a long time to get up here," said the magnate. "How would you like to go under my management?"

"Well," replied Collier, with his usual humor, "I didn't come up here to buy a new hat."

The result was that Collier became a Frohman star and remained one for eleven years. He and Frohman were constantly exchanging witty telegrams and letters. Frohman sent Collier to Australia. At San Francisco, the star encountered the famous earthquake. He wired Frohman,

San Francisco has just had the biggest opening in its history.

Whereupon Frohman, who had not yet learned the full extent of the calamity, wired back,

Don't like openings with so many deadheads.

All this while, William Gillette had been thriving as Frohman's star. Like many other serious actors, he had an ambition to play Hamlet. With Frohman, the wishes (*Continued on page 168*)



Charles Frohman first presented Clara Bloodgood as star in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Girl With the Green Eyes."



Leo Ditrichstein, in "Are You a Mason?" which he adapted from the German for Charles Frohman



E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, in "Romeo and Juliet"



Philippa de Chatillon

The Girl Philippa

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Frank Craig

ON the eve of the beginning of the present European war, James Warner, an American painter spending the summer at Saïs, in northeastern France, finds himself burdened with the care of a young girl, known as Philippa Wildresse, who acts as cashier in a café and cabaret kept by one Constantine Wildresse in the near-by town of Ausone. This comes about through his agreeing to assist a British secret-service agent, Halkett, who, with a companion named Gray, is in great danger from German agents who are trying to obtain the plans of a piece of ammunition which are in their possession. Warner meets the girl in Wildresse's café, and his manner toward her makes a deep impression. She knows nothing of her origin except that Wildresse has told her that she is a foundling whom he has adopted. The following day, Philippa runs away to Warner, at Saïs. It develops that Wildresse is playing the double rôle of a French and German spy. He kidnaps Philippa, but she is rescued by Warner and Halkett. The former finally places her with his friend the Comtesse de Moidrey, the American widow of a French officer, whose château is close to Saïs. Here the girl becomes a great favorite. Gray is badly wounded by German agents, and he is taken to the château and nursed by Sister Eila, a Sister of Charity. Peggy Brooks, the countess' sister, is betrothed to the young Vicomte d'Aurès.

War is declared. The Germans bombard Ausone and destroy the town. A French army marching into Alsace drives them away. Halkett, who is now in the British aviation corps, returns to the vicinity of Saïs and rejoins his friends at the château. He greatly admires Sister Eila. Wildresse, his duplicity discovered, hides in the neighboring forest, and one of his hired ruffians, Asticot, who has been befriended by and is now the faithful slave of Warner, visits Ausone and rifles a safe in Wildresse's café. He brings some of the contents to Warner. They refer to Philippa and seem to indicate that she has some connection with a noble family named de Chatillon, which is supposed to be extinct; also that Philippa has spent part of her early life in the Bulgarian capital, Sofia.

General Delisle and his staff come to the château for the night. In the party is Count Cassilis, a Russian military observer. He shows great astonishment when he learns Philippa's name. That very day, Wildresse is captured by French hussars, who bring him before General Delisle. The spy knows that he will be shot, and reveals Philippa's history. She is the daughter of Philip de Chatillon, hereditary Prince of Marmora, who was the choice of England and France for the Bulgarian throne after the abdication of Alexander of Battenberg. But Russian intrigue caused Philip and his wife to be murdered, and it is Cassilis who hired Wildresse, an Austro-Greek, whose real name is Volmark, to commit the deed. The assassin takes Philippa with him.

THE sun was a crimson disk through the dust; a haze possessed the world; forest and hill, meadow and river faded to phantoms in the unreal light.

The Château des Oiseaux was very quiet. General and staff had departed; sentries, telegraphers, wires, switchboard, the sky-guns on the northern terrace, the great racing automobiles, cyclists, motor-cyclists, *fantassins*, cavalry—all were gone into the magic glory of the east. The park was empty and still.

So far to the north and east had the sound of cannon receded that only at intervals, when the wind was right, was it distinguishable at all as a soft, almost inaudible thudding along the horizon.

Very few soldiers were to be seen; *fantassins* mounted guard by the pontoons; vedettes were visible along the river meadows and on the low hills beyond the Récollette. Patrols rode slowly on the Saïs highway; wagons still rolled eastward through the sunset light or went into park in sheltered places; few cyclists went south; fewer still whizzed by into the north and east.

Just at sunset, a squadron of hussars passed the lodge gate, walking their horses. An officer turned his mount, spurred through the open gate, and galloped up the drive to the château.

He dismounted at the foot of the terrace, went up the terrace steps, two at a time, encountered Madame de Moidrey and Warner, paid his respects almost breathlessly, but with perfect restraint of an impatience impossible to conceal.

"And Captain Halkett?" he inquired. "I hear that he was not injured when his biplane came down into the river."

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"He was stunned—that's all," said Warner quietly. "His mechanic was badly bruised, but not seriously. The plane is a wreck."

The Vicomte d'Aurès stood a moment, twisting one glove between his fingers, then, with winning dignity, but turning very red, he said to the countess,

"I have come also to make my adieux to—Peggy—if I have your permission?"

The countess nodded.

"She is in there. You have my permission and approval."

He saluted her hand very simply, straightened up, took faultless leave of Warner, turned, and entered the house. Peggy rose from the music-stool and came toward him in the dim rose light.

They met as naturally and unconsciously as two children. He took both her hands; she released them and drew them around his neck and laid her face against his breast.

They had only a few moments to be with each other. Ethra de Moidrey and Warner saw his departure from where they were strolling along the parapet of the lily garden. He left the park at a fast gallop, never turning to look back. Twilight swallowed the gallant, gay young figure. For a few moments, the double gallop of hoofs sounded through the evening air, then died away.



Sister Eila

The countess, seated on the parapet, laid her hand appealingly on Warner's sleeve.

"Jim, do you like him?"

"He's all right, Ethra. If I had a younger brother I should wish him to be like that boy."

"Yes; he is nice. He is going into battle. That is hard. Poor little Peggy! Womanhood comes swiftly when it comes, Jim. The reagent is sorrow. We all pass that way, we women. Sorrow is the philosopher's stone, else we remain only children until we die."

Warner gazed at the dusty glory still glowing above the western hills.

"What a day it has been!" he murmured.

"God guide those men who are riding into the east!" said she. "What a strange day it has been, Jim! Did you understand that painful incident between General Delisle and General Count Cassilis?"

"Perfectly. The Russian military observer was given his *congé*. Did you not see what happened? The rattle of the volley that ended Wildresse meant, also, the end of the world for Count Cassilis.

"I saw General Delisle walk across the terrace and say something to Cassilis in a low voice. I saw the Russian's face. It was like death. The end was also in sight for him. He knew it. He knew what his dismissal from French division headquarters meant. He knew he must go home. He knew that his arrest would follow the instant he set foot across the frontier of his own empire. But his good manners did not desert him. You saw him take his leave, stiff, correct, calm, as though the ceremony meant nothing to him except familiar routine. There was no exchange of hand-clasps, nothing of cordiality, merely the faultless observance of convention. Then he went away."

"He is a traitor?" she asked, in an awed voice.

"Undoubtedly. Think what it has meant—think what it would have meant to this army if his treachery had not been discovered—a spy at headquarters! But his own emperor will punish him. As surely as I stand here, Ethra, that man is doomed to hang on the scaffold. He knows it. Did you notice him light a cigarette when he got into his limousine? I could not keep my eyes off him—that man already practically dead—that traitor impassively saluting the hussars' fanion as his automobile rolled by! And even while I looked at him, I seemed to see him suspended there in his shroud, a dead weight on the gibbet, turning gently in the morning breeze. The fellow got on my nerves—knowing the guilt that lay black within him—the murders in Sofia——"

"Horrible!" said the countess, with a slight shiver. "And the man, Wildresse, did it—with those dreadful hands of his. I thought I should faint when he was telling of it." She shuddered, rose abruptly. "Philippa is in her room, still poring over those papers. I can't bear to leave the child all alone, and yet it seems like intrusion to disturb her. Could you take her for a little walk, Jim, before dinner—take her out of her room, out of the house for a while? I'm afraid she's remembering that murderer's confession. She ought not to brood over such things."

"Yes; I'll try to take her mind off of it. Suppose I walk down to the inn with her? Halkett's there. It might divert her; she's fond of him." He smiled slightly. "There's a cat there, too. It will seem like old times—she and Halkett and Ariadne and I together at the Golden Peach. I believe it will divert her."

"Why not remain and dine there with Mr. Halkett, as you used to, in your somewhat unconventional way?" suggested the countess, smiling. "I am very sure that would appeal to Philippa."

(*Continued on page 100*)

THE ART OF WAKING-UP

By Gerald Stanley Lee

I ONCE knew a man in college who had never had his own attention, so far as anyone could see, more than a few minutes in his life. He was a son of a prominent member of the faculty, and was treated with special consideration for the feelings of his family. At the time I first knew him, he had been suspended three times and had tried hard to pull his life together and focus himself. After each suspension, everybody saw him beginning all over again, and everybody was given a kind of general notice all around that now, at last, he was going to be a man if he could.

Then it would all have to be gone over again.

Finally, at a time when the faculty was deciding he would have to be dropped and the committee and the dean and his own father and the Y. M. C. A. and three rich aunts had all put in their labors on him in vain, a large black cat that had been shot on a back fence in the town the night before and that had been brought in and set on a dissecting-table in front of him made a man of him in five minutes. He had suddenly, as in a vision, in the entrails of a cat, seen a whole world, and what a wonderful, ingenious arrangement a world was, and what could be done in it. He was touched in five minutes with an awe which covered the whole stretch of his life and everybody's life about him. He saw the way that even a cat had been made, and noticed God, and, for the first time in his life, he noticed himself, got his own attention, and said, "*What has all this to do with me?*"

The main thing the cat did to him in five minutes was to make him see suddenly how interesting it would be to be a doctor.

Then he began wondering how he could come to know enough to be a doctor. Then he began thinking what he could do tomorrow morning to know enough to be a doctor. Then he got up early the next morning, for the first time anybody could remember since he came to college. Then he seemed to everybody to be suddenly doing everything he did sharply, and as if some deep, big power was driving him along from behind. He went to classes as if he had been shot at them. He carried his whole program through and, before anybody knew what had happened, they looked up and saw him—the loose, miscellaneous, slazy-minded, drifting nobody they had known before—running on in the race of knowledge ahead of all of them. It seemed as if everything the boy knew and everything he wished he knew and everything he had not done that he thought he could were gathering around him and, before everybody's eyes, crowding him and packing him into a man.

To-day, he is a surgeon of national reputation.

I have been thinking what it would be like if I could take the thing that happened to this boy away from this particular boy and from this particular black cat, and if, in some way, I could make the essential thing in it happen to some other boy, and then happen to still some other boy, until four or five hundred thousand boys in America had all had something like this happen to them (and happen indirectly, of course, to the fathers and mothers worrying about them). I have thought how happy I would be if I could get the fundamental working principle—the truth that really worked with this boy and this cat—transposed into everybody's life or, at least, moved over to where everybody interested in boys and in educating boys could manipulate it and have the use of it.

I know there must be something corresponding to a black cat for every boy.

Probably if I were asked pointblank to pick out a motto that would sum up in one, single, plain but frightfully homely phrase the main aim of my life, it would be: "*Black Cats for Everybody.*"

Every business man who looks back on his own life knows that getting what one wants and what is worth while for oneself and for others always turns in this world, in the end, on one's power of waking somebody up.

Power in modern business consists in waking up one set of men to make things and in waking up another set of men to buy them.

The best and easiest person to begin practicing on in waking up is oneself, and the best way for one to begin (as I observe human nature) is not to wait for the black cat to look one up, but to go out and search for oneself. Most men do this by observing things in the world about them, and studying other people and studying themselves.

The essential thing the black cat did for the boy was that it made him see in a flash the next twenty years of his life. The moment he got his vision of what he wanted to be, everything he had to do the next day fell into place. His life came to have, almost with a jerk, some sense, some direction, and motive power in it.

The way to do this year of one's life successfully seems to be to see clearly the next twenty years one is purposing to put this year into. The moment one takes the desires and hopes of twenty years and connects them up with the desires and hopes of the moment, one finds one has waked up.

It is like electricity. One turns on the twenty-year power almost with a button and becomes a man with a snap.

It seems to be something like this that happens to most men, at least once in their lives, when they fall in love. They think that what has happened to them is the young lady, but the particular thing the young lady is for, and that she is created to do, and that she usually does, is to organize a man's life when she looks in his eyes. She presents him with the visions and hopes of twenty years to do his next day's work with and to draw his next week's pay with. This is why it is so pleasant. The power has been turned on. Everybody knows how this is who has ever known—the Young Lady.

Some one will remind me that young ladies are thicker than black cats, and why do I not substitute?

I might, of course. But I can only say that a young man whom a black cat has not already attended to, who deliberately goes by all his chances of waking himself up until he comes to some poor sweet young girl to do it—well, all I can say is he will probably get a sweeter girl by letting a black cat make a man of him first. And it's only fair to her.



After many leaves had been torn from the Calendars issued by Insurance Companies, a self-made Millionaire showed up on the Native Heath

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Fable of the Kittenish Superanns and the World-Weary Snipes

ONCE upon a Time an ambitious Cove separated himself from his native Shire and made a long Trek.

He came of one of those nice Families that had run out of nearly everything except Prestige.

The Migrater carried a flossy Label. He had been christened Adelbert Justitian, surrounded by those with whom the Adelbert Style of Nomenclature still went.

As he progressed from Pin-Feathers to the Age of Discretion, he became Joseph to the Cruel Knowledge that his swell Monniker, together with the Fact that his Father had been given a Sword by the Regiment, and the further Fact that his Aunt had contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, were not bringing in anything.

They were Proud Possessions, but he could not convert them into Griddle Cakes.

He wanted a Roll.

The Home-Town Method of slipping $2.75 every Saturday to the flaccid Willie in the Savings Bank did not look very Efficacious to Adelbert.

He wanted his Gelt for himself and not for the acidulated Relatives who sent him the punk Christmas Cards.

He went right out into what is called God's Country by the Promoters doing business there—out where he could lean up against Ozone and Scenery.

As soon as he escaped from his Social Prerogatives and became known as "Dell," he began to deliver the Trading Stamps and bring home the Side Meat.

After many leaves had been torn from the Calendars issued by Insurance Companies, a self-made Millionaire showed up on the Native Heath.

The local Fungi looked askance at the Cow-Puncher Hat, dented in from the Top with geometrical Nicety, but they warmed to the Long-Lost when they learned that he was there, much, yet, and besides, with all shapes of the needful Brass.

He still bore a Family Name that was Ace High in the Cemeteries, so his Money was no Bar to him, even if he had been living beyond Kansas City.

The Adelbert Justitian did not harmonize with a Soft Collar. He had his Cards printed "A. J." and decided to chop on the Money Grubbing and devote his Time to being a Good Scout.

The Life Dream of every Coin Collector is to go back to his original P. O. Address and bleat at those who never could see anything in him.

Old A. J. felt a snickering Satisfaction when he bought a Country Place with a Garage and Bay Windows and Everything.

He did not give the Interior Decorators any *Carte Blanche*, because he thought that was something to Eat, but he told them to go as far as they liked.

That kind of Language addressed to an Interior Decorator is about the most Expensive Chatter that can be spilled.

The returned Exile was game. He liked the Gaff. His Shack was to be a Bird.

Now, while A. J. had been garnering the Wampum, he had not kept close Tab on the Social Evolution.

So far as Parlor Antics were concerned, he was a Flying Lizard and belonged in the Age of Flint Implements.

He was still mooching around in the primeval Period of the Oyster Supper and the Military Schottische.



He did not give the Interior Decorators any *Carte Blanche*, because he thought that was something to Eat, but he told them to go as far as they liked

Sitting alone in the dense darkness of his Arrested Development, he believed that Wives took advice from their Darbies.

Compared with A. J., our old friend Van Winkle was a Fly Customer, two Hours ahead of the Clock, the same as an Evening Paper.

When he got ready to exhibit his Château to the Townsmen, his first Idea was a Lawn Party with Paper Lanterns and a Churn of Lemonade, but some one put the Nixey on that and tipped the Boob that he would be expected to pull a few House Parties.

It rather jarred him when he learned that he was expected to haul bunches of People out to his House and board them for a while and also arrange the Premises so that a Guest could not move in any direction without coming face to face with a Canteen.

It was the approved British Dope, however, and he had to go through with it.

Also, he began to hear about the Sets.

When he left the simple Burg, away back in the Era of Buffalo Robes and low-crowned Derbies, any kind of a Shindig was free for all.

Now the Lines were being drawn. He had to submit his List to a few of the Huckleberry-Doos, and they used the Blue Pencil without compunction.

Some of the Old Boys and former Sweethearts were pushed into the Discard because their Manners were too Low or their Gowns were too High—that is, in the Neck.

The real Tamales refused to accept a Bid to any Doings except on a Guarantee.

They could not turn down A. J., because his deceased Relatives had been Eminent, but they showed him how to head in and where to get off.

At last the Invites were sent out, and all the Names were extremely Delicatessen.

The first week-end Session was to be a quiet Affair for the antique Quackydoodles and the Spectacled Hens whom A. J. had known in the happy days agone.

It was to be a Combination of Chautauqua, Bean Bag, and Peace Conference.

But the second Party—it was to be Some Jubilee!

It was to be wide-open and Hurrah, for the Great House on the Hill was to resound with the Laughter of gay Débutantes, while the blithe lads from the Varsity were to group at the Baby Grand and sing about Bonnie.

A. J. was scared Pink over the prospect of trying to cook up a little Diversion for the sedate Silver-Grays, but he knew the Kids would cut loose and have a regular Lark.

The Host could not get it out of his Bean that he was expected to make a Fuss over his Visitors and see that they were being Royally Entertained.

The Rivers are dragged every Summer for Society People who jump in to escape the Host who tries to be Considerate.

A. J. had a dandy little Time-Table all rigged out for the Old Codgers.

They were to arrive Saturday P.M.

After Dinner there would be a Session of Progressive Euchre for Neat Prizes, such as Work-Baskets and Manicure Sets.

This would be all over and out by Ten O'Clock, because the Fathers and Mothers of Grown Children could not sit up until all hours of the Night, playing Cards.

How to tide them over the Sabbath Day was a sure-enough Problem.

He put plenty of Recent Fiction all around the place, careless-like.

The Men were to be walked around and shown the Garden and Orchard and the new Litter of Pups.

Two Motors were ordered to be on hand for those wishing to attend Divine Services in the Village.

By sorting over the Rolls, the Master of the House found some Sacred Music to be fed into the Player Piano.

The long, dull Sabbath Evening still stood vacant on the Schedule.

As nearly as A. J. could remember back into the days of Youth, the only reasonable thing to do on Sunday Evening is to drink a Glass of Milk and Keel backward onto a Feather Tick.

He wanted to frame some



The Men were to be walked around and shown the Garden and Orchard and the new Litter of Pups

kind of Time-killing Specialty, but Games and Pastimes were not suitable for the Day of Rest, and he was not sure that any of the Ladies could Sing.

He decided that, after the Crowd had reassembled in what he called the Front Room, he would pull a little Spiel on the Duty of America in the World-Crisis and ask for an Expression of Views, and thus stall along until Nine-Thirty, when it would be time to Turn In.

The Sear and Yellows arrived on the Dot, but thirty seconds after they weighed in, the beautiful Outline of Business prepared by A. J. was hit on the head and thrown over the Precipice.

They seemed to realize that they were away out in the Country, where one may commit a Murder without disturbing the Neighbors, and they governed themselves accordingly.

They tested the Welkin and threw Kisses at the Life-Saving Station.

The Heads of Large Business Concerns wanted to know if they could peel their Coats, and did the Ordinances prohibit Rough House?



The staring Villagers, on their way to Church, saw the Autos buzz right on past the Methodist Mosque and out to the Country Club

From the first sound of the Gong, it did not look like a Progressive-Euchre Party.

Only about seventeen or eighteen Persons were talking at the same time.

A. J. had planned to move about and act as Greeter and make them feel at Home.

Before he had time to Spring the Neat Phrases he had rehearsed, he found himself hemmed in by the Shoulder-Slappers.

They gave a Rouse in the Springtime for Little Playmate and told him his Road House was a Bear.

The Bridles were off, and they did not have to be personally Conducted.

Every time A. J. started in to give Directions, some one proposed Three Rousing Cheers.

It was one of those Parties at which all the Host has to do is keep up.

They raved about his House and the View toward the West.

They spoke in the most complimentary Terms of the Country Air which he had provided.

He felt flushed and delighted and Important.

He had spent $30,000 getting ready for the Proud Moment, and he was to the Good within an Hour after the Adult Rowdies piled in on him. They handed him $50,000 worth of Bunk.

As he sat at the Head of the Table that evening and received a Bombardment of clamorous Conversation, he began to tumble to the Fact that Life among the Well-to-Do had perked up about 80 or 90 Per Cent. while he had been wasting his Time in the Far West.

There was more Latitude in the department of Anecdotes. Also, a more pronounced Tinge of Indigo.

As long as the prominent Matrons stood without hitching, he tried to let on to appear not to be Feazed.

He hooked his Feet around the Table-Leg and tied his Napkin in a Hard Knot when some of the Female Members of his old Sunday School Class began to blow Cigarette Smoke out of the Ears, Eyes, and Nose.

Being a True Sport, he never let on.

Before he had a Chance to pull a Boner and suggest the prehistoric Euchre, all the Card Tables were whisked away and the Loud Needle was at work in the Ragaphone.

He saw reputable Women, with Grandchildren in the Third and Fourth Readers, get right out in the middle of the Floor and slap Father Time in the face.



He saw reputable Women, with Grandchildren in the Third and Fourth Readers, get right out in the middle of the Floor and slap Father Time in the face

The Prizes he had on hand were awarded a couple of neat Tangoers, not much past 65.

They slowed up and sought the Hay about the time that Railroad Men go to work.

The Next Day being Sunday, the poor old Decreps had to jump under the Showers early so as to get in 36 Holes.

There did not seem to be any run on Recent Fiction, but the staring Villagers, on their way to Church, saw the Autos buzz right on past the Methodist Mosque and out to the Country Club.

What with Food and Moisture and Bridge and a little more



He decided that the rollicking Juniors probably would break a lot of Furniture and put his Home on the Fritz

Stepping, the vigilant Master of Ceremonies had no opening whatever to sound them on the Situation in Europe. He could not discover that they knew about the War.

They arose Monday morning all freshened up, having slept a Grand Total of nearly 6 Hours.

He had to glad-hand them out of the Gate and listen while they boosted him and his cute little Villa and told him he was a Rinky-dink.

For two days he rested, and then he began to Train for the real Joy Fest.

The Old Ones had simply dazed him by their demonstration of Class and their Ability to stay in the High while going Up-hill.

He decided that the rollicking Juniors probably would break a lot of Furniture and put his Home on the Fritz.

He had the Corners of the House reenforced, and told the Servants not to come running in, no matter what Noises they heard.

A. J. was just as rejuvenated as a Lambkin when he stood out in front to welcome the Buds and the Striplings.

He was all Set to be just as Young as any Nestling in the Covey.

Soon after, he found himself in the presence of pale Young Women who seemed unable to straighten out any of their Extremities and who gazed at him reproachfully, as if they had heard something about him.

Behind them stood a compact Huddle of He Whiffets who sized him up with what seemed to be Gloomy Apprehension.



The Servants were busy, from Eleven O'Clock on, hustling Breakfast Orders up the stairway

He pulled a weak Bromide about Liberty Hall, but, just as it escaped him, he realized that it sounded Hollow and Unconvincing.

Some of them smiled back, but it appeared to Hurt.

He saw them climb wearily to their Apartments, and then he sat in one Chair after another, wondering what he was Up Against.

He surmised that it would be a hefty Job to stage-manage any Revels for the Troupe of Trained Chilblains.

They were all young and well provided for. He wondered why they were so Discouraged.

He knew that not one of them had been farther away than Toledo, Ohio. He could not make out why they were so Blooming *Blasé*.

After an incredible Lapse of Time, they began to descend the Stairway, one at a time, and fall, semirecumbent, on the Upholstery.

They seemed passionately fond of long and brooding Silences, but they inspected their Surroundings with a cold and filmy Eye.

Although they did not speak out and say so, the Owner felt that they disapproved of Him and the jiggly Ornament up the side of his Hose and the Grand Rapids Furniture and the Pattern of the Rug and the Tassels on the Curtains.

He had learned to do a little Mind-

(*Continued on page 100*)



After an incredible Lapse of Time, they began to descend the Stairway, one at a time, and fall, semirecumbent, on the Upholstery



Your "first line of defence"—

Good food and good digestion! These are the first and most important protection for all your physical resources.

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Why wouldn't this nourishing Campbell "kind" be fine for dinner today?

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

New Fables in Slang

(*Continued from page 98*)

Reading on the Side while accumulating his Pile, and he guessed that they were thinking as follows: "We are here and at your Mercy. We expect to be Bored, but don't kid yourself into thinking that you can Put Anything Over."

Once more he sat at the head of the Board, but this time he did not have to dodge any Bouquets.

He looked at the dignified Gourmets as they turned over various Specimens of Food with their Forks and seemed to be wondering if they were good to Eat.

The Topics he tried to project turned out to be Small-Town Gossip and Last Year's Stuff.

He thought the Dancing would help to Ungrouch them, but they looked over his Records and failed to find anything Late.

After they had paired off stealthily and hunted dim Corners and lapsed into low Death-Chamber Conversations, the genial Provider went far out on the Lawn and tried to figure why so many Young Lives had been clouded.

He did not have to worry about getting through Sunday.

Most of them did not come up for Air until the Sun had crossed the Meridian, although the Servants were busy, from Eleven O'Clock on, hustling Breakfast Orders up the stairway to the Lady Vere de Veres and the self-made Young Business Men.

A. J. had read in Novels about the Duchess having her Breakfast in Bed, but this was the first time he had known the Plain People to get away with it.

They finally slinked into the Light of Day and made some Inquiries about Dinner and then Strolled.

He was so Buffaloed that he made no further effort to Ring In.

It dawned on him that they were interested in Things that he had not yet heard about and that is why he did not belong in the Picture.

When he sneaked away to his Boudoir at the usual hour, he felt reasonably sure that no one would Miss him.

After they had been pried from the Husks and mobilized on Monday, the chastened Host was on hand to be sure that all of them got off the Place.

They seemed to remember having Met him somewhere, and spoke to him Pleasantly just before Departing.

At the Country Club, he met an ancient Golfer and related his Sufferings.

"It is the new Order of Things," said his Pal. "The Patriarchs are now called Boys, and the gilded Nut, calling his Mate at Eventide, addresses him as 'Old Top.' Don't blame the Kids because they are Sniffy and Condescending. The Swank and Side and dreadful Ongway are the results of Home Training. The Poor Things have been spoon-fed and indulged until they have come to regard all kindly Attentions as a mere Matter of Course. In a few years they will have Families of their Own, and about that time the Great Sorrows will come into their Lives. The Dollars will no longer grow on Bushes and these same haughty Tadpoles will be grateful to anyone who comes along and splashes them with Sunshine. In the mean time, you had better Lay Off and not try to get Fresh with your Superiors."

Moral: Youth is the time for Gravity.

The next ***New Fable in Slang,*** which tells of the ***Civic Improver and the Customary Reward,*** will appear in the October issue.

The Girl Philippa

(*Continued from page 93*)

"I'll ask her," nodded Warner.

They walked slowly into the house together. Gray lay in the corner of an upholstered lounge beside a lighted lamp, a book open on his knees, his cheek resting on his hand. At the sound of their approach, he looked up quickly, and his face brightened.

"I thought I wouldn't read any further," he said frankly. "We have enjoyed it so much reading it together. Do you mind going on with it to the end?"

The countess laughed, and a pretty color rose in her cheeks.

"Do you think," she said, "that I expect to spend the remainder of my days reading romance with you?" And, as Warner turned and mounted the stairs, "Besides," she added carelessly, "there is really nothing more to read in that silly novel."

"Why not?" he inquired, his face expressing candid disappointment.

"Because they have already fallen in love," she explained carelessly. "And the end of such a proceeding is always obvious, Mr. Gray."

She glanced up at the stairs. Warner had disappeared.

After a moment and casually unconscious, she seated herself on the broad, upholstered end of the lounge, looking down over his shoulder at the open book on his knees.

"In fiction," she remarked, "there is only one end to such situations. But, if you like, I don't mind beginning another book with you, Mr. Gray."

Her hand, which rested among the cushions, supporting her, happened to come within the range of his wandering vision. He looked at it for a little while. Presently he placed his own over it, very lightly.

Neither moved. But it was a long time before he ventured to turn his head and look up at the woman with whom he had read through his first long love-story. She had read such stories before, understood something of their tricks, technique, their reality, and their romance. And had supposed there was nothing further for her to learn about them and that her interest in them was dead.

"If you don't mind," he said, "reading on with me, for a while——"

"I might tire."

"Try not to."

Her flushed face became thoughtful. Already the prospect of reading another romance with him seemed interesting.

XLII

WARNER and Philippa, silently descending the stairs together, glanced around at the two figures together there under the lighted lamp. The countess was saying calmly,

"We might as well finish the love-story we have begun, if you really insist on following through to the conventional end."

"Yes," he said; "I do insist. Let us follow through together—to the end."

Philippa, slim and white, moved silently through the house beside Warner, out across the terrace and down to the drive.

The last hint of color had died out in the west. Below, in the valley, no searchlights flooded the river; only a moving lantern here and there glimmered through the misty dusk.

"It will be jolly," he was saying, "for us to dine again together before Halkett leaves. Don't you think so, Philippa?"

"Yes. When is he going?"

"To-morrow, I believe. They are sending the wrecked machine to Verdun by rail. I suppose he'll follow in the morning. What a miracle that he was not killed! They say the big Bristol behaved exactly like a wing-tipped grouse when the shrapnel hit her—coming down, beating and fluttering, and fighting for equilibrium to the end. It was the skill of his mechanic that brought her safely, wabbling and planing, into the river, where she waddled about like a scotched duck."

"Was the mechanic badly hurt?"

"Not badly. Sister Eila is looking after him. They're going to bring him up to the château hospital in the morning. He's at the inn now."

"Why didn't they bring any wounded to us, Jim?"

"The ambulances from Ausone and Dreslin took them. I believe we are to expect fifty wounded to-morrow. Sister Félicité was notified, after our ambulance returned from the Bois d'Ausone."

Twice they were halted, and the permit from General Delisle which Warner carried was minutely inspected by flash-light. They then moved on slowly through the fragrant night toward the unlighted windows of the Golden Peach.

There, as in the château, all lights were masked by shutters and curtains, so that no night visitor, high soaring under the stars, might sight anything at which to loose the tiny red spark—that terrible, earth-shattering harbinger of death and annihilation.

At the front door they knocked; Linette welcomed them into a darkened hall, but as soon as the door was closed again, she brought out a lamp.



How Jones Got His Eyes Open

Jones* is an operator. He became nervous, couldn't sleep well—work began to worry him. He couldn't locate the trouble, and went away for a rest.

One morning, while breakfasting with a friend, Jones noticed his friend ordered Postum. Right then Jones got his eyes open!

He had been a coffee drinker. "I had no idea coffee was so harmful," Jones writes us. "I decided to drink **Postum.** The beneficial results since the change I can hardly believe or describe."

POSTUM

made of prime wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, is brimful of the nourishing goodness of the grain. It is a delicious beverage, free from the troubles which often result from caffeine, the drug in coffee.

"Yours in better health," signs Jones. Thousands of others say so, too, who have changed from coffee to **Postum.**

"There's a Reason"

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Madame Arlon followed, delighted that they were to dine there with Halkett.

He was somewhere about the garden, she said, and Sister Eila was up-stairs with the wounded mechanic.

Moving along the familiar path in the garden, they presently discovered Halkett seated alone in the little arbor, with Ariadne dozing on his lap.

"We've come to dine with you, old fellow!" said Warner. "Philippa and you and I and Ariadne again—does the idea appeal to you?"

"Immensely!" He had saluted Philippa's hand and had offered her the cat, which she took to her breast, burying her face in the soft fur.

"Darling," she murmured, "it is so nice to have you again! One needs all one's old friends in days like these."

They returned to the house, Philippa walking between the two men, caressing Ariadne, who acknowledged the endearments with enthusiasm.

Dinner was all ready for them in the little room by the bar; a saucer was set beside Philippa's chair for Ariadne; Linette went up-stairs to summon Sister Eila, and returned with word that she would be down after a while and that dinner was not to wait for her.

Warner said to Halkett,

"How did you feel when you were falling, old chap?"

"Not very comfortable," returned the other, smiling.

"You thought it was all up with you?"

"On the contrary, I realized it was all down."

Philippa smiled faintly.

"You didn't expect to come out alive?" inquired Warner.

"I didn't think of that. Bolton, my mechanic, said, 'I'm trying to make the river, sir.' I was attempting to find out how badly we were damaged. It seemed an age; but we both were busy."

"You probably did some very serious thinking, too."

Halkett nodded. He remembered that part vividly—the thinking part. He recollected perfectly where his thoughts were concentrated as he came fluttering down out of the sky. But on whom they were centered, he never would tell as long as he lived.

Sister Eila came in. Halkett placed her; she and Philippa exchanged faint smiles; then the two men resumed their seats.

"Monsieur Bolton is now asleep," she said, speaking to Halkett and looking at her plate. "To-morrow we shall move him to the east wing of the château. We shall have many wounded to-morrow, I believe."

"Yes; Sister Félicité told me," said Warner. He looked at her for a moment. "Are you well, Sister Eila?"

"Why, yes; I am perfectly well."

"You look very pale. Do you ever find time to sleep?"

"Sufficiently, thank you," she replied, smiling. "You know we are very tough, we Sisters of Charity. There is a saying that nothing but death can kill a Gray Sister." Warner laughed; Halkett forced a smile. "I think," added Sister Eila, "that British air-men ought to be included in that proverb—don't you, Mr. Halkett?"

"Nothing can kill me," he said. "I'm even wondering whether old man Death could do the job."

Philippa turned to Warner.

"Isn't the conversation becoming a trifle grim for our reunion?"

They all smiled; Philippa fed titbits to Ariadne, who had forsaken a well-garnished platter on the floor to sit up beside Philippa and pat her gown from time to time with an appealing paw.

"That's very human," commented Warner. "Ariadne wants only what is not meant for her."

"I can understand her," said Halkett carelessly. "May I smoke, Sister Eila? Do you mind, Philippa?" He struck a match. "With your permission," he said, and lighted his cigarette as Linette entered with coffee.

"Yes," he said musingly; "it seems to be the game in life—to desire what is not meant for one. The worst of it is that philosophy doesn't help one to understand and become reconciled."

Sister Eila said, looking at her plate,

"Religion helps."

"Only a favored few, Sister."

"Yet, for everybody the refuge of faith is waiting."

"Belief may explain, but it cannot reconcile," rejoined Halkett quietly. "Except for the mystery of God, there is no other mystery like man. None has yet explained him—not even himself. If his riddle is ever to be solved, I don't know when that shall be, unless it happen after death." There was a silence. Halkett spoke again. "Unbidden, love comes; it abides as long as it chooses—a day, a lifetime—and after life, perhaps. But if it chooses to go, no one ever born can control its departure. This is one mystery of man—only one among many. I believe something of this sort occurred to me while"—he laughed—"I was coming a cropper in the sky this morning."

Sister Eila's eyes were fixed on space. Halkett laid aside his cigarette and picked up Ariadne.

"Well, old lady," he said, "there is only one solution to everything: Go on with the business in hand and do it as thoroughly as your intellect permits. *Your* business, I suppose, is to look ornamental, have kittens, and catch mice. *Bonne chance*, little lady!"

He set her on the table, and she marched gingerly among the coffee-cups toward Philippa. Sister Eila rose; all followed her example. Halkett, looking around at them, said pleasantly:

"It was a happy thought—this reunion. I had meant to say good-by to-night at the château——"

"To-night!" exclaimed Warner.

"Yes. Orders have come. An automobile arrives later to take me to the railway station at Dreslin. My wrecked machine has gone." He looked smilingly at Sister Eila. "What's left of me is to follow to-night, it seems. And so I shall go over to the château now, I think, and make my very grateful adieux, and have a last word with Gray. Shall I say good-by to you now? Will you be here when I return in an hour?"

Philippa said, in a low voice:

"We are going to walk in the garden. Look for us there."

Halkett turned to Sister Eila.

"I shall be with my sick man," she said smilingly. Her face was deadly white.

So he took his cap and went away up the road, all alone, and Sister Eila mounted the stairs to inspect her patient.

As Warner stood for a moment by the

The New Art of the Picture-Drama

THE word and the picture are twin stars of man's genius. The picture is the brother of the written word; for as language flowered into the undying marvel of a Shakespeare or a Molière, so the picture-instinct, reaching the summit of achievement, created the glowing splendor of Titian, the power and depth of Rembrandt, and the faultless line and form of Andrea del Sarto.

But as written speech, flexible and fluid, spread its genius into ever-widening circles of literature, the art of the picture stood still. It had reached the limits of its medium—had portrayed with utmost perfection all that could be expressed in line and color.

Now in these later years a New Art of Picture-Making has come into being. It is the motion picture—youngest of the dramatic arts. In swiftly moving lights and shadows this new art is creating a vivid, thrilling, dramatic world of wonderful artistic possibilities.

The Girl Philippa

As a Picture-Drama

You have read "The Girl Philippa" in Cosmopolitan. You know the romantic interest, the power and charm of this remarkable Chambers' story.

Cosmopolitan has arranged for its production as a film drama, and the millions of readers who have followed the story in this magazine will soon be privileged to see it in living, moving reality on the screen.

The drama is being produced by the Vitagraph Company—world-famous for the artistic beauty and technical perfection of its creations.

Miss Anita Stewart—a film star celebrated for her winsome charm and dramatic talent—will play the leading role. The other parts in the production are taken by motion picture players of high ability.

Cosmopolitan feels that in presenting Mr. Chambers' fine novel in this artistic medium it is offering its readers a new and rare treat.

This is the beginning of a definite Cosmopolitan policy of joining the art of the story-teller to that of the motion picture.

Arrangements have been made for the film production of other Cosmopolitan stories, and through them an added interest will be given to your reading of this magazine.

open door, looking after Halkett, a familar voice came to his ears—the voice of Asticot, bragging of his prowess and cheerfully predicting even greater glory for himself.

"Nonsense!" came the voice of Linette sharply. "You had nothing more to do with the taking of that spy than had Ariadne."

"*M'amzelle*, it was I who accomplished that! Behold your Asticot, a hero, modest and humble——"

"*Tiens!* You are not *my* Asticot! Be kind enough to remember that!"

"*M'amzelle*, you know me——"

"No, I don't!"

"But you are perfectly at liberty to become acquainted with me——"

"I do not desire to!"

"My master, Monsieur Warner, trusts and respects me. He is the most wonderful gentleman in the whole world, Monsieur Warner. And he believes in me!"

"*I* don't!" retorted Linette.

Asticot heaved a terrific sigh.

"And I with thirty thousand francs which I have labored to save—fruits of my toil—souvenirs of years of self-denial——"

"What! Thirty thousand francs! Bah! Thirty thousand debts, you mean."

"I mean nothing of the sort," said Asticot simply. "If you doubt my word, I will show them to you some day. Linette, you know me——"

"I tell you I don't!"

Warner could hear Magda laughing, and Madame Arlon making caustic comments concerning the financial solvency of Asticot and the manner in which he wore his hair.

"As for that," rejoined Asticot, "I can trim my hair to please Linette."

"That," exclaimed Linette, exasperated, "is impossible! Only a machine that will trim your neck close to your shoulders might interest me, Monsieur Asticot."

"Woman," said Asticot, unruffled, "*tenez, m'amzelle! That* is what I think of woman—charming, capricious, enchanting woman! I salute your incomparable sex!" And Warner heard him kiss his own palm with a vigorous smack.

"*Imbécile!*" cried Linette. "Put on a uniform before you have the impudence to make love to an honest girl!"

"I am going to," said Asticot triumphantly.

Warner closed the door, turned back into the hallway, and entered the little dining-room. Philippa was no longer there; so he went through the house into the dark garden, where the air was sweet with the perfume of clove-pinks and lilies.

She was there, a pale shape in the darkness, moving slowly among the flowers. As he came up, she lifted her head and looked at him, her gray eyes still vague with memories which the place evoked.

And, after a few moments' wandering along the paths with him,

"Why are you so silent?" she asked.

"I thought perhaps I might disturb your thoughts, Philippa."

"You are always part of my thoughts. I have no thought that I would not share with you. But—you have never understood that."

"I understand *you*, Philippa."

"Do you?"

"Yes. You are everything a woman should be; nothing a woman should not be. That is my understanding of you."

She shook her head gently.

"That is an impossible woman. You are kind to me in your thoughts. And—you have not understood me, after all."

"What have I not understood, Philippa?"

"My—my heart and mind."

"Both are wonderful, matchless——"

"You are wrong! There is your mistake. They are *not* wonderful; and both may be matched by the hearts and minds of any woman. Has it never occurred to you that I am very human?"

He remained silent; they walked on for a while, turned, and retraced their steps along the border of clove-pinks.

"Have you gone over all your papers?" he asked, in a hesitating voice.

In October Cosmopolitan

The Moon-Maker

By Arthur Train

A romantic and astounding adventure, dealing with the warfare of Science upon an event that threatened appalling catastrophe to our planet

Written in collaboration with Professor **Robert Williams Wood,** of the Department of Experimental Physics, Johns Hopkins University

"Yes."

"Is there anything I can do to help you—advise—aid?"

She turned almost impatiently.

"Always you are thinking of my well-being, my worldly benefit. It is for that you give me your companionship, your protection. I—I don't know—sometimes I think I have never been—so—lonely—" Her voice broke; she turned sharply from him and stood with slender hands clenched in the starlight.

"Philippa," he said gently, in his kindly, even voice. And it seemed to break the barrier of her reserve.

"Oh," she faltered, "it is something else a woman—hopes for—something different—when her heart—is empty."

He dared not understand her, dared not touch her. He heard himself saying, "There is nobody but you, Philippa," and dared not speak—dared not say what he should have said before either he or she had learned who she really was.

Perhaps a faint idea of what held him to an aloofness, a formality unaccustomed, occurred to her during the strained silence. Perhaps she divined vaguely what might be in his mind. After a while she turned, not looking at him, and took his arm. It was the first time she had done so since that day when he painted her.

Even yet she could scarcely realize, scarcely comprehend the great change which had come to her. She knew it was true; she understood that it must be the truth—that she was no longer nameless, not the foundling, not the lonely child of chance who had looked out blankly over the world, without aim, without interest, having nothing to expect, nothing to hope for from a world which had not even bestowed upon her a name.

And now—now, suddenly, hazard had snatched aside that impenetrable curtain which, as long as she could remember, had hung between her and all that she desired most passionately to know.

From the loose, half-palsied lips of a murderer had fallen the words she had never expected to hear. He had gone to his death, shambling, doddering, mumbling to himself. But the papers which had belonged to him had confirmed every word he uttered.

She knew now who she was—Philippa de Chatillon! She knew how her mother died, and her father.

As yet, the wonderment of it all had not been too deeply embittered by the tragedy. It was still only wonder, and a striving to realize a dream, strange, terrible, beautiful by turns, but still a dream to her.

Something far more real, more vivid, more vital possessed her. She knew it, felt it always now. The consciousness of it shared with her the veiled emotions which the solving of her life's mystery evoked.

As she stood there in the brilliant starlight, both arms wound around one of his in the old unconscious way, Halkett came into the garden, walking swiftly.

"The car is here. Don't come to the door. I had rather say good-by and God bless you here in this garden—where I first knew you, Philippa—where you and I became friends, Warner. So—good-by. If I come out of it, I'll come to you—to both of you, I hope."

"Yes," said Philippa calmly.

He took her hand, held it, looked at Warner, and took the hand he offered.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

He turned and walked swiftly into the house. As he passed the stairway, he saw Sister Eila standing there as white as death.

They looked at each other in silence; she laid one hand on the banisters as though to steady herself. With the other, she held out to him a flower.

When he had gone with his flower, and when the whir of his motor-car had died away in that silent house, she turned to ascend the stairs again, stumbled, dropped by the rail, and lay there, huddled in a heap, both hands pressed desperately over her quivering face.

Then, in the room above, the sick man groaned; and she straightened up and rose as though a trumpet had sounded. And slowly, steadily, she mounted her Calvary, drying her eyes naively, and like a little girl who has been hurt and whose grief seems hopeless, inconsolable, and never ending.

Slowly, side by side, his arm once more



Resinol Soap

has made your skin so clear!"

If you are having trouble with your complexion, if you find that a pimply, or otherwise unattractive skin is your handicap, what wouldn't you give to have your friends greet you as this girl was greeted?

Resinol Soap brings out the real beauty of the complexion. The healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to pimples and oiliness, soothes irritated pores, and gives Nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

And even if your skin is clear and fresh now, what will it be ten years hence? Will it still be naturally beautiful, or will you have to use artificial means to cover up the effects of age and *neglect?* Resinol Soap is not the "Fountain of Youth," but its regular use for the toilet will usually preserve the delicate texture and coloring of the complexion far beyond the time when most women lose them.

Resinol Soap is most effective in protecting delicate skins from the havoc of summer's sun, heat and dust.

Try Resinol Soap a week, and you will know why you will want it all the year round.

Resinol Soap contains absolutely no alkali or artificial coloring, so may be used freely on the most delicate skin. Sold by all druggists and toilet counters. For a sample cake, free, write to Dept. 17-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Soap also has the Resinol medication, making it most soothing and refreshing to men with sensitive skins, making daily shaving a real comfort.

in her possession, Warner and Philippa returned to the château.

When they reached the terrace, the stars overhead had become magnificent; millions and millions of them sparkled up there, arching the dark earth with necklaces of light.

Warner turned and gazed out over the panorama of the night. Far in the east, the silver pencil of a search-light swept the heavens.

Into the mysterious east he stared in silence, thinking of Wildresse.

The Orient had hatched out Wildresse; Biribi had caught him.

Biribi had utterly extinguished his race at last.

The mysterious irony of it—the death of this man's only son, the fate that had delivered the father into the crime-blotched hands of that terrible battalion, the hazard of Asticot's discovery in the safe, the sudden, dramatic unmasking of Cassilis—could these things be happening in this year of 1914?

Stranger things than these were happening, and he knew it.

Westward, the spray of a gray sea dripped from the muzzles of a thousand guns.

Eastward, the coldly logical strategy of a great commander was developing, and the first fierce drive at Alsace-Lorraine was being launched.

From farther eastward still, the two allies, listening, caught already the low growling of the Russian Bear.

Germany, poised high above the glare of battle, waiting to snatch up, one by one, heroic and dying nations to her bosom—Germany clutching the dripping sword of conquest, heard also the rumbling of the Asiatic monster behind the Caucasus.

She turned her armed head and stared over her mailed shoulder toward the east, haughty, incredulous, magnificently barbaric—the last of the Valkyries left amid the dying gods of eld, standing there alone, glittering, motionless amid the hellish conflagration of the *Götterdämmerung*.

Warner looked up at the stars.

The glimmering writing on heaven's wall was plain to read.

Plainer, it seemed, than his own heart, which had grown heavy as he stood there beside the woman to whom it was now too late to speak.

For he should have spoken before, long ago, almost in the beginning. Because he had always loved her. He had known it for days, now; and yet with that blind delay and distrust of self to which some men are fated, he had waited too long to ask of her what his heart had so long, so blindly desired.

Now it was too late.

He should have spoken before. He should have spoken when she was lonely, friendless, nameless.

Now it was too late.

He turned toward the house, but she did not move, and they came face to face under the high stars.

"Can't you—love me?" she faltered.

"Philippa!"

She flung both arms around his neck.

THE END



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are two short stories which will hold your interest to the last paragraph.

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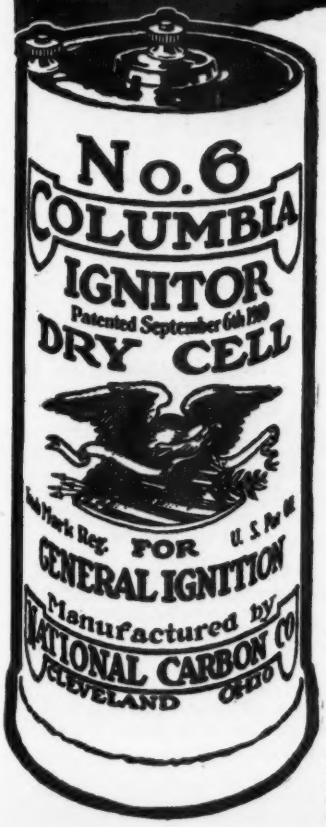
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The Uncertain Fox-Chase

(*Continued from page 87*)

you, sir. Here; have a handful of the baled-hay species. No; you're welcome, friend—it's on me." The big shoulders heaved. "Come again. No; I haven't a match. Light them outside." A hearty laugh. "Rotten, aren't they?"

Every customer, looking into the twinkling eye of J. Rufus Wallingford, and hearing either the doleful saxophone or the clear voice of the effervescent Blackie Daw, realized that there was a business purpose somewhere behind the joke.

So trade thickened, and more of the vegetable cigars had to be ordered in a hurry, and the bands ripped off to avoid trouble with the manufacturers. To the amused but puzzled public, the cigars seemed to be of the regular quality—tremendous bargains, too. Why the Mona was selling well-known twenty-five-cent brands of cigarettes at seven cents; the ten-cent brands at three! And this chuckling Wallingford was liable to give a fellow half a dozen boxes into the bargain! Henry Dorsit, of the U. S. A. concern, came over and displayed his two gold teeth to Blackie, looked into the idiotic window of his competitor, smiled vaguely at the impressive J. Rufus Wallingford, scratched his head, and went away. Yes; the Mona was on a busy corner, but it became busier. It was a mad rush when Hannibal P. Taffer tornadoed into the store, and, lifting his stick on high, shouted:

"You Wallingford, take those signs out of that window—and you stop that advertisement! I just brought suit against you for a hundred thousand dollars for defamation of character!"

"Why, hello, Taffy!" chuckled Wallingford.

"My name's Taffer, and you know it!" yelled the landlord. "I'm goana have damages, too, for calling me Taffy! I——"

A noisy procession marched into the store at that monent. It was headed by Blackie Daw and followed by a mighty laugh; and the marching tune was:

> Taffy was a Welshman,
> Taffy was a thief;
> Taffy came to our house,
> And stole a piece of beef.

The procession circled in, and it circled right out again, but it left Taffy so blind with rage that his mental processes were concentrated and without their usual perspective. Wallingford, bidding his fellow citizens help themselves, since there was no clerk, and leave the money on the showcase if they felt like it, conducted the man of wrath into the little back room, where a bright red of coals glowed in a small cannon stove. J. Rufus spread his legs apart, stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his wide, white waistcoat, and glared his landlord in the eye.

"Now, Hannibal P. Taffer, we are alone, and without witnesses. You can't sue me for defamation of character. Have you that agreement?"

"You bet I have! Right here it is!"

"Well, read it carefully, Taffy, and you'll find I'm just as smart as you. You agreed that your contingent interest in the Mona gave you no voice in the management, and that you acquiesce in everything I do in conducting the business of this store; so I have your sanction to these advertisements and to those signs in the window. And that cuts you out of a suit for defamation or for any other sort of damages. That agreement's valid, too, for it contains an ample consideration—a share in the business when it reaches a certain volume."

"When it what?" shrieked Hannibal P., his circlet of sandy gray whiskers fairly quivering. "Why, you dang fool, the bigger your volume of business, the more money you lose! What do I want with a share in a business like that?"

"You can enjoy the fun and participate in the losses," suavely explained Wallingford. "Now, here's my copy of the agreement, and there's yours. Compare them, and see that they are both alike."

"You dang fool," yelled Taffer; "no!" And his voice rose to a shriek. "It's me that's a dang fool! You hocused me into this agreement, so you could ruin my reputation and try to sneak out of this——"

He suddenly stopped, and his mouth dropped open. J. Rufus, with an aggravating chuckle of triumph, had torn in two the envelop which had contained his copy of the agreement, and had tossed it contemptuously into the stove. The ruddy flare, and the thought to which it had given rise, had paralyzed Hannibal's faculties for one small moment. In the next, he had sprung to the stove, thrust in both copies of the agreement, and was poking them with his stick to make them burn the faster.

"My agreement!" roared Wallingford.

"What agreement?" screeched Hannibal. "I don't know what you're talking about! I don't remember any agreement! If you claim you've got any agreement with me, produce it in court, dang you!"

IV

"Not guilty," grinned the foreman of the jury, who was a round little man, and every juryman grinned. They were, all round, selected with great care by the huge, round Wallingford. The eyes of the round judge twinkled, and Blackie Daw, sitting over with the snickering newspaper boys, winked at the laughing throng. The trial of Taffer *vs.* Wallingford for defamation of character had proved the most popular diversion of the town. It had filled solid, gleeful pages in all the local papers, and a hundred of the most prominent smokers had been subpenaed.

"Not guilty," repeated the grinning little round foreman, as soon as the twinkling round judge had rapped for order, and had sternly warned the frothing Hannibal P. Taffer to make no further disturbance. Thereupon, the foreman read his report.

We find unanimously for the defendant, twelve voting aye, that there can be no defamation of character where the charges made are proven to have no defamatory intention, and where they had been clearly understood to have no actual defamatory meaning.

This being a verbatim extract from the judge's charge, the little round foreman read it with great unction.

It has been proved to the satisfaction of the jury, by one hundred smokers, that, in spite of

Is Your Car Top Heavy?

Why buy a light weight car burdened with a heavy top?

A low weight center means safer, easier riding. Unnecessary top weight means waste—increased vibration and side sway.

You pay for every additional pound with gasolene, oil, tires and general wear.

At the best the most efficient top material can only be a waterproof layer supported by cloth—the lighter, the better—but strong enough to stand the strain when up, and flexible enough to fold without cracking.

Extra layers of cloth and combiners only add weight, diminish flexibility and increase the possibilities of cracking in folding. Mohair tops absorb pounds of water during a storm and accumulate dust when dry.

DU PONT FABRIKOID

RAYNTITE

SINGLE TEXTURE TOP MATERIAL

is ideal for the modern one-man top. It is made of a single thickness of light, strong cloth coated with a flexible, waterproof compound that sheds water like a duck's back. It can be easily washed, always looks well and because it is chemically inert, will not oxidize nor disintegrate. *Guaranteed one year* against leaking but built to last the life of your car. Any top maker can replace your old dusty or leaky top with Rayntite.



Du Pont Fabrikoid Rayntite will duplicate the remarkable success of Du Pont Fabrikoid Motor Quality—The Standardized Automobile Upholstery—used on 60% of 1916's entire output.

Write for samples and booklets and latest list of cars equipped with this modern top material.

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WILMINGTON, DEL.

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"NEW-SKIN"

—to prevent infection

An antiseptic liquid for cuts, scrapes, and little hurts. It forms a water-proof covering that protects the cut and allows it to heal. Carry it with you always.

At all druggists (10c., 25c.). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by mail.

Be sure to get the genuine. Always in glass bottles; red and gold paper cartons.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

prevents all odors of the body

and keeps the skin and clothing fresh and sweet throughout the hottest day. "Mum" does not check healthful perspiration—merely neutralizes all odors as they come.

"Mum" is economical—little needed at a time—lasts from bath to bath—no waste.

A snow-white, greaseless cream—harmless to skin and clothing.

25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

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by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

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Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume, illustrated. $2.00 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory today for catalogue of presses, TYPE, cards, paper samples. It will pay you well. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

the joking advertisements, they knew that Mr. Taffer's cigars were not composed of baled hay, cabbages, spinach, or hemp rope. They testified that they had bought and smoked these cigars with no thought that they were composed of such ingredients, or that Mr. Taffer had ever sold them any cigars composed of such ingredients.

The little round foreman paused for breath. He had framed that last sentence himself, and it had just occurred to him that he was cut out to be a lawyer.

Moreover, the Mona Cigar Store's exclusive new brands, which Mr. Wallingford had sent in to the jury as an exhibit, bear out his contention that the advertising campaign he has conducted made the use of the words "baled hay," "cabbage," "spinach," and "hemp rope" advantageous in place of derogatory; for the Baled Hay Special, the Cabbage Perfecto, the Spinach Delight, and the Mona Hemp Rope are, in the opinion of this jury, most unusually excellent cigars, and, in the opinion of this jury, their names would not detract from their sale but enhance it, because of their appeal to whimsical humor. Consequently, this jury cannot find that Hannibal P. Taffer's reputation was defamed in any way which would financially damage him by J. Rufus Wallingford. Upon these grounds, we return our verdict of not guilty.

A cheer filled the court-room, in spite of decorum, and a general hubbub broke loose. The members of the Mona Cigar Store Evening Glee Club pounded their pet saxophonist on the back, and danced circles around him; J. Rufus Wallingford's group of *bon-vivants* and gourmets hurried forward with noisy congratulations; the judge hammered with his gavel, grinning meanwhile, and Hannibal P. Taffer roared his blazing wrath.

Henry Dorsit, of the U. S. A. Cigar Store, waited for Wallingford at the court-room door, and shook hands cordially, as a friendly competitor should. He was as smoothly pressed as ever, and his two gold teeth were as bright; but in his brow the afternoon had traced a slight furrow. It looked like a furrow of care.

"Wonderful advertising, Wallingford!" he laughed. "You couldn't buy whole pages, and get the town talking about you like this. You haven't a sample of one of your new cigars?"

"Thanks for asking," returned Wallingford heartily, as they came down the steps. "Here, boy!"

One of four youngsters in bright-red uniforms and with huge bags slung on their shoulders rushed over and put into Wallingford's outstretched hand a neat little gift-box containing a sample each of the Mona's four exclusive new brands. The youngsters were passing out gift-boxes to all who had attended the trial, and all who passed on the street.

"Try this Baled Hay Special," urged Wallingford, extracting from the box a large, smooth, enticing cigar. "It's our pet and pride."

Mr. Dorsit rolled the cigar delicately in his finger-tips, and sniffed of it, and looked in its end, and his eye lighted appreciatively.

"Your twenty-five-cent leader?" he judged.

"Yes," J. Rufus suavely informed him; "but it sells at two for a quarter."

"Oh." Mr. Dorsit's match burned out in his fingers, and the little furrow deepened in his brow.

V

A SMOOTHLY pressed man with two gold teeth and the unmistakable furrow of care in his brow stopped the advertising manager of the Mona Cigar Store as he swung down the street with his saxophone-case under his arm.

"Pleasant weather, Mr. Daw."

"Fine!" agreed Mr. Daw enthusiastically. "Fine growing-business weather!"

"Yes," returned the other, with a wince; "I understand you have the exclusive agency for the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company's output."

"Somebody's been telling the truth," grinned Horace G.

"The Purity Company," Mr. Dorsit acknowledged. "I wired them for prices on the Cabbage Perfectos and the other Mona brands, and they referred me to you. How about it?"

"Sorry, Dorsit. I've contracted the company's total output, for the present, with Mr. Wallingford. But I'll buy you a drink. I'm experimenting on the fox-chase, trying to reconstruct it from memory, and, judging of my success by the results, I haven't struck it yet."

"Sounds interesting," admitted Mr. Dorsit, the furrow of care deepening in his brow, and abstractedly he walked into a café, and abstractedly he drank the vile mixture which genius Daw invented on the spot, and abstractedly he strangled, and abstractedly he walked across to his own store. It was empty except for clerks; and this used to be the busy hour! Streams of men were going past, but they were all stopping in at the Mona. Mr. Dorsit laid down his hat; then he picked it up and put it on again, and went over to the Mona.

"Hello, neighbor!" hailed J. Rufus Wallingford genially, making change for one customer and shaking hands with another and setting out a cigar-box for a third.

"Just dropped in for a friendly call," explained Mr. Dorsit, nodding and smiling carefully to some of his old customers.

"Good work!" Like a conscientious business man, the proprietor of the Mona cast his eye along the counter, where Blackie Daw and three clerks were passing out cigars with one hand and taking money with the other. He reached in the show-case for a handful of cigars, and led the way into the little back room. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks," accepted Mr. Dorsit, biting off the tip of the Baled Hay Special, and examining it round and round with the eye of a connoisseur while the furrow of care deepened in his brow. "I'm compelled to admit this to be a very good cigar."

"Best I ever saw for eighty-five dollars a thousand," returned Wallingford complacently, lighting a match.

Mr. Dorsit allowed the match to burn out, then apologized, and lit his cigar from the next one.

"Eighty-five! How can they do it?"

"Grow their own tobacco, I think. Little factory, you know. Couldn't make much headway until I invented these brands and tied up their total output."

"Mighty clever!" Mr. Dorsit frankly admired Mr. Wallingford, but the furrow of care deepened in his brow. "I understand you have a ten-year lease here."

"Yes."

"You wouldn't care to name a figure on it?"

J. Rufus closed his eyes to laugh.

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A PERSON does not get well on any definite date but recovers gradually. Banishing disease from the system is usually accomplished only after a severe conflict that leaves the patient with blood impoverished, nerves unstrung, digestion impaired and with muscles weak and flabby. The patient is "cured" but by no means "well." The return to complete health is fraught with the grave danger of relapse—particularly from overexertion and from overeating of ordinary foods.



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The combination of malt and hops is one of the best and most natural methods of creating a reconstructive agent known to medical science. It produces a liquid food that virtually contains every element essential to life, health, nutrition, strength and the up-building of rich, red blood. That is why so many physicians endorse and prescribe Pabst Extract. It is made of choicest hops and barley malt, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate.

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stimulates a natural desire for solid, wholesome food, furnishes the power to digest it and produces sound, refreshing sleep.

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Write for interesting booklet describing the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. We mail it free.

Pabst Extract Co., Milwaukee Wis.

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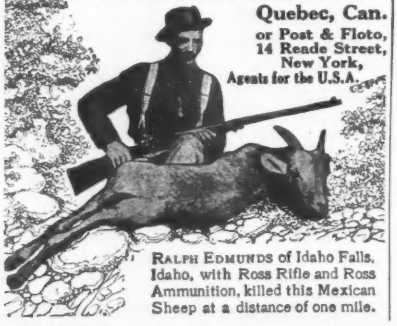
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"Guess we must have cut into you."

"Oh, some." The furrow deepened, and even the gold teeth seemed to dull. "Confound it, Wallingford, you have cut into us! In the two weeks since your wonderful advertising lawsuit, our trade seems to have come over here to stay. And I must admit, in strict confidence, that you have the four best brands of cigars in the world for the money. So here I am. Name a figure on your lease, good-will, and the rest of it, and I'll see how far I can strain."

"Sorry." Great complacency on the part of Mr. Wallingford. "But the best I could do, when I got Mr. Taffer to make the lease non-terminable on his part, was to make it non-transferable on my part."

Mr. Dorsit saw Mr. Taffer within the half-hour, and found that bitterly whiskered party in deep dejection over a certain burned agreement, which lay heavily on his remorseful conscience.

"I was just up to try to buy Mr. Wallingford's lease," began the caller.

"Huh!" snorted Hannibal P., and on his leathery face appeared the first trace of Cheshire grin which he had worn for days. "Couldn't sell it to you, could he? Well, I was too slick for him there, anyhow—dang him!"

"Quite so." Mr. Dorsit's tone was a trifle supercilious. "It seems that the only way I can negotiate with him is through you. If you can bring me his lease, his good-will, firm-name, brands, stock, and secure me steady shipments equal to Wallingford's present deliveries of Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company's goods, I'm prepared to pay fifty thousand dollars."

"You'll pay what?" Hannibal P. Taffer arose, in order to glare better. Stupefaction had possessed him. "Say, suppose you put that offer on paper."

When Mr. Dorsit reached his store, he found a telephone-call from the proprietor of the Mona.

"Hello, Wallingford; what's the trouble?" he inquired, as soon as he got the number.

"Did you see Taffy?"

"Just left him."

"Hand me a friendly tip. What did you offer him for my lease?"

Dorsit hesitated for only a second. Wallingford was a genial, likable fellow, and trustworthy.

"Fifty thousand."

A chuckle came over the wire.

"Thanks, old man! Here comes Taffy."

Here came Taffy indeed, without a snarl, without a dang, but with his Cheshire grin. Spry as a cricket, he followed Wallingford into the little back room and accepted a Baled Hay Special.

"Well, well, Mr. Wallingford," he began. "You're doing quite a little business."

"Biggest business in town!"

"Mighty fine success, I call it! But I should think a man like you would rather do business in a bigger place. This town ain't sporty enough for you."

"Yes"—and J. Rufus expanded his chest—"I have been thinking some of that since the U. S. A. tried to buy my lease."

"Well, now," said Mr. Taffer, as one friend to another, "we won't let a little thing like a lease stand in the way of a genius like you. I'll just take it off your hands."

J. Rufus became sternly grave.

"How much?"

"You mean you'd want a little bonus, I suppose. Well, I reckon I could afford to give you a little bonus. You've got a good business started here, and if I take hold of it again, I might make it go. Say you include your firm-name, your good-will, your stock and fixtures and special brands, and guarantee steady shipments, equal to your present deliveries, of the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company's goods, I might strain a point and give you, say, about twelve thousand dollars."

Mr. Wallingford turned his cigar in his lips, took a long draw of it, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, expanded, and blew a thin stream of smoke at the ceiling.

"I couldn't give you a guarantee of deliveries," he presently observed, after placid contemplation. "I'll release my contract with the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company's exclusive agent, Mr. Daw, and you can negotiate with him. By the way, it just occurs to me that if I step out of the cigar business, Mr. Daw will want to dispose of his agency. Why don't you see him and get the total output of the Purity Company in your own hands?"

Mr. Taffer studied that clever little thought in close-eyed calculation for a moment; then the Cheshire grin spread from whisker to whisker.

"I'll see Mr. Daw right away," he decided. "Then I'll close with you."

"At forty thousand?"

"Why, you're a dang fool!" exploded the shocked Taffy. "You ain't been in this town three weeks——"

"The town knows I'm here," J. Rufus suavely reminded him. "You helped me advertise the fact. Also, you helped me popularize the Mona exclusives until nobody smokes anything but the Baled Hay Special, the Cabbage Perfecto, the Spinach Delight, or the Mona Hemp Rope. Also, Taffy, you helped me get a salable lease on your property by burning up our agreement to share the profits of this enormous business. Watch out, or you'll burn your whiskers! The price, Taffy, is forty thousand dollars." And J. Rufus urbanely left him to choke.

The exclusive agent of the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company was a far easier customer for the fuming Hannibal, and an obliging one. He displayed, without reservation, the Mona Cigar Store's books and its receipted bills from the Purity Company; he produced the Purity Company's original offer for the manufacture of the Mona specialties, as per sample, and he brought forth his own authorization of exclusive agency. Moreover, he agreed to transfer his agency, with the consent of the Purity Company, for the insignificant sum of four hundred dollars. In addition to all this, while Mr. Taffer was poring over the books and papers, he kindly brought in his saxophone and played "Mona, My Own Love" straight through to the heart-breaking ending.

VI

"Got 'em!" exulted Hannibal P., prancing into the Mona Cigar Store on the following noon, and he flourished a sheaf of telegrams. He drew Wallingford and his hired hand aside in vast excitement, and exhibited his prizes—a telegram from the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company consenting to furnish a steady supply of Baled Hay Specials, Cabbage Perfectos,



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"Now, Wallingford, let's go right out to a lawyer and finish our business."

"Suppose we stop at the bank and get a certified check," suggested J. Rufus, reaching for his hat.

"Suppose you settle with me first," suggested the hired hand, reaching for his saxophone. "Here's your transfer of agency. Where's my four hundred cash?"

Two minutes later, Blackie walked into the U. S. A. Cigar Store, his pointed black mustaches sticking straight up in sardonic mirth.

"Hello, Dorsit! Don't tell me you have a luncheon engagement, because I've come to take you out."

"Glad to go." And, it being the hour of hat-reaching, Mr. Dorsit took up his derby.

"I should think you would be," grinned Blackie, looking around the vacant store. "I have a restless machine hitched outside."

Abstractedly, Mr. Dorsit walked out to the machine, and Blackie, at the wheel, hit across the railroad track for the straight pike.

"I say, old man!" objected Dorsit, as the telephone-poles began to flash past. "I want to get back by two. I've a little business to transact."

"Oh, that lease?" returned Blackie lightly. "Bid dull care begone!" And he stepped on the gas.

"But Taffy's a slippery customer!" howled Dorsit, above the wind.

"Let him slip!" yelled Blackie, adjusting his sparker. "I have some important business in Oldenburg."

Away they tore, over hill and down dale, through villages and across bridges, with no lessening of their breakneck pace; and there was no chance to stop the mad Blackie or to jump out of the car; and the hands of the clock in the dashboard went round and round, one hour, two hours, and still going, and no lunch, and the sharp wind shooting past them gave no chance for conversation. It was a quarter to three when they dashed into Oldenburg and down to the station, where Blackie, alighting, tossed his hat in the air.

"We beat it!" he exulted. "Say, Cap"—this to the station agent—"here's several dollars. Hire a good chauffeur to drive this cart back to its garage. Here's the card."

"I thought we came out for lunch!" gasped Mr. Dorsit, wiping the gravel out of his eyes and heaving for breath. He felt it useless to mention his lost appointment.

"There she comes! Number Nine!" Blackie pointed to a speck far on the horizon. "I've time to send a telegram!" And, rushing into the station, he wired Jim to make Number Nine.

"Mix us a fox-chase, quick!" ordered Blackie, as he plunged into the dining-car and grabbed the hand of the dignified captain with the sparkling eye. "And, say, if you love thirsty men, don't let me get off this train without the recipe! I need it for friend Jim."

When Number Nine pulled into the station where J. Rufus stood anxiously among the numerous bags and belongings of himself and Blackie, two gloomy men swung down from the diner. In Mr. Dorsit's brow the furrow had become a chasm, but Mr. Daw was unrecognizable; his mustache was drooping; his mouth was down-curved until it almost touched his jaw-bone, and his silk hat was pulled so far down over his eyes that its brim brushed the bridge of his nose.

"Of all the fool tricks!" chuckled Wallingford. "I got your telegram, but even then I didn't believe you'd be on this train. What's happened to you?"

A tragic voice welled up from H. G. Daw's chill interior.

"Fox-chase."

"It seems to affect different people differently," explained Mr. Dorsit wearily, his entire countenance knotted with dismal concentration. "It doesn't seem to have touched me at all, because I'm so full of trouble it couldn't."

J. Rufus surveyed his perpetually cheerful partner with amazement; then, as he saw the conductor hurrying out with his yellow orders, he turned briskly to Blackie's unhappy companion.

"I just left a telegram for you at your shop, Mr. Dorsit," he said. "I received a wire about twenty minutes ago that the Purity Cigar Manufacturing Company has gone bankrupt."

"Bankrupt!" Dorsit paled, and his hand went to his head. "Why, man, if I can't get those cigars at that price, I'm stung for fifty thousand dollars and a ten-year lease on a worthless corner! And my agreement with Taffer is iron-clad!"

"Tut!" chuckled Wallingford. "Taffy agreed to supply you with Purity Company cigars. Congratulations, Dorsit. Blackie"—and he wasted a wink on that clammy person—"seems to have kidnaped you at the right minute to save your hide. And you've no lease and no competitor."

Slowly the light dawned upon the gloomy Mr. Dorsit.

"Then Taffy's stung!" he shouted, and clapped Horace G. Daw hilariously on the back.

"I hope he chokes," gloomed Mr. Daw, and extended a frozen hand in parting.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor, and Jim, with the solicitude of a father, put his mournful companion on the train.

"Good stand, Blackie!" said Wallingford, waving the happy Dorsit a friendly good-by through the window. "We must be thirty thousand to the good. Paul Pollet couldn't have spent more than seven thousand dollars for the stock of that little cigar-manufacturing company and for his straight losses in bankruptcy. And, say, Blackie, the deal's without a legal flaw! That's what I call legitimate business!"

Mr. Daw stretched out his legs and jammed his fists into his trousers pockets and settled a gloomy chin in his collar.

"What do I care?" he growled. "I got a fox-chase."

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On Account of the Weather

(*Continued from page 42*)

and could not be content until the idea was beautifully realized. He had meant to create a big, long, ugly-faced, horrible black snake with which to interest Della and her friend, Mrs. Cullen; but he felt that results, so far, were too crude for exploitation. Merely to lead the pinned stockings by a string was little to fulfil his ambitious vision.

Finally, he rose from the wheelbarrow.

"If I only had a cat," he said dreamily.

He went forth, seeking. The Schofield household was catless this winter; but there was a nice white-and-gray cat at the Williams'. Penrod strolled thoughtfully over to the Williams' yard. He was entirely successful, not even having been seen by the sensitive colored woman aged fifty-three years and four months.

But still Penrod was thoughtful. The artist within him was unsatisfied with his materials; and upon his return to the stable, he placed the cat beneath an overturned box and once more sat down in the inspiring wheelbarrow, pondering. His expression was concentrated and yet a little anxious, like that of a painter at work upon a portrait which may or may not turn out to be a masterpiece. The cat did not disturb him by her purring, though she was, indeed, already purring. She was one of those cozy, youngish cats—plump, even a little full-bodied perhaps, and rather conscious of the figure—that are entirely conventional and domestic by nature, and will set up a ladylike housekeeping anywhere without making a fuss about it. If there were a fault in these cats, overcomplacency might be the name for it; they are a shade too sure of themselves, and their assumption that the world means to treat them respectfully has just a little taint of the *grande dame*. Consequently, they are liable to great outbreaks of nervous energy from within, engendered by the extreme surprises which life sometimes holds in store for them. They lack the prophetic imagination.

Mrs. Williams' cat was content upon a strange floor and in the confining enclosure of a strange box. She purred for a time, then trustfully fell asleep. 'Twas well she slumbered; she would need all her powers presently.

She slumbered, and dreamed not that she would wake to mingle with events which were to alter her serene disposition radically, and cause her to become hasty-tempered and abnormally suspicious for the rest of her life.

Penrod appeared to reach a doubtful solution of his problem. His expression was still somewhat clouded as he brought from the storeroom of the stable a small fragment of a broken mirror, two paint-brushes, and two old cans, one containing black paint and the other white. He regarded himself earnestly in the mirror; then, with some reluctance, he dipped a brush into one of the cans and slowly painted his nose a midnight black. He was on the point of spreading this decoration to cover the lower part of his face when he paused, brush half-way between can and chin. What arrested him was a sound from the alley—a sound of drumming upon tin. The eyes of Penrod became significant of rushing thoughts; his expression cleared and brightened. He ran to the alley doors and flung them open.

"Oh, Verman!" he shouted.

Marching up and down before the cottage across the alley was Verman, the very small, tongue-tied colored boy who lived there. Hanging from his shoulders by a string was an old tin wash-basin, whereon Verman beat cheerily with two dry bones, once the chief supports of a chicken. He was being a procession, thus assuaging his own ennui.

"Verman, come on in here!" Penrod called. "I got sumpthing for you to do you'll like awful well."

Verman halted, ceased to drum, and stared. His gaze was not particularly fixed upon Penrod's nose, however, and neither now nor later did he make any remark or gesture referring to this casual eccentricity. He expected things like that upon Penrod or Sam Williams. And as for Penrod himself, he had already forgotten that his nose was painted.

"Come on, Verman!"

Verman continued to stare, not moving. He had received such invitations before, and they had not always resulted to his advantage. Within that stable, things had happened to him the like of which he was anxious to avoid in the future.

"Oh, come ahead, Verman!" Penrod urged, and, divining logic in the reluctance confronting him, he added. "This ain't goin' to be anything like last time, Verman. I got sumpthing just *splendud* for you to do!"

Verman's expression hardened; he shook his head decisively.

"Mo!" he said.

"Oh, *come* on, Verman!" Penrod pleaded. "It isn't anything goin' to *hurt* you, is it? I tell you it's sumpthing you'd give a good deal to get to do if you knew what it is."

"Mo," said Verman, firmly; "I mome maw woo!"

Penrod offered arguments.

"Look, Verman!" he said. "Listen here a minute, can't you? How d'you know you don't want to until you know what it is? A person *can't* know they don't want to do a thing before the other person tells 'em what they're goin' to get 'em to do, can they? For all you know, this thing I'm goin' to get you to do might be sumpthing you wouldn't miss doin' for anything there is. For all you know, Verman, it might be sumpthing like this: Well, f'rinstance, s'pose I was standin' here, and you were over there, sort of like the way you are now, and I says, 'Hello, Verman!' and then I'd go on and tell you there was sumpthing I was goin' to get you to do, and you'd say you wouldn't do it, even before you heard what it was, why, where'd be any sense to *that?* For all you know, I might of been goin' to get you to eat a five-cent bag o' peanuts."

Verman had listened obdurately until he heard the last few words, but as they fell upon his ear, he relaxed and advanced to the stable doors, smiling and extending his open right hand.

"Aw wi'," he said. "Gi'm here."

"Well," Penrod returned, a trifle embarrassed, "I didn't say it *was* peanuts, did I? Honest, Verman, it's sumpthing



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you'll like better'n a few ole peanuts that most of 'em'd prob'ly have worms in 'em, anyway. All I want you to do is——"

But Verman was not favorably impressed; his face hardened again.

"Mo!" he said, and prepared to depart.

"Look here, Verman," Penrod urged: "It isn't goin' to hurt you just to come in here and see what I got for you, is it? You can do *that* much, can't you?"

Surely such an appeal must have appeared reasonable, even to Verman, especially since its effect was aided by the promising words, "See what I got for you." Certainly Verman yielded to it, though perhaps a little suspiciously. He advanced a few cautious steps into the stable.

"Look!" Penrod cried, and he ran to the stuffed and linked stockings, seized the leading-string, and vigorously illustrated his further remarks. "How's that for a big, long, ugly-faced, horr'ble, black ole snake, Verman? Look at her follow me all round anywhere I feel like goin'! Look at her wiggle, will you, though? Look how I make her do anything I tell her to! Lay down, you ole snake, you! See her lay down, when I tell her to, Verman? Wiggle, you ole snake, you! See her wiggle, Verman?"

"Hi!" Undoubtedly Verman felt some pleasure.

"Now, listen, Verman!" Penrod continued cheerily, hastening to make the most of the opportunity. "Listen: I fixed up this good ole snake just for you. I'm goin' to give her to you."

"*Hi!*" Verman repeated, with growing animation.

On account of a previous experience not unconnected with cats, and likely to prejudice Verman, Penrod decided to postpone mentioning Mrs. Williams' pet until he should have secured Verman's cooperation in the enterprise irretrievably.

"All you got to do," he went on, "is to chase this good ole snake around, and sort o' laugh and keep pokin' it with the handle o' that rake yonder. I'm goin' to saw it off just so's you can poke your good ole snake with it, Verman."

"Aw wi'," said Verman, and, extending his open hand again, he uttered a hopeful request, "Peamup?"

His host perceived that Verman had misunderstood him.

"Peanuts!" he exclaimed. "My goodness! I didn't say I *had* any peanuts, did I? I only said s'pose f'rinstance I *did* have some. My goodness! You don't expeck me to go round here all day workin' like a dog to make a good ole snake for you and then give you a bag o' peanuts to hire you to *play* with it, do you, Verman? My goodness!"

Verman's hand fell, with a little disappointment.

"Aw wi'," he said, consenting to accept the snake without the bonus.

"That's the boy!" said Penrod encouragingly. "*Now* we're all right, Verman; and pretty soon I'm goin' to saw that rake-handle off for you, too; so's you can kind o' guide your good ole snake around with it; but first—well, first there's just one other thing's got to be done. I'll show you—it won't take but a minute." Then, while Verman watched him wonderingly, he went to the can of white paint and dipped a brush therein. "It won't get on your clo'es much, or anything, Verman," he explained. "I only just got to——"

But as he approached, dripping brush in hand, the wondering look was all gone from Verman; determination took its place.

"Mo!" he said, turned his back, and started for outdoors.

"Look here, Verman," Penrod cried: "I haven't done anything to you yet, have I? It isn't goin' to hurt you, is it? You act like a little teeny bit o' paint was goin' to kill you. What's the matter of you? I only just got to paint the top part of your face. All *I* want——"

"*Mo!*" said Verman, from the doorway.

"Oh, my goodness!" moaned Penrod, and, in desperation, he drew forth from his pocket his entire fortune. "All right, Verman," he said resignedly; "if you won't do it any other way, here's a nickel, and you can go and buy you some peanuts when we get through. But if I give you this money, you got to promise to wait till we *are* through, and you got to promise to do anything I tell you to. You goin' to promise?"

The eyes of Verman glistened; he returned, gave bond, and, grasping the coin, burst into the rich laughter of a gourmand. Penrod immediately painted him dead white above the eyes, all round his head and including his hair. It took all the paint in the can.

Then the artist mentioned the presence of Mrs. Williams' cat, explained in full his ideas concerning the docile animal and the long black snake and Della and her friend, Mrs. Cullen, while Verman listened with anxiety, but remained true to his oath.

They removed the stocking at the end of the long black snake, and cut four small holes in the foot of it. They removed the excelsior, placed Mrs. Williams' cat in the stocking, shook her down into the lower section of it, drew her feet through the four holes there, leaving her head in the toe of the stocking, then packed the excelsior down on top of her, and once more attached the stocking to the rest of the long black snake.

How shameful is the ease of the historian! He sits in his dressing-gown to write, "The enemy attacked in force—" The tranquil pen, moving in a cloud of tobacco smoke, leaves upon the page its little hieroglyphics, serenely summing up the monstrous deeds and sufferings of men of action. "That day he overcame the Nervii." Not less cold, niggardly, and shameful is it for this chronicle to state merely that Penrod and the painted Verman succeeded in giving the long black snake a motive power, or tractor, apparently its own but consisting of Mrs. Williams' cat.

The white-and-gray cat was drowsy when they lifted the box. She was still drowsy when they introduced part of her into the orifice of the stocking; but she woke to full, vigorous young life when she perceived that their purpose was for her to descend into the black depths of that stocking, head first.

Verman held the mouth of the stocking stretched, and Penrod manipulated the cat; but she left her hearty mark on both of them before, in a moment of unfortunate inspiration, she humped her back while she was upside down, and Penrod took advantage of the concavity to increase it even more than she desired. The next instant she was assisted downward

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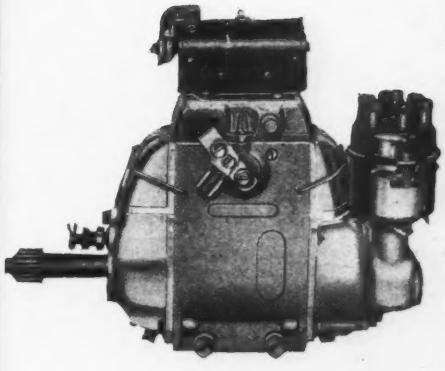
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into the gloomy interior, with excelsior already beginning to block the means of egress.

Gymnastic moments followed; there were times when both boys hurled themselves full-length upon the floor, seizing the animated stocking with far-extended hands; and even when the snake was a complete thing, with legs growing from its unquestionably ugly face, either Penrod or Verman must keep a grasp upon it, for it would not be soothed, even when addressed as: "Poor pussy! Nice 'ittle kitty!"

Finally, they thought they had their good ole snake "about quieted down," as Penrod said, because the animated head had remained in one place for an unusual length of time, though the legs had a rather sinister appearance of crouching, and a noise like a distant planing-mill came from the interior—and then Duke appeared in the doorway.

He was still feeling lively.

By the time Penrod returned from chasing Duke to the next corner, Verman had the long black snake down from the rafter where its active head had taken refuge, with the rest of it dangling; and both boys agreed that Mrs. Williams' cat must certainly be able to "see *some*, anyway," through the meshes of the stocking.

"Well," said Penrod, "it's gettin' pretty near dark, what with all this bother and mess we been havin' around here, and I expeck as soon as I get this good ole broom-handle fixed out of the rake for you, Verman, it'll be about time to begin what we had to go and take all this trouble *for*."

Mr. Schofield had brought an old friend home to dinner with him—"Dear old Joe Gilling," he called this friend when introducing him to Mrs. Schofield. Mr. Gilling, as Mrs. Schofield was already informed by telephone, had just happened to turn up in town that day, and had called on his classmate at the latter's office. The two had not seen each other in eighteen years.

Mr. Gilling was a tall man, clad highly in the mode, and brought to a polished and powdered finish by barber and manicurist; but his color was peculiar, being almost unhumanly florid, and, as Mrs. Schofield afterward claimed to have noticed, his eyes "wore a nervous, apprehensive look," his hands were tremulous, and his manner was "queer and jerky"—at least, that is how she defined it.

She was not surprised to hear him state that he was traveling for his health and not upon business. He had not been really well for several years, he said.

At that, Mr. Schofield laughed and slapped him heartily on the back.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Mr. Gilling, leaping in his chair. "What *is* the matter?"

"Nothing!" Mr. Schofield laughed. "I just slapped you the way we used to slap each other when we were boys. What I was going to say was that you have no business being a bachelor. With all your money, and nothing to do but travel and sit around hotels and clubs, no wonder you've gotten bilious."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Gilling uncomfortably; "I'm not bilious at all."

"You ought to get married, Joe," Mr. Schofield returned. "You ought—" He paused, for Mr. Gilling had jumped again. "What's the trouble, Joe?"

"Nothing. I thought perhaps—perhaps you were going to slap me on the back again."

"Not this time," said Mr. Schofield, renewing his laughter. "Well, is dinner about ready?" he asked, turning to his wife. "Where are Margaret and Penrod?"

"Margaret's just come in," Mrs. Schofield answered. "She'll be down in a minute, and Penrod's around somewhere."

"Penrod?" Mr. Gilling repeated curiously, in his nervous, serious way. "What is Penrod?" And, at this, Mrs. Schofield joined in her husband's laughter. Mr. Schofield explained.

"Penrod's our young son," he said. "He's not much for looks, maybe, but he's been pretty good lately, and sometimes we're almost inclined to be proud of him. You'll see him in a minute, old Joe!"

Old Joe saw him even sooner. Instantly, as Mr. Schofield finished his little prediction, the most shocking uproar ever heard in his house burst forth in the kitchen. Distinctly Irish shrieks unlimited came from that quarter—together with the clashing of hurled tin, the fall of tables and chairs, the appalling sound of breaking china, and the hysterical barking of a dog.

The library door flew open, and Mrs. Cullen appeared as a mingled streak, crossing the room from one door to the other. She was followed by a boy with a coal-black nose, and between his feet, as he entered, there appeared a big, long, black, horr'ble snake, with frantic legs springing from what appeared to be its head; and it further fulfilled Mrs. Cullen's description by making a fizzin' noise. Accompanying the snake, and still faithfully endeavoring to guide it with the detached handle of a rake, was a small black demon with a gassly white forehead and gasslier white hair. Duke, evidently still feeling his bath, was doing all in his power to aid the demon in making the snake step lively. A few kitchen implements followed this fugitive procession through the doorway.

The long black snake became involved with a leg of the heavy table in the center of the room. The head developed spasms of agility; there was a clawing and a ripping; then the foremost section of the long black snake detached itself, bounded into the air, and, after turning a number of somersaults, became, severally, a torn stocking, excelsior, and a lunatic cat. The ears of this cat were laid back flat upon its head, and its speed was excessive upon a fairly circular track it laid out for itself in the library. Flying round this orbit, it perceived the open doorway, passed through it, thence to the kitchen, and outward and onward—Della having left the kitchen door open in her haste as she retired to the back yard.

The black demon with the gassly white forehead and hair, finding himself in the presence of grown people who were white all over, turned in his tracks and followed Mrs. Williams' cat to the great outdoors. Duke preceded Verman. Mrs. Cullen vanished. Of the apparition, only wreckage and a rightfully apprehensive Penrod were left.

"But where—" Mrs. Schofield began, a few minutes later, looking suddenly mystified, "where—where——"

"Where what?" asked Mr. Schofield testily. "What are you talking about?" His nerves were jarred, and he was rather



To Japan on the Magic Carpet

The illustration shown above is a Japanese artist's interpretation of the idea "seeing the world on A. B. A. Cheques," already familiar to magazine readers. The artist has woven into the Arabian Night's tale of travel on the magic rug the thought that a trip on "A. B. A." Cheques is *auspicious*. The "god of good luck" is in the party, and the flying of fish banners in the Japanese village indicates a festive occasion. The artist has the right idea:

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hoarse after what he had been saying to Penrod. (That regretful necromancer was now up-stairs doing unhelpful things to his nose over a wash-stand.) "What do you mean by, 'Where, where, where'?" Mr. Schofield demanded. "I don't see any sense to it."

"But where is your old classmate?" she cried. "Where's Mr. Gilling?"

She was the first to notice this striking absence.

"By George!" Mr. Schofield exclaimed. "Where *is* old Joe?"

Margaret intervened.

"You mean that tall, pale man who was calling?" she asked.

"Pale, no!" said her father. "He's as flushed as——"

"He was pale when *I* saw him," said Margaret. "He had his hat and coat, and he was trying to get out of the front door when I came running down-stairs. He couldn't work the catch for a minute, but before I got to the foot of the stairs, he managed to turn it and open the door. He went out before I could think what to say to him; he seemed to be in such a hurry. I suppose everything was so confused you didn't notice—but he's certainly gone."

Mrs. Schofield turned to her husband.

"But I thought he was going to stay to dinner!" she cried.

Mr. Schofield shook his head, admitting himself floored. Later, having mentally gone over everything that might shed light on the curious behavior of old Joe, he said, without preface:

"Well, that must be it. I fancy old Joe must have changed quite a little during these eighteen years. He wasn't dissipated when we were in college."

Mrs. Schofield nodded severely, seeming to understand.

"Maybe it was just the best thing could have happened to him, after all," she said.

"It may be," returned her husband; "I don't say it isn't. *But*—that isn't going to make any difference in what I'm going to do to Penrod!"

The next ***Penrod*** story, ***The Horn of Fame,*** will appear in the October issue.

The Will of Earth

(*Continued from page 43*)

Let us not, then, be surprised that this resistance should be stupendous, or that it should be prolonged beyond anything that our experience of wars has taught us to expect.

The deep-seated forces of earth will not be at once disarmed; for a long time to come the invisible war will be waged under the reign of peace. Victory may even be more disastrous than defeat. For defeat, indeed, would have been, like preceding defeats, merely a victory postponed. It would have absorbed, exhausted, dispersed the enemy, by scattering him about the world, whereas our victory will bring upon us a twofold peril. It will leave the enemy in a state of savage isolation, in which, thrown back upon himself, cramped, purified by misfortune and poverty, he will secretly reenforce his formidable virtues, while we, for our part, no longer held in check by his salutary menace, will give rein to failings and vices which, sooner or later, will place us at his mercy. Before thinking of peace, then, we must make sure of the future, and render it powerless to injure us. We cannot take too many precautions, for we are setting ourselves against the manifest desire of the power that bears us.

The earth has an idea, which is no longer ours. She remains convinced that man is an animal, in all things like other animals. She has not yet observed that he is withdrawing himself from the herd. She does not yet know that he has climbed her highest mountain-peaks. She has not yet heard tell of justice, pity, loyalty, and honor; she does not realize what they are, or confounds them with weakness, clumsiness, fear, and stupidity. She has stopped short at the original certitudes which were indispensable to the beginnings of life. She is lagging behind us; and the space which divides us is rapidly increasing. She thinks less quickly; she has not yet had time to understand us. Moreover, she does not reckon as we do; and, for her, the centuries are less than our years.

It may be that, one day, her thought will overtake ours; in the mean time, we have to vindicate our advance and to prove to ourselves, as we are beginning to do, that it is lawful to be in the right as against her, that our advance is not fatal, and that it is possible to maintain it.

II

For it is becoming difficult to argue that earth, or nature, is always right and that those who do not blindly follow earth's impulse are necessarily doomed to perish. We have learned to observe her more attentively, and we have won the right to judge her. We have discovered that, far from being infallible, she is continually making mistakes. She gropes and hesitates. She does not know precisely what she wants. She begins by making stupendous blunders. She first peoples the world with uncouth and incoherent monsters, not one of which is capable of living—these all disappear. Gradually she acquires, at the cost of the life which she creates, an experience that is the cruel fruit of the immeasurable suffering which she unfeelingly inflicts. At last, she grows wiser, curbs and amends herself, returns upon her footsteps, repairs her errors, expending her best energies and her highest intelligence upon the correction.

It is incontestable that she is improving her methods, that she is more skilful, more prudent, less extravagant than at the outset. And yet the fact remains that, in every department of life, in every organism, down to our own bodies, there is a survival of bad workmanship, of twofold functions, of oversights, changes of intention, absurdities, useless complications, and meaningless waste. We have, therefore, no reason to believe that our adversaries are in the right because earth is with them.

Earth does not possess the truth any more than we do. She seeks it, as we do, and discovers it no more readily. No more than ourselves does she seem to know whither she is going or whither she is being

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led by that which leads all things. We must not listen to her without inquiry; and we need not distress ourselves or despair because we are not of her opinion. We are not dealing with an infallible and unchangeable wisdom, to oppose which in our thoughts would be madness. We are actually proving to her that it is she who is in the wrong, that man's reason for existence is loftier than that which she provisionally assigned to him, that he is already outstripping all that she foresaw, and that she does wrong to delay his advance.

She is, for that matter, full of good-will, is able, on occasion, to recognize her mistakes and to obviate their disastrous results, and by no means takes refuge in majestic and inflexible self-conceit. If we are able to persevere, we shall be able to convince her. This will take time, for, I repeat, she is slow, though in no wise obstinate. It will take time, because a very long future is in question, a very great change, and the most important victory that man has ever hoped to win.

The Hoard

(*Continued from page 48*)

for San Francisco, and there, at last, they parted, he, deeply impoverished, to cross the continent, and she to spend the rest of the summer in the golden West.

Winter came. And Ryder worked very hard at the law. And with what he could save from his slender income, he tried to get rich quick. This cost him a good deal of money, so that, when summer came and she, passing through town, telephoned and asked him to give her lunch, he had to borrow a twenty-dollar bill from a fellow clerk. They didn't eat it all. But they did eat some of it, and they taxied what was left. Still, they had more than twenty dollars' worth of fun and happiness; and, among other happy things, they arranged what Ryder was to do with his two weeks' vacation.

These were to be the first two weeks in September, and for September and the early autumn she had taken a great house near Piping Rock, and she purposed to fill the guest-rooms of this house with young men and young women who rode and played tennis and were, in other ways, trained to ornament this dull and prosy world. Mrs. Beaufort would see to it that everybody behaved and had good things to eat and drink and soft motors to ride in.

III

THE very morning after Ryder's arrival, a disagreeable thing happened. As he strolled in the box garden before breakfast, a young gentleman in a slouch hat approached, briskly walking, and said,

"Is your name Ryder?"

"Yes," said Ryder.

Whereupon the young gentleman (he had a pushing, puritanical face) thrust a folded paper into Ryder's hand.

"What's this?" asked Ryder.

"It's a summons."

"What for?"

"I guess you know, all right. It's about the money you owe to Goodall & Moore."

Ryder shrugged his shoulders and put the paper in his pocket.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," he said, "but I don't. I don't owe *you* any money, and you've got extraordinarily abrupt and offensive manners. Good-morning." He turned his back upon a raging process-server and walked off.

Something caused the raging process-server to look up, and he beheld, in a frame of Virginia creeper, the rose-pink-morning face of the celebrated Miss Brown.

"Does—the gentleman you were talking to owe a lot of money?" she asked.

"Him?" said the process-server, still raging. "He owes it all over the shop."

And, in so saying, he lied, for he knew nothing of Ryder's affairs whatsoever.

"Thank you," said Miss Brown, and added lamely, "I—just wanted to know."

"Sure," said the process-server; "that's all right. Glad to oblige."

"That," said Miss Brown, pointing, "is the short way out. Good-morning."

"Good morning, miss, and thank *you*."

Miss Brown dressed (for tennis) with unusual speed. She wished at the earliest opportunity to throw herself on Ryder's mercy for having overheard a private conversation, and, in return, she hoped that he would confess his financial difficulties, and—but that was too much to hope for. Of course he wouldn't borrow from her—she knew that. But it was hard to see why he shouldn't. They were such good friends. And if she was sure of anything, it was that he liked her for herself, and that she liked him for himself, and that it was a feeling stronger than mere liking, and that—oh, well, suppose he even told her that he loved her?

And she hurried so that in less than an hour and a half she had got herself into a white shirt-waist, a white-linen skirt, white-silk stockings, white tennis-shoes, and those other trifles, the equivalents of which members of a sterner (and perhaps vainer) sex are usually able to don (tub and shave included) in fourteen minutes and a half.

And, in spite of all her hurry, she did not have a chance to take Ryder aside and ask his forgiveness. He, with Miss Collander and the Simpkins boy, had already started for the tennis-court. There she found them warming up (that is, knocking the balls into the net and over the back net) and impatiently waiting her arrival. In her hurry, Miss Brown had forgotten to leave the great ruby which she had bought in Ceylon on her dressing-table. It blazed now on the fourth finger of her left hand, and, as she was left-handed, interfered somewhat painfully with her grip on her racquet. So she took it off and laid it on a green wicker table under one of the great cedar trees which surrounded the court.

At the end of the third hard set, she had forgotten all about it. So had the others. It was not until they had reached the house that she remembered.

"Shucks," she said; "I've left my ring! Oh, don't bother; I'll send a servant——"

But Ryder had darted off, murmuring, "No bother at all."

Five minutes later, he returned.

"It's not there," he said.

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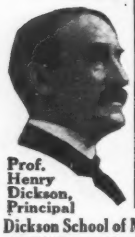
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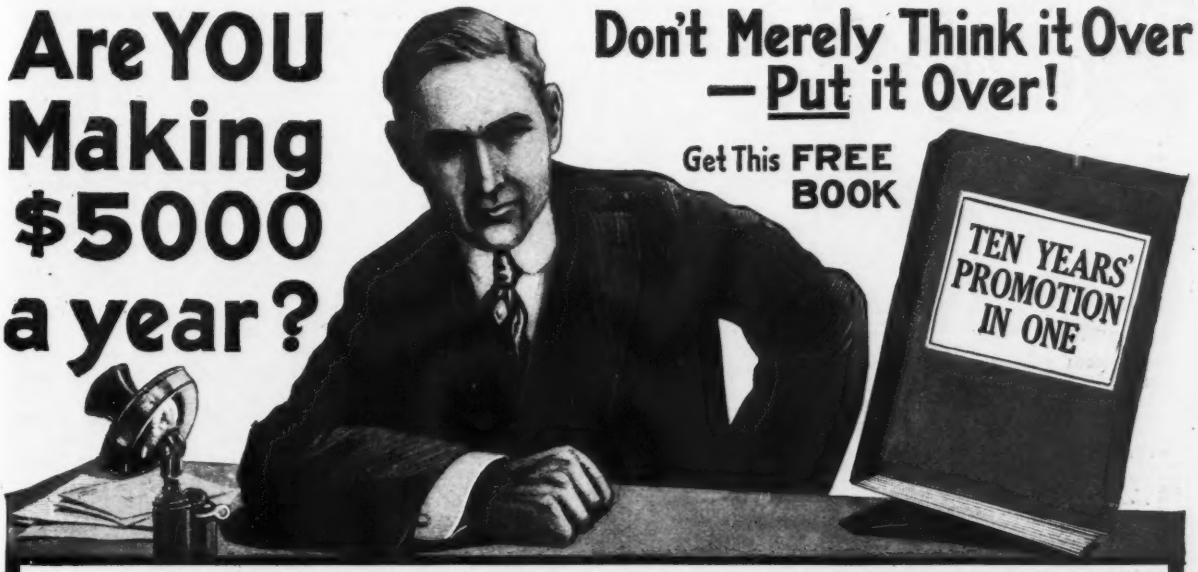


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Miss Brown merely held out her hand, palm up, and smiled.

"No, really," he said; "it isn't."

She withdrew her hand.

"You looked on the table?"

"And under it."

Miss Brown felt as if her heart had turned to ice. The expression of her face, however, did not change.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "We'll have a grand look for it later. Will you have some of this orange juice or a real drink?" He took a real drink.

Then Miss Brown said that she was beginning to feel cold and that she was going to change.

"Let's not say anything about the ring," she said. "It's sure to turn up."

The others sat on for a while and discussed the disappearance of this particular ring and other mysterious disappearances, finished their drinks, and went to their rooms to bathe and change. Ryder, a cold shower roaring on his shoulders and back, whistled blithely. That the girl he loved suspected him of having stolen her ring did not occur to him. He hurried with his dressing, and returned to the tennis-court to make a more minute search for the missing jewel. There he found Miss Brown. She was seated on the edge of the green table, one foot resting on the ground, the other swinging clear.

"Have you found it?"

Her eyes narrowed, and one corner of her mouth lifted slightly.

"I shall say that I have found it," she said, and, for the second time, she held out her hand, palm up.

"Why," he said, "you don't think that I've taken it for a joke, do you?"

"I put it on this table," she said, "right in the middle—you all saw me do it. After we'd finished playing, none of us went near the table. I missed my ring, and you went back to the court, alone."

She shrugged her shoulders and waited for him to speak. But he said nothing—only looked at her in a puzzled way.

"It was a good-enough short joke," she said, "but it's not a good long joke."

"Why, it's no joke at all!" he said. "It wouldn't enter my head to play such a poor joke. I came back for the ring. And it wasn't on the table."

"Phil," she said, "it's common knowledge that you are in debt, and that people are pressing you for money. Why couldn't you come to me—one good friend to another? I'd have done anything to help you."

"Why," he said, "I do owe a little money—nothing serious. It's a little less every month. I shall be square with the game on November first. I'm not in the least worried about money matters. I don't know who can have been telling you inventions about me. I got hit in the market in a small way—everybody does once or twice before they learn sense—but as for being troubled and worried about money, I'm not."

"All right," she said wearily; "we'll let it go at that. When I say that I have found the ring, please have the decency not to contradict me."

"Why say what isn't true?"

"Why? Because our names have been coupled together. Why? Because, if I can help it, there shall be no public stigma on the name of a man who once meant much to me."

"Upon my soul," said Ryder, "it's taken me a long time to get your drift! But I get it now. I have stolen your ring so that I can sell it and pay my debts. Did you jump to that conclusion at once, and cling to it? Didn't you even try to imagine some other solution? Couldn't there have been somebody hiding among the cedars to pounce upon the ring the moment our backs were turned?"

"I shall say," she said, "that I have found the ring. You will say that you have been unexpectedly called back to town. There is a fast train at three-twenty-three."

His face was slowly whitening with anger.

"The ring," she said, "is yours. I give it to you freely and willingly. I hope it will put you on your feet, and that I shall never hear of you or it again."

They were nearing the end of the shaded walk. Ryder was trembling with anger, but he managed to speak calmly and with dignity.

"In two minutes," he said, "we will be at the house, and our friendship, which was more than friendship—you know that as well as I do—will be history. I don't want it to be history. I want it to go on. Look at me, will you? Thanks! For the last time of asking, do you believe that I have stolen your ring?" There was a painful silence. "Alice," he said, "I give you my word of honor. Do you believe now?"

"If belief was a function of the heart," she said, "I couldn't believe that you would be so cowardly and base. But my mind——"

"Your *what?*" he asked, with rough contempt.

IV

PHIL DEAR:

I've telegraphed, and I've tried to get you on the 'phone. I'll send this by special messenger. I've done you a terrible wrong. You've got to forgive me. I am groveling at your feet. I am asking more than forgiveness. I want you. I love you with my whole heart and soul. It's always been like that, from the first day we met.

Not an hour ago, I was walking in the shrubbery, and I found a secret hiding-place. There were little pieces of broken mirror, and pieces of bright-colored china, and bright-colored rags. You always said the crows would bring us luck. It was the hoard of the crows who roost in the cedars round the tennis-court. Right in the midst, in the place of honor, was my ruby ring. One must have taken it, that awful morning, just after we had left the court. And, of course, you didn't find it, you poor, abused darling! And—oh, won't you believe that I've been punished enough? In all this world you are the only thing that counts with me. And won't you come down by the next train and say that you forgive me now and that all's well? I am so unhappy and so frightened.

ALICE.

To Philip Ryder, that letter meant the love and possession of an extraordinarily beautiful girl and the control of fifteen or twenty million dollars. He simply tore it in two, and chucked the pieces into his waste-paper basket. Then he smiled a kind of twisted, tortured smile.

Gouverneur Morris's next story, ***Perfecto,*** will appear in the October issue.

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A car pre-eminent among seven-passenger sixes selling at anything like the price — because it's —

A *big* car—125-inch wheelbase—seats for seven passengers.

A *powerful* car — its *new* Continental-Moon highspeed efficiency type motor develops 66 horsepower — tremendous power in proportion to its weight, and more than the maximum requirement.

A *handsome* car — its *new* double-cowled body, with long, sweeping lines (Delauney-Belleville type) is the design used on many of the most expensive European cars. The smart slanting windshield, and the genuine tan Spanish leather upholstery add further to its many attractions.

A *perfectly controlled* car — you can throttle it down to a walking gait, or drive at greater speed than most men care to try. A quick pressure on the throttle, and the car picks up like a flash.

A *comfortable* car — (Moon cars have always been noted for their roominess) with seats specially designed to fit and rest the body, and with more than ample leg-room in both front and rear compartments.

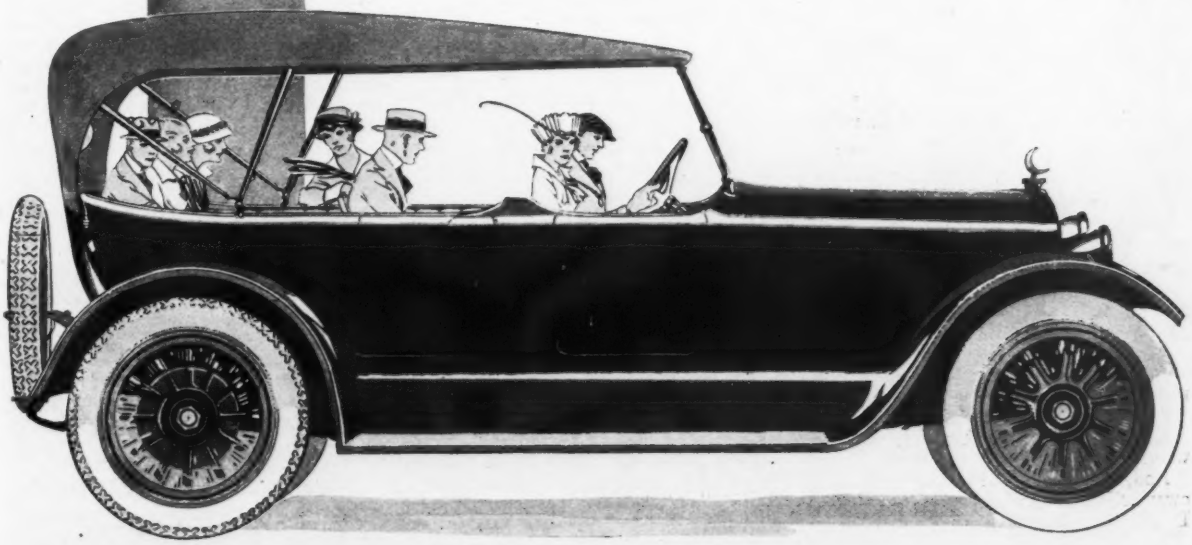
A *completely equipped* car — its standard equipment headed by new Delco-Moon two-unit starting, lighting and ignition system, with Bendix automatic drive in connection with starting motor; Timken front and rear axles; oversize tires, 35 x 4½; and many other features.

Seven passenger, fully equipped, $1650

The new Moon Six-43, forty-three horse power, five-passenger, fully equipped, $1295

Literature, describing and illustrating the new models, is ready.

MOON MOTOR CAR CO. St. Louis, U. S. A.



The Dark Star

(*Continued from page 35*)

flies swarming on the edge of my coffee-cup fell into the saucer, dead. I did not taste my coffee.

May 16th—Last night, a shot was fired through my door. I have decided to travel to Gallipoli with the missionary.

May 18th—My groom stole and ate an orange from my breakfast-tray. He is dead.

May 20th—The Reverend Mr. Carew and his wife are most kind and sympathetic. They are good people, simple, kindly, brave, faithful, and fearlessly devoted to God's service in this vile land of treachery and lies.

May 21st—I have confessed to the Reverend Mr. Carew as I would confess to a priest in holy orders. I have told him, all under pledge of secrecy. I told him, also, that the sanctuary he offers might be violated with evil consequences to him, and that I would travel as far as Gallipoli with him and then leave. But the kind, courageous missionary and his wife insist that I remain under the protection which he says the flag of his country affords me. If I could only get my third set of plans out of the country!

May 22d—To-day, my coffee was again poisoned. I don't know what prevented me from tasting it—some vague premonition. A pariah dog ate the bread I soaked in it, and died before he could yelp.

It looks to me as though my end were inevitable. To-day I gave my bronze figure of Erlik, the Yellow Devil, to Mrs. Carew, to keep as a dowry for her little daughter, now a baby in arms. If it is hollow, as I feel sure, there are certain to be one or two jewels in it. And the figure itself might bring five hundred marks at an antiquary's.

May 30th—Arrived at the Gallipoli mission. Three Turkish ironclads lying close inshore. A British cruiser, the Cobra, and an American cruiser, the Oneida, appeared about sunset and anchored near the ironclads. The bugles on deck were plainly audible. If a German warship appears, I shall carry my box on board. My only chance to rehabilitate myself is to get the third set of plans to Berlin.

June 1st—In the middle of the religious exercises with which the new school is being inaugurated, cries of "Allah!" come from a great crowd which has gathered. From my window where I am writing, I can see how insolent the attitude of this Mohammedan riffraff is becoming. They spit upon the ground—a pebble is tossed at a convert—a sudden shout of "Allah!"—pushing and jostling—a lighted torch blazes! I take my whip of rhinoceros hide and go down into the court to put a stop to this insolence——

Her father slowly closed the book.

"Daddy—is that where poor Herr Wilner died?"

"Yes, dear."

After a silence, his wife said thoughtfully,

"I have always considered it very strange that the German government did not send for Herr Wilner's papers."

"Probably they did, Mary. And very probably Murad Bey told them that the papers had been destroyed."

"And you never believed it to be your duty to send the papers to the German government?"

"No."

His wife laid aside her work-basket and rose.

"Come, Ruhannah," she said, with decision; "put everything back into the wonder-box."

And, stooping, she lifted and laid away in it the scowling, menacing Yellow Devil.

And so, every month or two, the wonder-box was opened for the child to play with; the same story told, extracts from the diary read; but these ceremonies, after a while, began to recur at lengthening intervals as the years passed and the child grew older.

And, finally, it was left to her to open the box when she desired to, and to read for herself the penciled translation of the diary which her father had made during some of the idle and trying moments of his isolated and restricted life. And, when she had been going to school for some years, other and more vivid interests replaced her dolls and her wonder-box, but not her beloved case of water-colors and crayon pencils.

II

BROOKHOLLOW

THE mother, shading the candle with her work-worn hand, looked down at the child in silence. The subdued light fell on a freckled cheek where dark lashes rested, on a slim neck and thin shoulders framed by a mass of short, curly chestnut hair.

Though it was still dark, the mill-whistle was blowing for six o'clock. Like a goblin-horn, it sounded ominously through Ruhannah's dream. She stirred in her sleep; her mother stole across the room, closed the window, and went away, carrying the candle with her.

At seven, the whistle blew again; the child turned over and unclosed her eyes. A brassy light glimmered between leafless apple branches outside her window. Through the frosty radiance of sunrise, a blue jay screamed. Ruhannah cuddled deeper among the blankets and buried the tip of her chilly nose. But the gray eyes remained wide open and, under the faded quilt, her little ears were listening intently.

Presently, from the floor below, came the expected summons.

"Ruhannah!"

"Oh, *please*, mother!"

"It's after seven."

"I know; I'll be ready in time."

"It's after seven, Rue."

"I'm so cold, mother dear!"

"I closed your window. You may bathe and dress down here."

"B-r-r-r! I can see my own breath when I breathe."

"Come down and dress by the kitchen range," repeated her mother. "I've warm water all ready for you."

The brassy light behind the trees was becoming golden; slim, bluish shadows already stretched from the base of every tree across frozen fields dusted with snow.

Listening, the child heard her father moving heavily about in the adjoining room. Then, from below again,

"Ruhannah!"

"I'm going to get up, mother!"

"Rue! Obey me!"

"I'm *up!* I'm on my way!" She sprang out amid a tempest of bedclothes, hopped gingerly across the chilly carpet, seized her garments in one hand, comb and tooth-brush in the other, ran into the hallway, and pattered down the stairs.

"Mother, could I have my breakfast first? I'm so hungry."

Her mother turned from the range and kissed her as she huddled close to it. The sheet of zinc underneath warmed her bare feet delightfully. She sighed with satisfaction, looked wistfully at the coffee-pot simmering, sniffed at the biscuits and sizzling ham.

"Could I have one little taste before——"

"Come, dear; there's the basin. Bathe quickly now."

Ruhannah frowned and cast a tragic glance upon the tin wash-tub on the kitchen floor. Presently she stole over, tested the water with her finger-tips, found it not unreasonably cold, dropped the night-dress from her frail shoulders, and stepped into the tub with a perfunctory shiver—a thin, overgrown child of fifteen, with pipe-stem limbs and every rib apparent.

Her hair, which had been cropped to shoulder-length, seemed to turn from chestnut to bronze fire, gleaming and crackling under the comb which she hastily passed through it before twisting it up.

"Quickly but thoroughly," said her mother. "Hasten, Rue!"

Ruhannah seized soap and sponge, gasped, shut her gray eyes tightly, and fell to scrubbing with the fury of despair.

"Don't splash, dear!"

"Did you warm my towel, mother?"

She blindly stretched out one thin and dripping arm. Her mother wrapped her in a big crash towel from head to foot.

Later, pulling on stockings and shoes by the range, she managed to achieve a buttered biscuit at the same time, and was already betraying further designs upon another one when her mother sent her to set the table in the sitting-room. Thither sauntered Ruhannah, partly dressed, still dressing. By the nickel-trimmed stove she completed her toilet, then hastily laid the breakfast-cloth, and arranged the china and plated tableware and filled the water-pitcher.

Her father came in on his crutches; she hurried from the table, sirup-jug in one hand, cruet in the other, and lifted her face to be kissed; then she brought hot plates, coffee-pot, and platters, and seated herself at the table, where her father and mother were waiting in silence. When she was seated, her father folded his large, pallid, bony hands; her mother clasped hers on the edge of the table, bowing her head, and Ruhannah imitated her.

"'For what we are about to receive, make us grateful, Eternal Father! This day we would go hungry except for thy bounty. Without presuming to importune thee, may we ask thee to remember all who awake hungry on this winter day? Amen.'"

Ruhannah became instantly very busy with her breakfast. The cat beside her chair purred loudly and rose at intervals on its hind legs to twitch her dress; and Ruhannah occasionally bestowed alms and conversation upon it.

"Rue," said her mother, "you should try to do better with your algebra this week."

"Yes; I do really mean to."

"Have you had any more bad-conduct marks?"

"Yes, mother."



STRENGTH—ECONOMY—SERVICE

These three words constitute the pledge the Saxon Motor Car Company makes Saxon owners.

They are to this company all that *"his word of honor"* is to a man of fine character.

They typify the essential characteristics of Saxon cars. They epitomize the Saxon idea—the idea that brought the Saxon Motor Car Company into being and that is the cornerstone of its success. It is not merely an advertising slogan but a business ideal—an ideal that is given concrete expression in Saxon cars.

The first word, STRENGTH, implies not alone the ability to carry a certain load but the ability to carry it indefinitely under all conditions and with ease. It embraces the quality of endurance.

ECONOMY, as used here, refers to both first and last cost. In the case of the former, the latest manufacturing and marketing methods, the ablest engineering skill, and the advantages of big output have been combined to bring the first cost of Saxon cars to the lowest limit compatible with their character.

In the case of the latter, skilled design and fine quality materials have produced a car which will give the greatest number of miles of safe and comfortable travel at least expense.

SERVICE, means day in and day out availability to the owner. It means square dealing on the part of the Saxon Motor Car Company and every dealer in its organization. It means absolute satisfaction to the man who pays his money for a Saxon. No car can give more. No car can give less and long retain the respect of the motor car purchasing public.

Your nearest Saxon dealer has some interesting facts to give you about the abilities of Saxon "Six" Touring Car, $815; of Saxon "Six" Roadster, $815; and of Saxon "Four" Roadster, $395.

SAXON "SIX"
A big, roomy, light-weight, 5-passenger touring car; yacht-line design; lustrous finish of lasting newness; 112-inch wheelbase; light-weight six-cylinder high-speed motor, of Saxon design manufactured to Saxon specifications by the Continental Motor Company, of marked power on minimum gasoline consumption; 2¾-inch bore x 4½-inch stroke; 32-inch x 3½-inch tires; two-unit electric starting and lighting system by Wagner; Timken axles and full Timken bearings throughout the chassis; Rayfield carburetor; helical bevel gears; linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floorboards; demountable rims; and a score more of further refinements.

SAXON ROADSTER
A handsome, rugged, powerful roadster; stream-line design; 96-inch wheelbase; 28-inch x 3-inch tires; 15 h. p. L-head, high-speed motor of unusual power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy and coolness under all conditions; four cylinders cast en bloc; crank case integral; 2¾-inch bore x 4-inch stroke; 40-inch seat; three-speed sliding gear transmission (only standard roadster under $400 with three-speed transmission); Timken axles; Hyatt quiet bearings; honeycomb radiator; dryplate clutch; ventilating windshield; signal lamps at side; adjustable pedals; vanadium steel cantilever springs; and fifteen additional improvements.

(494)

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

THE SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS

Her father lifted his mild, dreamy eyes of an invalid. Her mother asked,

"What for?"

"For wasting my time in study-hour," said the girl truthfully.

"Were you drawing?"

"Yes, mother."

"Rue! Again! Why do you persist in drawing pictures in your copy-books when you have an hour's lesson in drawing every week? Besides, you may draw pictures at home whenever you wish."

"I don't exactly know why," replied the girl slowly. "It just happens before I notice what I am doing. Of course," she explained, "I do recollect that I oughtn't to be drawing in study-hour. But that's after I've begun, and then it seems a pity not to finish."

Her mother looked across the table at her husband.

"Speak to her seriously, Wilbur."

The Reverend Mr. Carew looked solemnly at his long-legged and rapidly growing daughter, whose gray eyes gazed back into her father's sallow visage.

"Rue," he said, in his colorless voice, "try to get all you can out of your school. I haven't sufficient means to educate you in drawing and in similar accomplishments. So get all you can out of your school, because, some day, you will have to help yourself, and perhaps help us a little."

He bent his head with a detached air and sat gazing mildly at vacancy—already, perhaps, forgetting what the conversation was about.

"Mother?"

"What, Rue?"

"What am I going to do to earn my living?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean I must go into the mill, like everybody else?"

"There are other things. Girls work at many things in these days."

"What kind of things?"

"They may learn to keep accounts, help in shops."

"If father could afford it, couldn't I learn to do something more interesting? What do girls work at whose fathers can afford to let them learn how to work?"

"They may become teachers, learn stenography and typewriting; they can, of course, become dressmakers; they can nurse——"

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"Could I choose the business of drawing pictures? I know how."

"Dear, I don't believe it is practical to——"

"Couldn't I draw pictures for books and magazines? Everybody says I draw very nicely. You say so, too. Couldn't I earn enough money to live on and to take care of you and father?"

Wilbur Carew looked up from his reverie.

"To learn to draw correctly and with taste," he said, in his gentle, pedantic voice, "requires a special training which we cannot afford to give you, Ruhannah."

"Must I wait till I'm twenty-five before I can have my money?" she asked for the hundredth time. "I do so need it to educate myself. Why did grandma do such a thing, mother?"

"Your grandmother never supposed you would need the money until you were a grown woman, dear. Your father and I were young, vigorous, full of energy; your father's income was ample for us then."

"Have I got to marry a man before I can get enough money to take lessons in drawing with?"

Her mother's drawn smile was not very genuine. When a child asks such questions, no mother finds it easy to smile.

"If you marry, dear, it is not likely you'll marry in order to take lessons in drawing. Twenty-five is not old. If you still desire to study art, you will be able to do so."

"Twenty-five!" repeated Rue, aghast. "I'll be an old woman."

"Many begin their life's work at an older age."

"Mother, I'd rather marry somebody and begin to study art. Oh, *don't* you think that, even now, I could support myself by making pictures for magazines—don't you, mother dear?"

"Rue, as your father explained, a special course of instruction is necessary before one can become an artist."

"But I *do* draw very nicely!" She slipped from her chair, ran to the old secretary where the accumulated masterpieces of her brief career were treasured, and brought them for her parents' inspection, as she had brought them many times before.

Her father looked at them listlessly; he did not understand such things. Her mother took them, one by one, from Ruhannah's eager hands and examined these grimy records of her daughter's childhood. There were drawings of every description in pencil, in crayon, in mussy water-colors, done on scraps of paper of every shape and size. The mother knew them all by heart, every single one, but she examined each with a devotion and an interest forever new.

There were many pictures of the cat; many of her parents, too—odd, shaky, smeared portraits, all out of proportion but usually recognizable. A few landscapes varied the collection—a view or two of the stone bridge opposite, a careful drawing of the ruined paper-mill. But the majority of the subjects were purely imaginary—pictures of demons and angels, of damsels and fairy princess—paragons of beauty—with castles on adjacent crags and swans adorning convenient ponds.

Her mother rose after a few moments, laid aside the pile of drawings, went to the kitchen, and returned with her daughter's schoolbooks and lunch-basket.

"Rue, you'll be late again. Get on your rubbers immediately."

The child's shabby winter coat was already too short in skirt and sleeve and could be lengthened no further. She pulled the blue toboggan-cap over her head, took a hasty osculatory leave of her father, seized books and lunch-basket, and followed her mother to the door.

Below the house, the Brookhollow road ran south across an old stone bridge and around a hill to Gayfield, half a mile away.

Rue, drawing on her woolen gloves, looked up at her mother. Her lip trembled very slightly. She said:

"I wouldn't know what to do if I couldn't draw pictures. When I draw a princess, I mean her for myself. It is pleasant to pretend to live with swans."

She opened the door, paused on the step; the frosty breath drifted from her lips. Then she looked back over her shoulder; her mother kissed her, held her tightly for a moment.

"If I'm to be forbidden to draw pictures," repeated the girl, "I don't know what will become of me. Because I really live there—in the pictures I make."

"We'll talk it over this evening, darling. Don't draw in study-hour any more, will you?"

"I'll try to remember, mother."

When the spindle-limbed, boyish figure had sped away beyond sight, Mrs. Carew shut the door, drew her wool shawl closer, and returned slowly to the sitting-room. Her husband, deep in a padded rocking-chair by the window, was already absorbed in the volume which lay open on his knees—the life of the Reverend Adoniram Judson—one of the world's good men. Ruhannah had named the cat after him.

His wife seated herself. She had dishes to do, two bedrooms, preparations for the noonday dinner—the usual and unchangeable routine. She turned and looked out of the window across brown fields thinly powdered with snow. Along a brawling, wintry-dark brook, fringed with gray alders, ran the Brookhollow road. Clumps of pines and elms bordered it. There was nothing else to see except a distant crow in a ten-acre lot, walking solemnly about all alone by himself—like the vultures that wandered through the compound that dreadful day in May, she thought involuntarily.

But it was a far cry from Trebizond to Brookhollow. And her husband was obliged to give it up after the last massacre, when every convert had been dragged out and killed in the floating shadow of the Stars and Stripes, languidly brilliant overhead.

For the Sublime Porte and the Kurds had had their usual way at last; there was nothing left of the mission; school and converts were gone, her wounded husband, her baby, and herself refugees in a foreign consulate.

The Koran says, "Woe to those who pray and in their prayers are careless."

The Koran also says, "In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful: What thinkest thou of him who treateth our religion as a lie?"

Mrs. Carew and her crippled husband knew now what the Sublime Porte thought about it, and what was the opinion of the Kurdish cavalry concerning missionaries and converts who treated the Moslem religion as a lie.

She looked at her pallid and crippled husband. He was still reading; his crutches lay beside him on the floor. She turned her eyes to the window. Out there, the solitary crow was still walking busily about in the frozen pasture. And again she remembered the vultures that hulked and waddled amid the débris of the burned mission. Only that had been in May, and above the sunny silence in that place of death sounded the unbroken and awful humming of a million million flies.

And so, her husband being now hopelessly broken and useless, they had come back with their child Ruhannah to their home in Brookhollow. Here, they had lived ever since; here, her gray life was passing; here, her daughter was already emerging into womanhood amid the stark, unlovely environment of a country cross-

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roads, arid in summer, iron-naked in winter, with no horizon except the Gayfield hills, no outlook save the Brookhollow road. And that led to the mill.

She had done what she could—was still doing. But there was nothing to save. Her child's destiny seemed to be fixed.

Her husband corresponded with the Board of Missions, wrote now and then for the *Christian Pioneer*, and lived on the scanty pension allowed to those who, like himself, had become incapacitated in line of duty. There was no other income.

There was, however, the six thousand dollars left to Ruhannah by her grandmother, slowly accumulating interest in the Mohawk Bank at Orangeville, the county-seat, and not to be withdrawn, under the terms of the will, until the day Ruhannah married or attained, unmarried, her twenty-fifth year.

Neither principal nor interest of this legacy was available at present. Life in the Carew family at Brookhollow was hard sledding, and bade fair to continue so indefinitely.

The life of Ruhannah's father was passed in reading or in gazing silently from the window—a tall, sallow, bearded man with the eyes of a dreaming martyr and the hands of an invalid, who still saw in the winter sky, across brown, snow-powdered fields, the minarets of Trebizond.

In reading, in reflection, in dreaming, in spiritual acquiescence, life was passing in somber shadows for this middle-aged man who had been hopelessly crushed in Christ's service, and who had never regretted that service, never complained, never doubted the wisdom and the mercy of his leader's inscrutable maneuvers with the soldiers who enlist to follow him. As far as that is concerned, the Reverend Wilbur Carew had been born with a believing mind; doubt of divine goodness in Deity was impossible for him, doubt of human goodness almost as difficult.

Such men have little chance in a brisk, busy, and jaunty world; but they prefer it should be that way with them. And of these few believers in the goodness of God and man are our fools and gentlemen composed.

On that dreadful day, the Kurd who had mangled him so frightfully that he recovered only to limp through life on crutches bent over him and shouted in his face,

"Now, you Christian dog, before I cut your throat, show me how this Christ of yours can be a god!"

"Is it necessary," replied the missionary faintly, "to light a candle in order to show a man the midday sun?"

Which was possibly what saved his life and the lives of his wife and child. Your Moslem adores and understands such figurative answers. So he left the Reverend Mr. Carew lying half dead in the blackened doorway, and started cheerfully after a frightened convert praying under the compound wall.

III

IN EMBRYO

A CHILD on the floor, flat on her stomach in the red light of the stove, drawing pictures; her mother by the shaded lamp mending stockings; her father reading; a faint odor of kerosene from the glass lamp in the room, and the rattle of sleet on roof and window—this was one of her childhood memories which never faded through all the years of Ruhannah's life.

Of her waking hours, she preferred that hour after supper where, lying prone on the worn carpet with pencil and paper, just outside the lamp's yellow circle of light, her youthful imagination kindled and caught fire.

For, at that hour, the magic of the stove's glowing eyes transformed the sitting-room chairs to furtive watchers of herself, made of her mother's work-table a sly and spidery thing on legs, crouching in ambush, bewitched the ancient cottage-piano so that its ivory keys menaced her like a row of monstrous teeth.

She adored it all. The tall secretary stared at her with owlish significance. Through that neutral veil, where lamplight and shadow meet upon the wall, the engraved portrait of a famous and godly missionary peered down at her out of altered and malicious eyes; the claw-footed haircloth sofa was a stealthy creature offering to entrap her with wide, inviting arms; three folded umbrellas leaned over the edge of their shadowy stand, looking down at her like scrawny and baleful birds, ready to peck at her with crooked handles. And as for Adoniram, the lank black cat, the child's restless creative fancy was ever transforming him from goblin into warlock, from hydra to hippogriff, until the earnestness of pretense sent agreeable shivers down her back and she edged a trifle nearer to her mother.

But when pretense became a bit too real and too grotesque, she had always a perfect antidote. It was merely necessary to make a quick picture of an angel or two, a fairy prince, a swan, and she felt herself in their company and delightfully protected.

There was a night when the flowing roar of the gale outside filled the lamplit silence; when the snow was drifting level with the window-sills, when Adoniram, unable to prowl abroad, lay curled up tight and sound asleep beside her where she sat on the carpet in the stove-radiance. Wearied of drawing castles and swans, she had been listening to her father reading passages aloud from the book on his knees to her mother, who was sewing by the lamp.

Presently he continued his reading.

I asked Alaro the angel,
"Which place is this, and which people are these?"
And he answered:
"This place is the star-track, and these are they who, in the world, offered no prayers and chanted no liturgies. Through other works they have attained felicity."

Her mother nodded, continuing to sew. Ruhannah considered what her father had read, then,

"Father?"

"Yes?" He looked down at her absently.

"What were you reading?"

"A quotation from the 'Sacred Anthology.'"

"Isn't prayer really necessary?"

Her mother said,

"Yes, dear."

"Then how did those people who offered no prayers go to heaven?"

Her father said:

"Eternal life is not attained by praise



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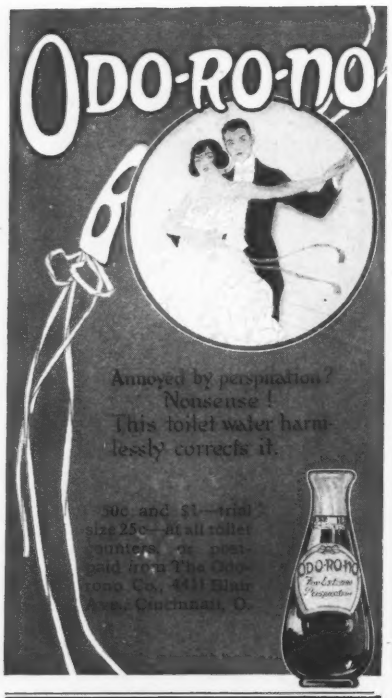
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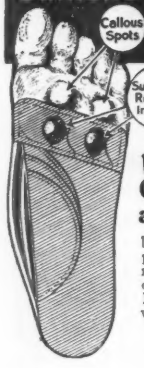
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or prayer alone, Ruhannah. Those things which alone justify prayer are also necessary."

"What are they?"

"What we really *think* and what we *do* —both only in Christ's name. Without these, nothing else counts very much—neither form nor convention nor those individual garments called creed and denomination which belief usually wears throughout the world."

Her mother, sewing, glanced gravely down at her daughter.

"Your father is very tolerant of what other people believe—as long as they really do believe. Your father thinks that Christ would have found friends in Buddha and Mohammed."

"Do such people go to heaven?" asked Ruhannah, astonished.

"Listen," said her father, reading again.

I came to a place and I saw the souls of the liberal, adorned above all other souls in splendor. And it seemed to me sublime.

I saw the souls of the truthful, who walked in lofty splendor. And it seemed to me sublime.

I saw the souls of teachers and inquirers; I saw the friendly souls of interceders and peacemakers; and these walked brilliantly in the light. And it seemed to me sublime.

He turned to his wife.

"To see and know *is* sublime. We know, Mary; and Ruhannah is intelligent. But, in spite of her faith in what she has learned from us, like us she must, one day, travel the common way, seeking for herself the reasons and the evidences of immortality."

"Perhaps her faith, Wilbur——"

"Perhaps. But with the intelligent, faith, which is emotional, usually follows belief, and belief comes only from reasoning. I think that Ruhannah is destined to travel the way of all intelligence when she is ready to think for herself."

"I am ready now," said the girl. "I have faith in our Lord Jesus and in my father and mother."

Her father looked at her.

"It is good building-material. Some day, God willing, you shall build a very lofty temple with it. But the foundation of the temple must first be certain. Intelligence ultimately requires reasons for belief. You shall have to seek them for yourself, Ruhannah; then, on them build your shrine of faith, and nothing shall shake it down."

"I don't understand."

"And I cannot explain. Only this: As you grow older, all around you in the world you will become aware of people, countless millions and millions of people, asking themselves—ready with the slightest encouragement, or without it, to ask you the question which is the most vital of all questions to them. And whatever way it is answered, always they ask for evidence. You, too, will one day ask for evidence. All the world asks for it. But few recognize it as evidence when it is offered." He closed his book and dropped a heavy hand upon it. "Amid the myriad pursuits and interests and trades and professions of the human race, amid their multitudinous aspirations, perplexities, doubts, passions, endeavors, deep within every intelligent man remains one dominant desire, one persistent question to be answered if possible."

"What desire, father?"

"The universal desire for another chance—for immortality. Man's never-ending demand for evidence of an immortality which shall terminate for him the most tremendous of all uncertainties, which shall solve for him the most vital of all questions: What is to become of him after physical death? Is he to live again? Is he to see once more those whom he loved the best?"

Ruhannah sat thinking in the red stove-light, cross-legged, her slim ankles clasped in either hand.

"But our souls are immortal," she said, at last.

"Yes."

"Our Lord Jesus has said it."

"Yes."

"Then why should anybody not believe it?"

"Try to believe it always. Particularly after your mother and I are no longer here, try to believe it. You are unusually intelligent, and, if, some day, your intelligence discovers that it requires evidence for belief, seek for that evidence. It is obtainable. Try to recognize it when you encounter it. Only, in any event, remember this: Never alter your early faith; never destroy your childhood's belief until evidence to prove the contrary convinces you."

"No. There is no such evidence, is there, father?"

"I know of none."

"Then," said the girl calmly, "I will take Christ's evidence that I shall live again if I do no evil. Father?"

"Yes."

"Is there any evidence that Adoniram has no soul?"

"I know of none."

"Is there any that he has a soul?"

"Yes; I think there is."

"Are you sure?"

"Not entirely."

"I wonder," mused the girl, looking gravely at the sleeping cat.

It was the first serious doubt that Ruhannah had ever entertained in her brief career.

That night, she dreamed of the Yellow Devil in Herr Wilner's box, and, awaking, remembered her dream. It seemed odd, too, because she had not even thought of the Yellow Devil for over a year.

But the menacing Mongol figure seemed bound to intrude into her life once more and demand her attention as though resentful of long oblivion and neglect; for, a week later, an old missionary from Indo-China—a native Chinese—who had lectured at the Baptist Church in Gayfield the previous evening, came to pay his respects to the Reverend Wilbur Carew. And Rue had taken the Yellow Devil from the olive-wood box that day and was busily making a pencil drawing of it.

At sight of the figure, the native missionary's narrow almond eyes opened extremely wide, and he leaned on the table and regarded the bronze demon very intently. Then he took from his pocket and adjusted to his button-nose a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles; and he carefully examined the Chinese characters engraved on the base of the ancient bronze, following them slowly with a yellow and clawlike forefinger.

"Can you read what is written there?" inquired the Reverend Mr. Carew.

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After a silence, the Reverend Mr. Carew asked whether the figure was a very old one.

"It is before the period called Han—a dynasty during which the Mongols were a mighty people. This inscription is Mongol. Erlik was the Yellow Devil of the Mongols."

"Not a heathen god, then?"

"No; a heathen devil. Their Prince of Darkness."

Ruhannah, pencil in hand, looked curiously at this heathen Prince of Darkness, arrived out of the dark ages to sit to her for his scowling portrait.

"I wonder what he thinks of America," she said, partly to herself.

The native missionary smiled, picked up the Yellow Devil, shook the figure, listening.

"There is something inside," he said, "perhaps jewels. If you drilled a hole in him, you could find out."

The Reverend Mr. Carew nodded absently.

"Yes; it might be worth while," he said.

"If there is a jewel," repeated the missionary, "you had better take it, then cast away the figure. Erlik brings disaster to the land where his image is set up."

The Reverend Mr. Carew smiled at his Chinese and Christian *confrère's* ineradicable vein of superstition.

IV

THE TRODDEN WAY

THEN came the indeterminate year when Ruhannah finished school and there was no money available to send her elsewhere for further embellishment, no further horizon than the sky over the Gayfield hills, no other perspective than the main street of Gayfield with the knitting-mill at the end of it.

So into Gayfield mill the girl walked, and found a place immediately among the unskilled. And her career appeared to be predetermined now, and her destiny a simple one—to work, to share the toil and the gaieties of Gayfield with the majority of the other girls she knew, to marry, ultimately, some boy, some clerk in one of the Gayfield stores, some farmer lad, perhaps, possibly a school-teacher or a local lawyer or physician, or possibly the head of some department in the mill, or maybe, a minister—she was sufficiently well bred and educated for any one of these.

The winter of her seventeenth year found her still very much a child at heart, physically backward, a late adolescent, a little shy, inclined to silences, romantic, sensitive to all beauty, and passionately expressing herself only when curled up by the stove with her pencil and the red light of the coals falling athwart the slim hand that guided it.

She went sometimes to village parties, learned very easily to dance, had no preferences among the youths of Gayfield, no romances. For that matter, while she was liked and even furtively admired, her slight shyness, reticence, and a vague, indefinite something about her seemed to discourage familiar rustic gallantry. Also, she was as thin and awkward as an overgrown lad, not thought to be pretty, known to be poor. But, for all that, more than one young man was vaguely haunted at intervals by some memory of her gray eyes and the peculiar sweetness of her mouth, forgetting, for the moment, several freckles on the delicate bridge of her nose and several more on her sun-tanned cheeks.

She had an agreeable time that winter, enchanted to learn dancing, happy at "showers" and parties, at sleigh-rides and chicken suppers, and the various species of village gaiety which ranged from moving pictures every Thursday and Saturday night to church entertainments, amateur theatricals at the town hall, and lectures under the auspices of the aristocratic D. O. F.—Daughters of the Old Frontier. But she never saw any boy she preferred to any other, never was conscious of being preferred, excepting once—and she was not quite certain about that.

It was old Dick Neeland's son, Jim—vaguely understood to have been for several years in Paris studying art, and who now turned up in Gayfield during Christmas week.

Ruhannah remembered seeing him on several occasions when she was a little child. He was usually tramping across country with his sturdy father, Dick Neeland, of Neeland's Mills—an odd, picturesque pair with their setter dogs and burnished guns, and old Dick's face as red as a wrinkled winter apple, and his hair snow-white.

There was six-years-odd difference between their ages, Jim Neeland's and hers, and she had always considered him a grown and formidable man in those days. But that winter, when somebody at the "movies" pointed him out to her, she was surprised to find him no older than the other youths she skated with and danced with.

Afterward, at a noisy village party, she saw him dancing with every girl in town, and the handsome, careless young fellow established himself at once as a fascinating favorite.

Rue became quite tremulous over the prospect of dancing with him. Presently her turn came; she rose with a sudden, odd loss of self-possession as he was presented, stood dumb, shy, unresponsive, suffered him to lead her out, became slowly conscious that he danced rather badly. But awe of him persisted, even when he trod on her slender foot. He brought her an ice afterward, and seated himself beside her.

"I'm a clumsy dancer," he said. "How many times did I spike you?"

She flushed and would have found a pleasant word to reassure him, but discovered nothing to say, it being perfectly patent to them both that she had retired from the floor with a slight limp.

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"I'm a steam-roller," he repeated carelessly. "But you dance very well, don't you?"

"I have only learned to dance this winter."

"I thought you an expert. Do you live here?"

"Yes—I mean, I live at Brookhollow."

"Funny I don't remember you. Besides, I don't know your name. People mumble so when they introduce a man."

"I'm Ruhannah Carew."

"Carew," he repeated, while a crease came between his eyebrows, "of Brookhollow? Oh, I know! Your father is the retired missionary—red house facing the bridge."

"Yes."

"Certainly," he said, taking another look at her; "you're the little girl daddy and I used to see across the fields when we were shooting woodcock in the willows."

"I remember you," she said.

"I remember *you!*" She colored gratefully. "Because," he added, "dad and I were always afraid you'd wander into range and we'd pepper you from the bushes. You've grown a lot, haven't you?"

He had a nice, direct smile, though his speech and manners were a trifle breezy, confident, and *sans-façon*. But he was at that age which succeeds the age of bumptiousness—with life and career before him, attainment, realization, success, everything the mystery of life holds for a young man who has just flung open the gates and who takes the magic road to the future with a stride instead of his accustomed pace.

He was already a man with a profession, and meant that she should become aware of it.

Later in the evening, somebody told her what a personage he had become, and she became even more deeply thrilled, impressed, and tremulously desirous that he should seek her out again, not venturing to seek him, not dreaming of encouraging him to seek her by glance or attitude—not even knowing, as yet, how to do such things. She thought he had already forgotten her existence.

But that this thin, freckled young thing with gray eyes ought to learn how much of a man he was remained somewhere in the back of Neeland's head; and when he heard his hostess say that somebody would have to "see Rue Carew home," he offered to do it, and presently went over and asked the girl if he might—not too patronizingly.

In the cutter, under fur, with the moonlight electrically brilliant and the world buried in white, she ventured to speak of his art, timidly, as in the presence of the very great.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I studied in Paris. Wish I were back there. But I've got to draw for magazines and illustrated papers, got to make a living, you see. I teach at the Art League, too."

"How happy you must be in your career!" she said, devoutly meaning it, knowing no better than to say it.

"It's a business," he corrected her kindly.

"But—yes—but it is art, too!"

"Oh, art!" He laughed.

It was the fashion, that year, to shrug when art was mentioned—reaction from too much gabble.

"We don't busy ourselves with art; we busy ourselves with business. When they use my stuff, I feel I'm getting on. You see," he admitted, with reluctant honesty, "I'm young at it yet—I haven't had very much of my stuff in magazines." After a silence, cursed by an instinctive truthfulness which always spoiled any little plan to swagger, "I've had several—well, about a dozen pictures reproduced."

One picture accepted by any magazine would have awed her sufficiently. The mere fact that he was an artist had been enough to impress her.

"Do you care for that sort of thing—drawing, painting, I mean?" he inquired kindly.

She drew a quick breath, steadied her voice, and said she did, tremulously.

"Perhaps you may turn out stuff yourself some day."

She scarcely knew how to take the word "stuff." Vaguely she surmised it to be professional vernacular.

She admitted shyly that she cared for nothing so much as drawing, that she longed for instruction, but that such a dream was hopeless.

At first, he did not comprehend that poverty barred the way to her; he urged her to cultivate her talent, bestowed advice concerning the Art League, boarding-houses, studios, ways, means, and ends, until she felt obliged to tell him how far beyond her means such magic splendors lay.

He remained silent, sorry for her, thinking, also, that the chances were against her having any particular talent, consoling a heart that was unusually sympathetic and tender with the conclusion that this girl would be happier here in Brookhollow than scratching around the purlieus of New York to make both ends meet.

"It's a tough deal," he remarked abruptly. "I mean this art stuff. You work like the dickens and kick your heels in anterooms. If they take your stuff, they send you back to alter it or redraw it. *I* don't know how anybody makes a living at it—in the beginning."

"Don't *you?*"

"I? No." He reddened; but she couldn't notice it in the moonlight. "No," he repeated; "I have an allowance from my father. I'm new at it yet."

"Couldn't a man—a girl—support herself by drawing pictures for magazines?" she inquired tremulously.

"Oh, well, of course there are some who have arrived—and they manage to get on. Some even make wads, you know."

"W-wads?" she repeated, mystified.

"I mean a lot of money. There's that girl on the *Star*, Jean Throssel, who makes all kinds of wealth, they say, out of her spidery, filmy girls in ringlets and cheesecloth dinner gowns."

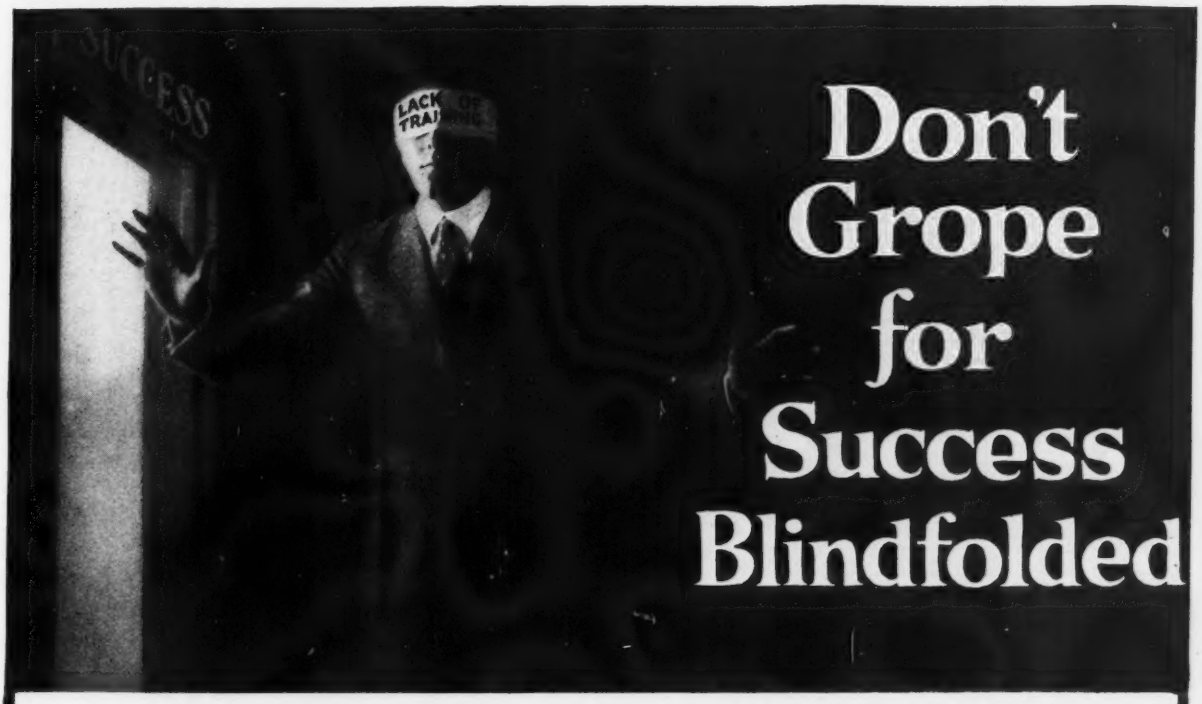
"Oh."

"Yes; Jean Throssel, and that Waythorne girl, Belinda Waythorne, you know—does all that stuff for *The Looking Glass*—futurist graft; no mouths on her people—she makes *hers*, I understand."

It was rather difficult for Rue to follow him amid the vernacular mazes.

"Then, of course," he continued, "men like Alexander Fairless and Philip Lightwood, who imitates him, make fortunes out of their drawing. I could name a dozen, perhaps. But the rest—hard sledding, Miss Carew."

"Is it *very* hard?"



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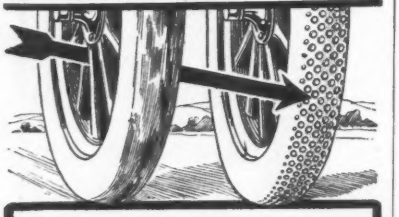
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"A father ought to, if he can afford it."

"Oh, I'll pay my way some day. It's in me. I feel it; I know it. I'll make plenty of money," he assured her confidently.

"I'm sure you will."

"Thank you," he smiled. "My friends tell me I've got it in me. I have one friend in particular—the Princess Mistchenka—who has all kinds of confidence in my future. When I'm blue, she bolsters me up. She's quite wonderful. I owe her a lot for asking me to her Sunday nights and for giving me her friendship."

"A—a princess?" whispered the girl, who had drawn pictures of thousands, but was a little startled to realize that such fabled creatures really exist. "Is she *very* beautiful?" she added.

"She's tremendously pretty."

"Her—clothes are very beautiful, I suppose," ventured Rue.

"Well, they're very—smart. Everything about her is smart. Her Sunday-night suppers are wonderful. You meet people who do things—all sorts—everybody who is somebody." He turned to her frankly.

"I think myself very lucky that the Princess Mistchenka should be my friend, because, honestly, Miss Carew, I don't see what there is in me to interest such a woman."

Rue thought she could see, but remained silent.

"If I had my way," said Neeland, a few moments later, "I'd drop illustrating and paint battle-scenes. But it wouldn't pay, you see."

"Couldn't you support yourself by painting battles?"

"Not yet," he said honestly. "Of course I have hopes—intentions." He laughed, drew his reins; the silvery chimes clashed and jingled and flashed in the moonlight; they had arrived.

At the door, he said:

"I hope some day you'll have a chance to take lessons. Thank you for dancing with me. If you ever do come to New York to study, I hope you'll let me know."

"Yes," she said; "I will."

He was half-way to his sleigh, looked back, saw her looking back as she entered the lighted doorway.

"Good-night, Rue," he said impulsively, warmly sorry for her.

"Good-night," she said.

But he went back to where she stood, framed in the lighted doorway, took her by the waist, and, tilting back her head in its fur hood, kissed her soft, warm lips.

She looked up at him in a flushed, bewildered sort of way, not resisting; but his eyes were so gay and mischievous and his quick smile so engaging that a breathless, uncertain smile began to edge her lips; and it remained stamped there, stiffening even after he had jumped into his cutter and had driven away, jingling joyously out into the dazzling moonshine.

The next instalment of ***The Dark Star*** will appear in the October issue.

The Love-Meter

(*Continued from page 73*)

"I have no idea who she is."

"Or who sent the telegram?"

"None at all."

"When did you receive it?"

"Only a few minutes ago."

Here was another mystery. Who had sent the anonymous telegram to Eulalia so soon after it had been evident that Kennedy had entered the case?

"I may keep this?" I asked, indicating the telegram.

"I was about to send it to Professor Kennedy," she replied. "Oh, I hope he will find something! Won't you go to him and tell him to hurry?"

I needed no urging, not only for her sake but also because I did not wish to be seen or to have the receipt of the telegram by Kennedy known so soon.

In the hotel, I stopped only long enough to see that Anitra was now hurrying toward the elevator, eager to get back to her brother. What had become of Page and the sinister watcher whom he had not seen I did not know, nor did I have time to find out.

A few moments later, I rejoined Kennedy at the laboratory. He was still immersed in work and, scarcely stopping, nodded to me to tell what I had discovered. He listened with interest until I came to the receipt of the anonymous telegram.

"Did you get it?" he asked eagerly.

He almost seized it from my hands as I pulled it out of my pocket and studied it intently.

"Strange," he muttered. "Any of them might have sent it."

"Have you discovered anything?" I asked. "Do you know yet how the thing was done?"

"I think I do," he replied abstractedly.

"How was it?" I prompted, for his mind was now on the telegram.

"A poison-gas pistol," he resumed, coming back to the work he had just been doing. "Instead of bullets, this pistol uses cartridges charged with some deadly powder. It might have been something like the anesthetic pistol devised by the police authorities in Paris, some years ago, when the motor-bandits were operating."

"But who could have used it?" I asked.

Kennedy did not answer directly. He did not feel that the time was ripe to hazard a theory.

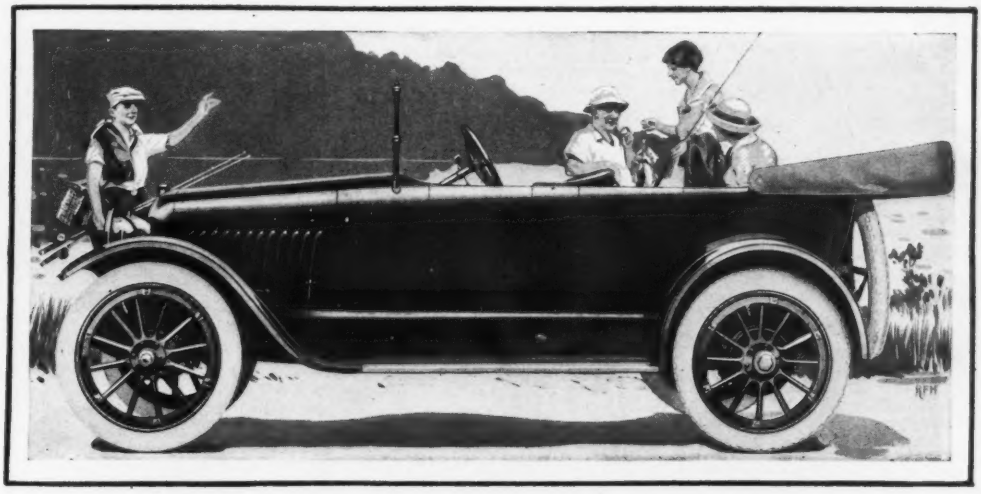
"In this case," he continued, after a moment's thought, "I shouldn't be surprised if even the wielder of the pistol wore a mask, doubly effective for disguise and to protect the wielder from the fumes that were to overcome the victim."

"You have no idea who it was?" I reiterated.

Before Kennedy could answer, there came a violent ring at the laboratory-bell, and I hurried to the door. It was one of the bell-boys from the hotel where the Barrios had their apartment with a message for Kennedy. Craig tore it open and read it hurriedly.

"From Doctor Scott," he said briefly. "Barrios is dead."

Even though I had been prepared for the news by my last visit, death came as a shock, as it always does. I had felt all



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along that Kennedy had been called in too late to do anything to save Barrios, and I had been hoping against hope. But I knew that it was not too late to catch the criminal who had done the dastardly, heartless deed. A few hours, and perhaps all clues might have been covered up. But there is always something that goes wrong with crime, always some point where murder cannot be covered up. I think if people could only be got to realize it, as my experience both on the *Star* and with Kennedy have impressed it on me, murder would become a lost art.

Without another word, Kennedy seized his hat, and we hurried to the hotel.

We found Anitra crying softly to herself, while near her sat Eulalia, tearless, stunned by the blow, broken-hearted. In the realization of the tragedy, everything had been forgotten, even the mysterious anonymous telegram signed, Judas-like, "A Friend."

Sandoval, we learned, had been there when the end came, and had now gone out to make what arrangements were necessary. I had nothing against the man, but I could not help feeling that, now that the business was all Anitra's, might he not be the one to profit most by the death? The fact was that Kennedy had expressed so little opinion on the case so far that I might be pardoned for suspecting anyone—even Teresa de Leon, who must have seen José slipping away from her in spite of her pursuit, whatever actuated it. It was while I was in the midst of these fruitless speculations that Doctor Scott beckoned us outside, and we withdrew quietly.

"I don't know that there is anything more that I can do," he remarked, "but I promised Señor Sandoval that I would stay here until he came back. He begged me to, seems scarcely to know how to do enough to comfort his sister and Señorita Barrios."

I listened to the doctor keenly. Was it possible that Sandoval had one of those Jekyll-Hyde natures which seem to be so common in some of us? Had his better nature yielded to his worse? To my mind, that has often been an explanation of crime, though never an adequate defense.

Kennedy was about to say something when the elevator door down the hall opened. I expected that it was Sandoval returning, but it was Burton Page.

"They told me you were here," he said, greeting us. "I have been looking all over for you, down at your laboratory and at your apartment. Would you mind stepping down around the bend in the hall?"

We excused ourselves from Doctor Scott, wondering what Page had to reveal.

"I knew Sandoval had not returned," he began, as soon as we were out of earshot of the doctor, "and I don't want to see him again—not after what happened this afternoon. The man is crazy."

We had reached an alcove and sank down into a soft settee.

"Why, what was that?" I asked, recalling the look of hate on the man's face as he had watched Page talking to Anitra in the tea-room.

"I'm giving you this for what it may be worth," began Page, turning from me to Kennedy. "Down in the lobby this afternoon, after you had been gone some time, I happened to run into Sandoval. He almost seized hold of me. 'You have been at the office,' he said; 'you've been rummaging around there.' Well, I denied it flatly. 'Who took those letters?' he shot back at me. All I could do was to look at him. 'I don't know about any letters—what letters?' I asked. Oh, he's a queer fellow, all right! I thought he was going to kill me by the black look he gave me. He cooled down a bit, but I didn't wait for any apology. The best thing to do with these hot-headed people is to cut out and let them alone."

"How do you account for his strange actions?" asked Kennedy. "Have you ever heard anything more that he did?"

Page shrugged his shoulders as if in doubt whether to say anything, then decided quickly.

"The other day, I heard Barrios and Sandoval in the office. They were quite excited. Barrios was talking loudly. Sandoval had gone to him, as the head of the family, following their custom, I believe, to ask whether he might seek to win Anitra."

"Have you ever heard of Teresa de Leon?" interrupted Kennedy suddenly.

Page looked at him and hesitated.

"There's some scandal there, I'm afraid," he nodded, combining his answers. "I heard Sandoval say something about her to Barrios that day—warn him against something. That was when the argument was heated. It seemed to make Barrios angry. Sandoval said something about Barrios refusing to let him court Anitra while, at the same time, Barrios was engaged to Eulalia. Barrios retorted that the cases were different. He said he had decided that Anitra was going to marry an American millionaire."

There could be no doubt about how Page himself interpreted the remark. It was evident that he took it to mean himself.

"Sandoval had warned him against this de Leon?" asked Kennedy, evidently having in mind the anonymous telegram.

"Something—I don't know what it was all about," returned Page, then added, in a burst of confidence: "I never heard of the lady until she came to New York and introduced herself to me. For a time she was interesting; but I'm too old for that sort of thing. Besides, she always impressed me as though she had some ulterior motive, as though she were trying to get at something through me. I cut it all out." Kennedy nodded, but, for a moment, said nothing. "I think I'll be getting out," remarked Page, with a half-smile. "I don't want a knife in my back. I thought you ought to know all this, though."

Kennedy thanked him, and together we rode down in the next elevator, parting with Page at the hotel entrance.

It was still early in the evening, and Kennedy had no intention now of wasting a moment. He beckoned for a cab and directed the man to drive immediately to the Pan-America. This time, Teresa de Leon was plainly prepared for a visit, though I am not sure that she was prepared to receive two visitors.

"I believe you were acquainted with Señor Barrios, who died to-night?" opened Kennedy, after I had introduced him.

"He was acquainted with me," she corrected, with a purr in her voice that suggested claws.

"You were not married to him," shot out Kennedy, then, before she could reply, "nor even engaged?"

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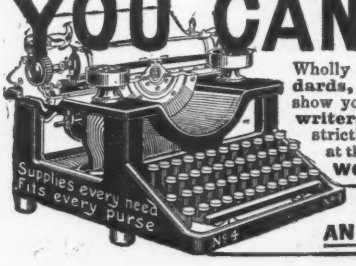


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"He had known me a long time. We were intimate——"

"Friends," interrupted Kennedy, leaving no doubt as to the meaning of his emphasis.

She colored. It was evident that, at least to her, it was more than friendship.

"Señor Sandoval says," romanced Kennedy, in true detective style, "that you wrote——"

It was her turn to interrupt.

"If Señor Sandoval says anything against me, he tells what is—not the truth."

In spite of Kennedy's grilling, she was still mistress of herself.

"You introduced yourself to Burton Page and——"

"You had better remember your own proverb," she retorted. "'Don't believe anything you hear and only half you see.'"

Kennedy snapped down the yellow telegram before her. It was a dramatic moment.

The woman did not flinch at the anonymous implication. Straight into Kennedy's eyes she shot a penetrating glance.

"Watch both of *them*," she replied shortly, then turned and deliberately swept out of the hotel parlor.

"I think we have started forces working for us," remarked Kennedy, coolly consulting his watch. "For the present, at least, let us retire to the laboratory. Some one will make a move. My game is to play one against the other—until the real one breaks."

We had scarcely switched on the lights, and Kennedy was checking over the results he had obtained during his afternoon's investigations, when the door was flung open and a man dashed in on us unexpectedly. It was Sandoval, and, as he advanced furiously at Kennedy, I more than feared that Page's idea was correct.

"It was you, Kennedy," he hissed, "who took those letters from José's desk! It is you—or Page back of you—who are trying to connect me with that woman, de Leon. But let me tell you——"

A sharp click back of Sandoval caused him to cut short the remark and look about apprehensively. Kennedy's finger, sliding along the edge of the laboratory table, had merely found an electric button by which he could snap the lock on the door.

"We are two to one," returned Kennedy nonchalantly. "That was nothing but the lock on the door closing. Mr. Jameson has a revolver in the top drawer of his desk over there. You will pardon me if I do a little telephoning—through the central office of the detective bureau? Some of our friends may not be overanxious to come here, and it may be necessary to compel their attendance."

Sandoval subsided into a sullen silence as Kennedy made arrangements to have Burton Page, Anitra, Eulalia, and Teresa de Leon hurried to us at once.

There was nothing for me to do but watch Sandoval as Kennedy prepared a little instrument with a scale and dial, upon which rested an indicator resembling a watch-hand, something like the new horizontal clocks which have only one hand to register seconds, minutes, and hours. In them, like a thermometer held sidewise, the hand moves along from zero

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to twenty-four. In this instrument, a little needle did the same thing. Pairs of little wirelike strings ran to the instrument.

Kennedy had finished adjusting another instrument, which was much like the saccharimeter, only more complicated, when the racing of an engine outside announced the arrival of the party in one of the police-department cars.

Between us, Craig and I lost no time in disposing the visitors so that each was in possession of a pair of the wirelike strings, and then, disdaining to explain why he had gathered them together so unceremoniously, Kennedy turned and finished adjusting the other apparatus.

"Most people regard light, so abundant, so necessary, so free, as a matter of course," he remarked contemplatively. "Not one person in ten thousand ever thinks of its mysterious nature or ever attempts to investigate it. In fact, most of us are in utter darkness as to light." He paused, tapped the machine, and went on. "This is a polarimeter—a simple polariscope—a step beyond the saccharimeter," he explained, with a nod at Sandoval. "It detects differences of structure in substances not visible in ordinary light.

"Light is polarized in several ways—by reflection, by transmission, but most commonly through what I have here, a prism of calcite or Iceland spar, commonly called a Nicol prism. Light fully polarized consists of vibrations transverse to the direction of the ray, all in one plane. Ordinary light has transverse vibrations in all planes. Certain substances, owing to their molecular structure, are transparent to vibrations in one plane but opaque to those at right angles.

"Here we have," he explained, tapping the parts in order, "a source of light, passing in through this aperture; here, a Nicol polarizer; next, a liquid, to be examined in a glass-capped tube; here, on this other side, an arrangement of quartz plates with rotary power which I shall explain in a moment; next, an analyzer, and, finally, the aperture for the eye of an observer."

Kennedy adjusted the glass tube containing the liquid which bore the substance scraped from the cartridge he had picked up in José's office.

"Look through the eyepiece, Walter," he directed.

The field appeared halved. He made an adjustment, and at once the field of vision appeared wholly the same tint. When he removed the tube, it was dark.

"If a liquid has not what we call rotatory power, both halves of the double disk appear of the same tint," he explained. "If it has rotatory power, the halves appear of different tints, and the degree of rotation is measured by the alteration of thickness of this double quartz plate necessary to counteract it. It is, as I told Mr. Jameson early to-day, a rather abstruse subject, this of polarized light. I shall not bore you with it, but I think you will see in a moment why it is necessary, perhaps, why some one thought it would never be used.

"What I am getting at now is that some substances with the same chemical formula rotate polarized light to the right, are dextrorotary, as, for instance, what is known as dextrose. Others rotate it to the left, are levorotary, as the substance called levose. Both of them are glucose. So there are substances which give the same chemical reactions which can only be distinguished by their being left or right rotary."

Craig took a bit of crystalline powder and dissolved it in ether. Then he added some strong sulphuric acid. The liquid turned yellow, then slowly a bright scarlet.

Beside the first, he repeated the operation with another similar-looking powder with the identical result.

"Both of those," he remarked, holding up the vials, "were samples of pure veratrin but obtained from different sources. You see the brilliant reaction—unmistakable. But it makes all the difference in the world in this case what was the source of the veratrin. It may mean the guilt or innocence of one of you." He paused to let the significance of his remark sink in. "Veratrin," he resumed, "is a form of hellebore, known to gardeners for its fatal effect on insects. There are white and green hellebore—Veratrum album and Veratrum viride. It is the pure alkaloid, or, rather, one of them, that we have to deal with here—veratrin.

"There are various sources of veratrin. For instance, there is the veratrin that may be derived from the cevadilla seeds which grow in the West Indies and Mexico. It is used, I am informed, by the Germans in their lachrymatory and asphyxiating bombs."

The mention of the West Indies brought, like a flash to my mind, Sandoval and Señorita de Leon.

"Then, too," continued Kennedy, "there is a plant out in our own Western country of which you may have heard, known as the death camas, very fatal to cattle when they eat it. The active principle in this is also veratrin."

I began to see what Kennedy was driving at. If it were veratrin derived from the death camas, it would point toward Page.

"Abderhalden, the great German physiological chemist, has discovered that substances that once get into the blood produce specific ferments. Not long ago, in a case, I showed it by the use of dialyzing membranes. But Abderhalden has found that the polariscope can show it also. And, in this case, only the polariscope can show what chemistry cannot show when we reach the point of testing Señor Barrios's blood—if that becomes necessary." It was plain that Kennedy was confident. "There are other sources of drugs of the nature used in this case to asphyxiate and kill, but the active principle of all is veratrin. The point is—veratrin from what source? The cevadilla is dextrorotary; the death camas is levorotary. Which is it here?"

As I tried to figure out the ramifications of the case, I could see that it was a cruel situation for one or the other of the girls. Was one of Anitra's lovers the murderer of her brother? Or was Eulalia's own brother the murderer of her *fiancé*? I looked at the faces before me, now tensely watching Kennedy, forgetful of the wirelike strings which they held in their hands. I studied Teresa de Leon intently for a while. She was still the enigma which she had been the first time I saw her.

Kennedy paused long enough to look through the eyepiece again, as if to reassure himself finally that he was right. There was a tantalizing suspense as we waited for the verdict of science on this intensely human tragedy.

Then he turned to the queer instrument over which the needle-hand was moving.

"Though some scientists would call this merely a sensitive form of galvanometer," he remarked, "it is, to me, more than that. It registers feelings, emotions. It has been registering your own, every moment that I have been talking.

"But, most of all, it registers the grand passion. I might even call it a love-meter. Love might seem to be a subject which science could not investigate. But even love can be attributed to electrical forces, or, perhaps better, is expressed by the generation of an electric current, as though the attraction between men and women were the giving-off of electrons or radiations of one to the other. I have seen this galvanometer stationary during the ordinary meeting of men and women, yet exhibit all sorts of strange vibrations when true lovers meet."

Not used to Kennedy's peculiar methods, they were now on guard, ignorant of the fact that that alone was sufficient to corroborate unescapably any evidence they had already given of their feelings toward each other.

Kennedy passed lightly over the torn and bleeding heart of Eulalia. But, much as he disliked to do so, he could not so quickly pass Anitra. In spite of her grief, I could see that she was striving to control herself. A quick blush suffused her face and her breath came and went faster.

"This record," went on Kennedy, lowering his voice, "tells me that two men are in love with Anitra Barrios. I will not say which exhibits the deeper, truer passion. You shall see for yourself in a moment. But, more than that, it tells me which of the two she cares for more—a secret her heart would not permit her lips to disclose. Nor will I disclose it.

"One of them, with supreme egotism, was so sure that he would win her heart that he plotted this murder of her brother so that she would have the whole estate to bring to him—a terrible price for a dowry. My love-meter tells me, however, that Anitra has something to say about it yet. She does not love this man.

"As for Teresa de Leon, it was jealousy that impelled her to follow José Barrios from Cuba to New York. The murderer, in his scheming, knew it, saw a chance to use her, to encourage her, perhaps throw suspicion on her if necessary. When I came uncomfortably close to him, he even sent an anonymous telegram that might point toward her. It was sent by the same person who stole into Barrios's office and shot him with an asphyxiating pistol which discharged a fatal quantity of pure veratrin full at him.

"My love-meter, in registering hidden emotions, supplements what the polarimeter tells me. It was the levorotary veratrin of the fatal death camas which you used, Page," concluded Craig, as again the electric attachment clicked the lock shut on the laboratory door.

The next ***Craig Kennedy*** story, ***The Vital Principle,*** will appear in the October issue.

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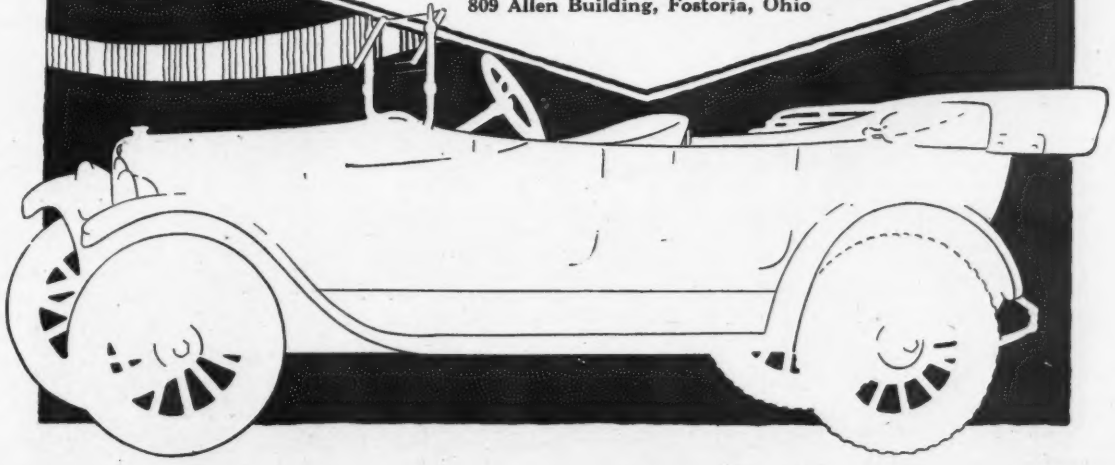
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The Woman Gives

(*Continued from page 82*)

be arranged. He had gone far, and he knew it. Yet one thing was lacking. He wanted the tribute of others, of the old associates who had given him up in despair, written him off the ledger of life. At times, thinking of how they would stare and stand amazed before this triumphant renaissance, he felt restless impulses to go rushing back, a need of the sensations of happiness and triumph in every form, a boyish craving for applause. Inga read these signs only too clearly, and, as the thought of return was to her a dread one, womanlike she went ahead to meet the inevitable.

"Well, Mr. Dan, when are you going back?" she said, one night, when she had watched him in long reverie.

"How do you know we're going back?" he said, surprised.

"It is time," she said seriously.

"Really?" He looked at her curiously, comprehended what lay in her mind, and said, with an accusing smile, "I'm afraid I'm still mostly a boy; I want to be patted on the back for what I've done."

"That's only right," she said quietly. "It is what you need, too. When shall we go?"

"Say next week."

She shook her head.

"Sooner."

"Day after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," she said, with a firm little bob of her head. "When things must be done, it's better to have them over."

He felt a leap within him at the thought of the great city which was his again. Then he looked at her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"We will come back—next summer," he said, smiling.

She smiled back at him, meeting his eyes steadily.

XLII

THEY did not return immediately to New York. Half-way, an unaccountable timidity seized him—the shrinking of a schoolboy before entering a public assemblage—and they turned back for a week of Indian summer in the bungalow by the lake where they had gone first. He himself did not in the least comprehend the motives which had made him suddenly delay the test of the return to the old life. Sometimes, he thought it was a lack of confidence, a fear of having lived in illusions that would dissipate before the rude shock of reality. At other times, it seemed to him a clinging to the world of solitude in which he had found his happiness, in distrust of what compensation lay ahead. So deep was this indecision of the soul that their days were spent in aimless pleasure. His easel remained unpacked. No desire for work came to him. Now and then, he felt an irresistible longing to plunge back into the world of men, and, again, a revolt against himself—a restless shrinking-back, a longing to return deeper into the unquestioning loyalty of the great world of forests and still ranges. At such times, he would gaze for long spaces at Inga, filling his eyes with the healing vision of her youth and charm, wondering.

"Why do you stay?" she asked him, one evening, when they had sat silently, looking across at Catamount, blue and luminous under the scattering sunset-clouds which swam like radiant goldfish above its sharp outline.

"I wonder." After a moment, he took up, a certain gentleness in his voice which seemed attuned to the gentleness in the skies: "I think it's because it's the ending of a phase. I want the other—the big things—and yet I want to hold on to this, to what this has been to us, a little longer, and still a little longer. Do you understand?"

She nodded, and her fingers turned gently in his.

"This is personal," he said slowly, "the other will be different. It will be a sort of renunciation of many things. This is the romance, the great romance of my life, and, well, I want it to go on a little longer." Her head went slowly down to his shoulder; he drew his arm about her. "It is unbelievable, providential—and it is all you," he said reverentially. "You are as strange to me, Inga, as the first day. I do not know you—no, not at all. Yet, in what you have made me feel and in what you have made me suffer, too, you have done everything."

A certain charm of the twilight, of the quiet spot, and of the youthful ecstasy he had known momentarily swept aside the man that had been built up victoriously and logically. For the instant, he was in love with love, without reason or reserve, with the memory of other moments felt in the passionate moods of the fading day.

"Shall we never go back, Inga?" he said breathlessly. "Shall we stay here all winter, just you and I?"

In his arms he felt her tremble and then fill with a great sigh.

"Oh, I'm so glad you said that!" she cried abruptly.

"Shall we stay?" he said eagerly, confused by thronging sensations, even as the earth and the sky grew confused in the fall of the night.

She laughed, lightly and happily from the heart, and, though she was not deceived by the intoxication of the moment, she yielded with every sense.

The next morning she was an inconscient child, without a brooding thought, romping about the bungalow, doing a dozen crazy things, singing and laughing until her mood caught him in its playfulness. For the day they were as foolishly happy as a pair of growing puppies, playing a dozen tricks on each other, laughing for the pure joy of being together, pursuing or pursued.

"Upon my soul, Inga, I believe you are actually flirting with me!" he cried, from across the table.

She eluded his sudden grasp and went scurrying out of doors and up into the sheltering branches of a broken tree. He stood at the foot, laughing, one hand on her ankle, which he had caught just as she was hurrying out of reach. Thus arrested, she turned and settled herself on the swaying branch.

"Actually flirting with me!" he said sternly.

She shook her head indignantly.

"What is the meaning of this, I'd like to know?" he continued, scowling.

"Would you, Mr. Dan?" she said, with her head on one side, her lips tantalizingly set.

"I certainly do! Why are you so happy, all at once?"

"Because," she cried, "because I want to crowd a whole lifetime into a day! Look out!"

Before he could reply, she had sprung down into his arms, almost upsetting him with the shock of her descent. She lay her face close to his, panting and flushed.

"Because I want to be happy for a whole lifetime!" she said and flung her arms about him. The next moment, she had slipped from him and taken refuge along the shore leaping lightly from rock to rock. A little later she came back, quite sober and demure.

"When you make up your mind to go," she said, looking at him intently, "do it quite suddenly, and don't—don't tell me until just before—just a few hours before."

His mood, too, had turned to seriousness. He drew her to a seat beside him.

"It's queer how your mind changes," he said earnestly. "I thought, once, I wanted to shake the dust of the city forever—run off, be a hermit up in the top of a mountain, on an island. I hated men and their ways, their jealousies, and their estimates—and now I feel as though I'd like to go back, astound them just for once, and then come back here forever." He stopped, looked at her, and saw the smile on her lips. "What's that mean—you don't believe me?"

"I believe all but the last."

"Well, that's the way I feel now," he admitted. "I suppose I should stay away. It's only vanity."

"No; you want to feel your strength," she said slowly. "What you get from others will give you confidence."

"Yes; I suppose I'm like the rest," he said frankly. "There is something cruel about it. I want to go back and feel how I've gone ahead of the others—even my friends, my best friends. It's something savage, almost as though you flung them down bodily and climbed over them. And they'll feel that, too, no matter how much they praise what I've done—at the bottom, in their secret hearts, it'll hurt. Wonder why it must be so!"

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully, "if you feel that way, it's because you need just that feeling, I suppose."

He hesitated, rather surprised at her understanding before he went on.

"I know it's trivial, guess the big ones are beyond that—if they are; and yet—and yet it would be something to go back and feel how you've astonished them all, to make good, to have everyone talking about you again—the feeling of the footlights. If you've once known that, it's hard to get away from it." He smiled at himself. "What an ass I am! Do you think I'm hopelessly ridiculous?" She was standing, her back to a tree. As he looked up guiltily, she was smiling down at him, with a proprietary, maternal pride. "Inga," he said, grinning, "sometimes you remind me of a mother cat, purring away contentedly and watching her favorite kitten tumbling about the rug."

She burst out laughing.

"Perhaps!"

He took her hand and said abruptly,



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"And you—do you want to go back?"

"I want what you need, Mr. Dan," she said, looking at him steadily.

"Will you be proud of me, Inga, when we have an exhibition all our own?"

"I'm proud now——"

"But won't you be prouder when the crowds come?"

She shook her head.

"No; not more than I am now."

"I don't see why you say that," he said, perplexed and frowning.

"I shan't like to share you with crowds," she said abruptly, and then, as though she were afraid to have shown too much feeling, she said hastily, "Mr. Dan, don't think of exhibiting too soon."

"Why, Inga?"

She studied him carefully, as though calculating in him all his capacity for suffering and all his need of praise.

"You're too sensitive—you'll be changed too easily by what people tell you."

"You mean, criticism will hurt me?"

"No, no; their praise."

"Flattery?"

"Yes."

"So you think I'll give in to flattery, do you?" he said, with the exaggerated gruffness he used when he pretended to be angry.

She nodded, without yielding an inch.

"Yes; it means so much to you—oh, I'm serious! There are so many things, new ideas in you. Work them out yourself; don't let anyone else know what you're thinking—not even me—until you get where you want."

"What a wise head!" he said, smiling.

"I'm right; I know I'm right."

"Yes, you are," he said solemnly. "I don't know how you guess my failings, but you guess them remarkably well. All right; I'll appoint you my guardian, and I'll promise to obey."

"Then don't show your sketches to anyone—oh, Tootles and King, if you want, but not to the others—the ones you want to—to throw down and climb over."

"Why, I believe you're just as savage as I am!" he said, laughing.

"I am; I am!" she cried, in high excitement, and the point lay settled. She was back in her mood of riotous gaiety.

For the rest of the day, he watched her, puzzled and fascinated, drawn to her by all his senses, finding her a hundred times more tantalizing, perplexing, and desirable than ever before, astounded at the whirl of spirits into which she drove without a pause. The next day, while he was still waiting what mood would dominate her, she announced abruptly that the time had come to depart. Then he understood.

It was far into November when they returned to the Arcade, and the city was the city of the approaching winter, vibrant, stirring, and electric. He felt a new eagerness of the imagination, a confidence buoyed up on waves of energy that seemed to urge him joyfully back into the arena of conflict.

When they had taken a taxi and were caught in the full crush of thronged avenues, he drew forward on his seat, leaning eagerly toward the window. The city was there, waiting for him, with its variegated flashes of life, its movements of skyscrapers and clouds, its streaming multitudes, and, in the shifting current, faces, fragments of human light and shade. These scattered details, which once had been meaningless and confusion on confusion, had a new significance, brought together and made comprehensible by deep, underlying impulses, moving and massed according to the same immutable laws, that flung giant rocks, inscrutable and calm amid the shifting seasons that overran them only to die away. In this opposition of fashioned cliffs and drifting tides of men he felt a kinship with the sea-swept reaches he had known, a unity in significance which surprised him where he had expected disillusionment, and, drinking in greedily thus the richness of the thronged world which called to him, he realized, with a sudden joy, that his true work lay ahead of him.

Inga, by his side, sat like a statue of Contemplation. In her, a profound transformation was taking place. From the moment when, far-off, she had divined the approach of the metropolis by its far-flung, hideous stragglers until the moment when they had burst into the sudden upleap of serried life, something had closed about her, a rigidity of the soul, and from her eyes something childlike and inconscient had fled away. She continued to stare ahead calmly and without flinching, but the look on her clear forehead was brooding and prophetic.

They had hardly drawn up at the Arcade amid a gathering of small urchins, when a great limousine came superbly up and a familiar voice cried, in great excitement:

"Inga! Inga!"

The next moment, the Myrtle Popper which had been came flying rapturously toward them in the figure of a stylishly dressed woman in half-mourning. From the limousine, more slowly, King O'Leary descended, somewhat embarrassed at being thus surprised.

"Mr. Dangerfield, how well you look! Inga, how pretty you've grown!" cried Myrtle, embracing her. "My, what a surprise! We thought you never was coming. The boys'll be tickled to death. You must all dine with me to-night—sure you must! It'd just break my heart if you didn't. We'll have some party!"

O'Leary shook hands, a little red under the sharp, amused look Inga gave him, and, after a promise to allow themselves to be fêted by Myrtle, they went in to Sassafras, whose white eyes rolled so rapidly in astonishment that they threatened to fly loose. The elevator was as dusky as ever, jolting and balking on its resentful way up. The corridors were vast, ill lighted, and creaking under their tread, but at the door where the studio of the Three Arts had been, they stopped aghast before a strange sign which announced,

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Myrtle, laughing, explained that the ruse was for defensive purposes only around the first of the month, and, at the noise they made, Tootles and Flick came bounding out. In another five minutes, they were the center of an excited gathering—Miss Quirley, all aquiver; Belle Shaler; Millie Brewster, a little drawn and nervous; "the baron," who seemed strangely feeble and old; even to Schneibel, who came plunging in, crying volubly to see the masterpieces of the summer—at once—while a patient waited below in the torture-chair.

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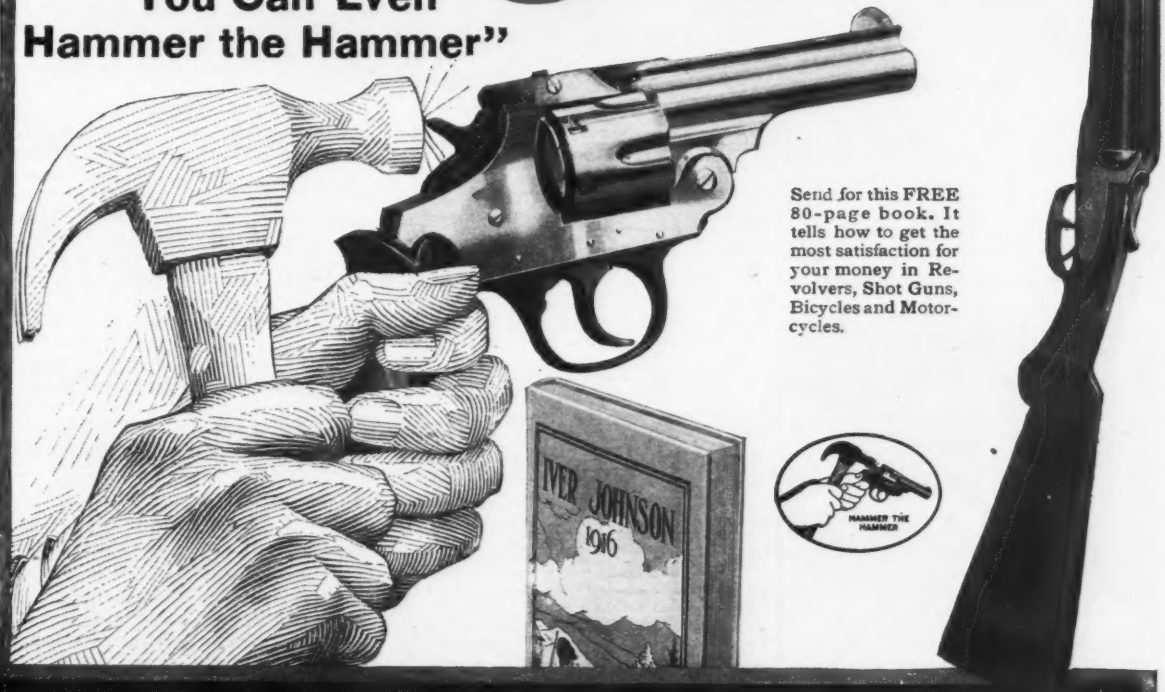
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One look at Dangerfield told them the story of the summer. O'Leary shook hands with Inga, blurting out,

"Well, you've done it—say, my hat's off to you!"

And, a little later, "the baron" leaned over and patted her on the arm, saying, with his courtly smile,

"You wonderful child—when you are in heaven will you ask the *bon Dieu* to squeeze me through—a little?"

XLIII

MONTHS of even tenor succeeded, of unremitting industry, when nothing else seemed comprehensible to Dangerfield but the rage of work. So absorbed was he by the richness of the vision which opened before him in the exploration of the city that, even at nights in the hundred and one restaurants through which they flitted, his eyes were always eager and his pencil busy. Of that narrow carpet from Twenty-third street to the park which is called New York, they saw nothing. They had plunged back into the healing flood of humanity that swirls and eddies along its upward striving voyage beyond the social boundaries of the elevated, feeling the sincerity of its joys and sorrows, noting its sane and colorful vulgarity, relishing its vitality, its capacity for progress, and its God-given will to enjoy and to enthuse.

In these months of intimacy with the simple and direct life of the massed nations of the cosmopolis, Dangerfield lived and worked in unconscious fervor. He experienced the greatest delight of which an artist is capable, a joy which is like first love and must be surrendered with the consciousness of success—the pure and unreasoning love of work itself. He had followed Inga's intuition and resisted the impulse in him to try the effect of what he had done on those whose admiration would have been precious to him. He renounced this temptation of the vanity the more easily in that he perceived, to his own surprise, that the summer had been but preparatory to the big things before him.

Meanwhile, many things had happened in the Arcade. About six weeks after Dangerfield's return, to the amazement of everyone, Drinkwater and Pansy reappeared. That he had married her, contrary to the fears of Belle Shaler, was fortunately true, though, beyond that mere announcement, the girl had nothing to say, maintaining an obstinate silence to all questions. They took an apartment in the building next door which was reached by a bridge from the lower floor, though Drinkwater still maintained his old room in the form of an office. That he held a strong fascination over his wife was apparent, for though she was much changed and quite tamed, no word of complaint or criticism passed her lips. The only evidence of unhappiness, if any did exist, might perhaps have been noticed in the assiduity of her attendance on Mr. Cornelius and the thousand and one attentions with which she surrounded him. "The baron," who had been broken in health for some time, seemed to cling to this affection, though he would never reconcile himself to receiving the husband.

Tootles, who was of a dramatic temperament, had braced himself heroically to withstand the tragedy of his life. For several days his appetite noticeably dimin-

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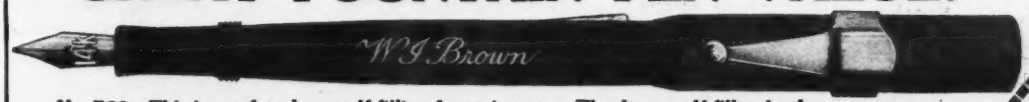
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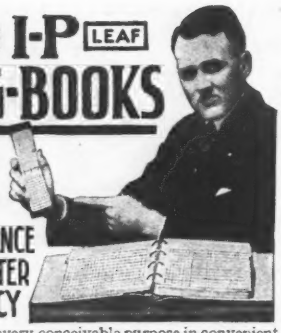
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ished, but the recovery was rapid and, visibly abetted by a providential meeting with a blond student at the art school who engaged his affections instantly and tyrannized over him as successfully as the brunette of the past. The windfall which had come to him from "The Apotheosis of the Well-dressed Man" had departed in the fashion of all winds, in an attempt to rival the careers of sudden millionaires, who are believed to soar from such humble foundations. One-third had gone in gilt-edged mining stocks from a sleek and confidential promoter whom Flick had annexed down South; another slice had been sacrificed to acquire fifty-one per cent. of the stock of a combination corkscrew and coat-hanger to be called the Corkaroo, which had been sacrificed to them by an inventor in distress, while the last hundred dollars had been placed in desperation on a ten-to-one shot, about which a friend of a friend of Flick's had private information.

Meanwhile, the Arcade was watching with undiminishing interest the comedy which was transpiring daily and which had as its principal actors Mrs. Pomello, King O'Leary, and Millie Brewster. That Myrtle had come back determined to carry off King O'Leary was evident to all. In fact, in the frankness of her nature, she made no disguise of her intention. By one of the caprices of fortune, which the fickle goddess delights in showering over the metropolis, the dashing girl, whisked from a manicure-parlor to sudden opulence as though on some miraculous wishing-carpet of the "Arabian Nights," found herself a widow within a short three months and sole heiress to a property which developed beyond her expectations.

Mr. Pomello had died suddenly at Nice, where, in an indulgent cosmopolitan society, appraising by the eyes, they had found easy acquaintance. Myrtle, as a young widow, heiress to fifteen thousand a year, undeniably stunning if inclined to liberties with the King's English, found a number of sufficiently titled adventurers ready to assist her upward progress into society. Before she left, she had the exquisite sensation of actually refusing to be a countess—an internal satisfaction which Providence accorded her as a reward for constancy. But, in the directness of her nature, she cared little for these infirm personalities. She remembered the man who had stirred her from the first impudent kiss, and, after a certain period of retirement in memory of the strange, gentle old man who had transformed her horizon, she came back to America and established herself in a resplendent suite at a neighboring hotel. Prosperity had as yet worked no arrogance in the naturalness of her nature, and though her former friends instinctively drew back in defensive attitudes at the spectacle of the limousine, the liveried chauffeur, the exquisite costumes of half-mourning, and the large and brilliant jewelry, they soon relaxed their suspicions before the unaffected generosity and gay moods of the former manicure-girl. The one exception was Millie Brewster, whose weakness for King O'Leary had long been evident. The gorgeous arrival of Mrs. Pomello reduced Millie to a state of melancholy desperation, which even drove her to the extent of half-confidence in Tootles, who, having had his heart exploded a number of times, felt qualified for the rôle of sympathetic consoler.

As a matter of fact, neither Flick nor Tootles had the least doubt that Myrtle had made up her mind to carry off O'Leary with a high hand and marry him, after the easy matter of a divorce had been settled, nor, for that matter, had Millie Brewster, who daily grew more silent and more pathetic.

What O'Leary himself was thinking remained a mystery, nor could his comrades in the arts, either by sly traps or direct accusations, procure a clue. In truth, O'Leary himself was as thoroughly perplexed as the next man. He was human, and he deeply relished the public rôle he had suddenly found himself thrown into, in the battle for his possession between the two charmers, either of whom enchanted when the other was away.

Now, it happened that Tootles, though the sentimental adviser of Millie, was convinced of the hopelessness of the odds against which she struggled, while Flick insisted that Myrtle was riding to a disaster.

"She's making mistakes," he said wisely, on one of the many occasions when he discussed the absorbing subject with Tootles. "Some girl, some action, fine eyes, and all that, but she's on the wrong track! I could put her wise, but I won't."

"What mistakes?" said Tootles.

"Introducing society and King to each other. You can't tame King—he'll kick over the traces some day—then good-by!"

"Oh, I don't know. He doesn't show any signs yet. He's driving out, lunching out, theaters, and all that sort of stuff. I do believe she's even gotten him worked up to taking tea. Do you mean to say that's not serious?"

"Serious for her—she's rushing the game," said Flick obstinately. "Mark my words, she'll go too far! She'll start dressing him up."

"He had on a new tie yesterday," said Tootles suddenly.

"Sure he did. She'll try to make a dude out of him—see if she don't; and one thing O'Leary isn't, and that's a Charlie boy. I tell you he won't stand for it. He'll go cold all of a sudden."

"My word," said Tootles doubtfully, "it is a chance, though! Remember the solid-cash basis. That does count for something, Literature."

"With you or me, Art," said Flick crushingly. "I am quite ready to console the lady, and so would you be. I'm wild, but I'm not a wild Indian like O'Leary. If Myrtle was wise, instead of blowing in on a circus-wagon with diamond attachments, she'd hang around here in a sweater and a sunbonnet, and do the joy-riding on a surface-car. O'Leary will never stand for the fancy stuff—never in the world!"

Even as they were thus debating, King O'Leary came into the studio. Under one arm he carried a couple of packages, while from the other hand hung what was unmistakably a hat-box.

"Hello!" said O'Leary, with brazen effrontery, and, whistling, he moved over to the corner which had been specially allotted to him as his private dressing-room.

"Hello!" said Flick, who stared first at the hat-box and then at Tootles.

O'Leary continued to whistle loudly, removing his coat and vest while he undid the first of the packages. Tootles, in his amazement, reached out his hand and clung to Flick's. From the package,

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Good Housekeeping

O'Leary drew forth a pink-and-white shirt with cuffs attached, and, slowly and deliberately, without abating his nonchalant whistling, struggled into it.

"If he puts on a collar, you lose," said Tootles to Flick, who was too completely flabbergasted to retort. Even as the words were spoken, King O'Leary produced a standing collar and attached it to the shirt with the clumsiness of a first effort. Flick and Tootles went over backward, still holding hands and, thus supinely on their backs, their feet in the air, continued to stare at the apparition.

King O'Leary, having surveyed the effect of the white badge of servitude in the mirror, flung into his vest and coat and, ripping off the cover of the box, produced a derby, which he adjusted with nicety on his head, giving it a rakish tilt. Then he produced a pair of gloves, shook them carefully in the air, raised his arms, yawned, and departed, whistling. Tootles looked at Flick; Flick looked at Tootles.

"Poor Millie!" said Tootles, still on his back. "Are you convinced now?"

"I am," said Flick. "I give up. I know nothing about human nature."

For three days, King O'Leary vouchsafed no explanation. He rose, clamped into stiff shirt and stiff collar, crushed down over his free brow the unspeakable derby hat, and departed into society. Flick and Tootles arranged the old flannel shirt, flowing tie, and venerable sombrero upon a roughly constructed wooden cross in the corner, and placed upon it the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
KING O'LEARY
Requiescat in Pace

But on the evening of the third day, while they were sitting glumly in the easiest chairs, reflecting upon the frailties of human nature, shortly after ten o'clock the door opened, and King O'Leary came in. While they gazed upon him in amazement, with the utmost solemnity he placed the derby hat in the center of the floor, added the stiff collar, and, going to the corner, took from the commemorative cross the loose shirt; his old friend, the sombrero, and the limp tie. In another moment, he stood before them the King O'Leary of old.

"What about the plug hat?" said Flick.

O'Leary's answer was to advance with deliberation and to plant one foot firmly upon the degrading object of social servitude. The next moment there was a slight report and beneath his foot nothing but a crumpled mass. So ended the romance.

The next week, Mrs. Pomello sailed for Europe. Of what had taken place between them, O'Leary never dropped a hint. Perhaps it wasn't necessary. The badges of servitude which had failed to imprison O'Leary's rebellious spirit were appropriately preserved as mementoes of the past. Millie Brewster used to dust them off with a certain quiet satisfaction on the days in which she continued to clean up the room.

During these long and fruitful months, perhaps due to their loyalty to the unaccustomed haunts of the city, Inga and Dangerfield failed so far to meet a single acquaintance of his old life.

All at once, this unconscious isolation was rudely interrupted. They were returning from a visit to a Yiddish theater, in the heart of the East Side, when the whim seized Dangerfield, who was an inveterate night-owl, to turn aside for a last pleasant hour in one of the restaurants of lower Second Avenue, the show-place of the exploited East Side.

They had hardly installed themselves at a quiet table before Dangerfield, looking across the room, was aware of a group of three men absorbed in his contemplation. He recognized Lupkin, the great Russian basso; Fallon, the author, both old acquaintances, and De Gollyer, the critic, of all the friends of the past perhaps the closest to his confidence. He bowed abruptly with a certain confused shyness which was beyond his control and, seeing their hesitation before Inga's presence, gave a little sign of invitation. The next moment, De Gollyer crossed over and had him by the hand. He was a little man, of the world to the finger-tips, *flâneur*, and connoisseur of all that life yields of the curious, dramatic, and hidden. Their friendship had been of boyhood origin, of the strength that never weakens.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, still gripping the hand that Dangerfield had extended him, "is it you or your ghost? I thought—we thought——"

"You thought," said Dangerfield, interrupting, "that I had gone off into some corner to pass away like a sick dog. Well, here I am!"

De Gollyer was looking into his eyes, at the strength and the health in his face, estimating the confident ring in the tones of his voice, the new energy that seemed to fall from him as from invisible electric batteries. Then, from his friend, he looked swiftly at the woman at his side.

"My wife," said Dangerfield, who knew him too well not to comprehend instinctively the progress of his thoughts. "And —you are quite right."

"My dear lady," said De Gollyer, staring at her a little too insistently, "I have only been completely astounded twice before in my life! This is the third time. Will you allow me to sit down and recover myself?"

"You look astounded," said Dangerfield, laughing.

"My dear boy, I never saw anything so amazing in my life! But you look younger and more beautiful than I do! Where have you been? What have you been doing? Why didn't you let me know? By Jove, Dan, I am glad to see you like this!"

The exclamation burst forth so impulsively that Inga, who had retired into her shell the instant she had fallen under the shrewd, delving glance of the man of the world, felt a sudden warming of her heart toward him. Dangerfield put out his hand with a nervous laugh and laid it on De Gollyer's arm.

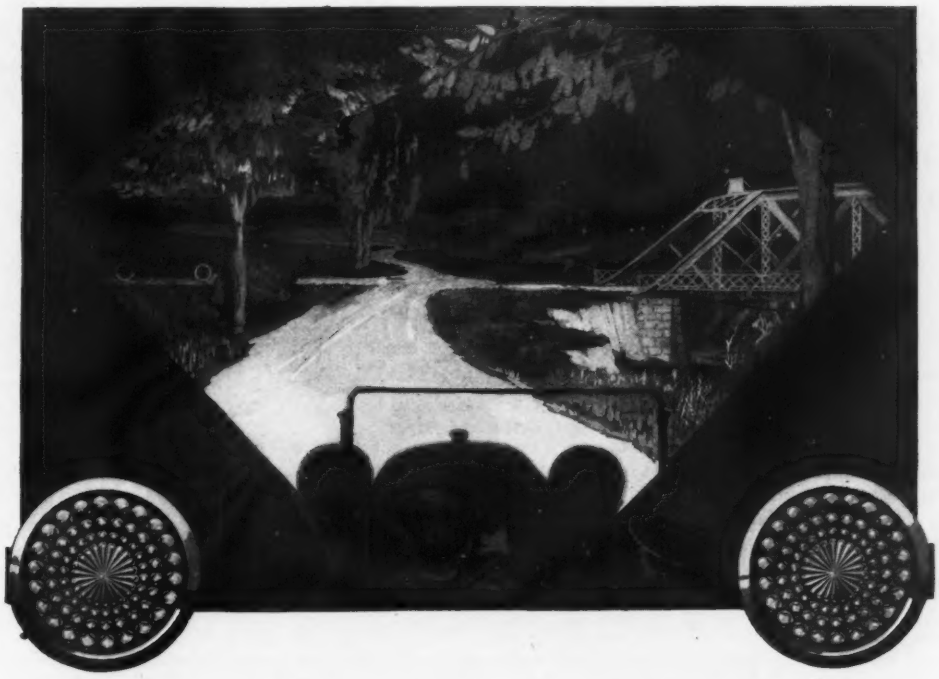
"I know you are, Bob," he said. "Well, I'm coming back."

"And the work?"

Dangerfield looked at Inga, a sudden longing in his eyes. She comprehended and smiled back her acquiescence.

"Come and see—you'll be the first."

De Gollyer had not missed the question and the answer which had flashed between them. Plainly, Inga intrigued his imagination the more. She was the key to the mystery and, at times, while he sat listening to



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This Month's Cover-Picture

ONE of the advantages incidental to the increased size of the magazine, and by no means the least, lies in the fact that it offers a more satisfactory field than did the smaller size for the display of the illustrator's art on the cover. The plate-size of the pictures will naturally be greatly increased, but, for the purpose of uniformity, we shall continue to print them on the regulation 14x11-inch pebbled paper, without lettering or advertising, and, notwithstanding the increased size of the plate, the price will remain as before.

Another Baby-Picture

By Harrison Fisher

We are especially lucky in being able to present one of the most charming pictures **Mr. Fisher** has ever painted as the initial number of the new series. This appealing picture is called **The King of Hearts,** for what can more completely govern the hearts of the mother and father than the baby? In anticipation of a very heavy demand, we have published a larger edition than usual. However, as we are compelled to be conservative, it will be advisable for those who wish to procure copies to order at once. Send 15 cents (for foreign countries, 25 cents) and we will forward the picture by return mail with safe delivery guaranteed. Our beautiful illustrated catalogue *free on request!* Address

Room 123
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Dangerfield, his eyes fixed themselves on hers with an intensity that left her hotly conscious, and, at times, she felt this glance wandering down to the fingers of her left hand.

Dangerfield was not in the mood for general conversation, and, beyond amicable greetings, avoided joining De Gollyer's party. She herself suggested that they should leave, uncomfortable at the encounter, keenly aware of the covert looks the three acquaintances were sending in her direction, divining the manner of their astonishment, of which she was the object. When they were on the sidewalk, in the cool of the luminous night, she drew closer to Dangerfield and slipped her hand under his arm. He looked down at her, wondering, a little perplexed, and patted her hand affectionately.

"Lord, that was a surprise!" he said, thinking of De Gollyer. "It's like the wind banging open the front door. I just had to ask him up. Did you mind?"

She shook her head.

"It had to come."

The conclusion of ***The Woman Gives*** will appear in the October issue.

The Life of Charles Frohman

(*Continued from page 91*)

of his favorite stars were commands, so he proceeded to make ready a production. Suddenly, Barrie's remarkably play, "The Admirable Crichton," fell into his hands. He sent for Gillette, and said,

"Gillette, I am perfectly willing that you should play Hamlet, but I have just got from Barrie the ideal play for you."

When Gillette read "The Admirable Crichton," he agreed with Frohman, and out of it developed one of his greatest successes. "Hamlet," with its elaborate production, still awaits Gillette.

In presenting Clara Bloodgood as star in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes," Frohman achieved another one of his many sensations. The smart, charming girl who had made her début under sensational circumstances in "The Conquerors," now saw her name up in electric lights for the first time. Frohman's confidence in her, as in many of his protégées, was more than fulfilled.

SOTHERN AND MARLOWE

Charles Frohman, who loved to dazzle the world with his Napoleonic coups, launched what was, up to this time, and which will long remain, the most spectacular of theatrical deals. He had long admired E. H. Sothern as actor, and had been associated with him in some of his early ventures. The years that Julia Marlowe had played under his joint management had greatly endeared her to him. One day, he had an inspiration. There had been no big Shakespearean revival for some time, so he said,

"Why not unite Sothern and Marlowe and tour the country in a series of magnificent Shakespearean productions?"

At that time, Julia Marlowe had reverted to the control of Charles Dillingham, while Sothern was still under the management of Daniel Frohman. Charles brought the stars together, offered them a guarantee of five thousand dollars a week for forty weeks' engagement and for three seasons. In other words. he pledged his two stars alone the immense sum of two hundred thousand dollars for each season, which was beyond doubt the largest guarantee of the kind ever made in the history of the American theater.

It was just about this time that Joseph Humphreys, Frohman's seasoned general stage-manager, succumbed to the terrific strain under which he had worked all these years, both as actor and producer, and William Seymour stepped into his shoes, and has retained that position ever since.

Charles Frohman was constantly bringing about revolutions. Through him, Francis Wilson, for example, departed from musical comedy, in which he made a great success, and took up straight plays, beginning with Clyde Fitch's adaptation of "Cousin Billy" from the French, and thus began a connection under Charles Frohman that lasted many years. With him, as with all his other actors, there was never a scrap of paper.

Frohman and Wilson met at the Savoy Hotel, in London, one day. Frohman had often urged him to quit musical comedy, and he now said he was ready to make the plunge.

"All right," said Frohman, "I will give you so much a week and a percentage of the profits."

"It's done," said Wilson.

"Do you want a contract?" asked Frohman.

"No."

This was about all that ever happened in the arrangements between Frohman and his stars, to some of whom he paid princely fortunes.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

During these years, Charles Frohman had watched with growing interest the development of a young girl from Bloomington, Illinois, Margaret Illington by name, who had studied for the stage, had appeared successfully in the old Lyceum Stock Company when it was transferred by Daniel Frohman to Daly's, and who had played with James K. Hackett and E. H. Sothern. Frohman now cast her in Pinero's play, "A Wife Without a Smile." Afterward, she appeared in Augustus Thomas's piece, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and made such a strong impression that Frohman made her leading woman with John Drew in Pinero's "His House in Order."

Just about this time, Frohman, whose interest in French plays had only increased through all these years, and who singled out Henri Bernstein as the foremost of the younger French playwrights, secured his remarkable play, "The Thief." He now produced this play at the Lyceum with Miss Illington and Kyrle Bellew as co-stars, and it proved to be an enormous success, continuing there for a whole season, and then duplicating its triumph on the road where Frohman at one time had four companies playing it throughout the country.

The next instalment of ***The Life of Charles Frohman*** tells of his first productions in London and Paris.



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My Hawaiian Aloha

(*Continued from page 38*)

the manifest destinies moving from east to west and west to east, and proposed no less than that an imperial prince of the Mikado's line should espouse the Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii. He assured this delicate, hothouse culture of a man, whose civilization was already a dim and distant achievement at the time Kalakaua's forebears were on the perilous and savage Polynesian canoe-drift over the Pacific ere ever they came to colonize Hawaii—this pallid palace-flower of a monarch did he assure that the Princess Kaiulani was some princess. And, in this, Kalakaua made no mistake. She was all that he could say of her, and more. Not alone was she the most refined and peach-blow blossom of a woman that Hawaii had ever produced, to whom connoisseurs of beauty and spirit like Robert Louis Stevenson had bowed knee and head and presented with poems and pearls, but she was Kalakaua's own niece and a future heir to the throne of Hawaii. Thus, the Americans, moving westward, would be compelled to stop on the far shore of the Pacific, while Hawaii, taken under Japan's wing, would become the easterly outpost of Japan.

Kalakaua died without knowing how clearly he foresaw the trend of events. To-day, the United States possesses Hawaii, which, in turn, is populated by more Japanese than by any other nationality. Practically every second person in the islands is a Japanese, and the Japanese are breeding true to pure race-lines, while all the others are cross-breeding to an extent that would be a scandal on any stock-farm.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

Fortunately for the United States, the Mikado reflected. Because he reflected, Hawaii to-day is not a naval base for Japan and a menace to the United States. The *haoles*, or whites, overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy, formed the Dole republic, and shortly thereafter brought their loot in under the sheltering folds of the Stars and Stripes. There is little use to balk at the word "loot." The white man is the born looter. And just as the North American Indian was looted of his continent by the white man, so was the Hawaiian looted by the white men of his islands. Such things be. They are morally indefensible. As facts, they are irrefragable—as irrefragable as the facts that water drowns, that frost bites, and that fire incinerates.

And let this particular *haole* who writes these lines here and now subscribe his joy and gladness in the Hawaiian loot. Of all places of beauty and joy under the sun— But there, I was born in California, which is no mean place in itself, and it would be more meet to let some of the talking be done by the Hawaii-born, both Polynesian and *haole*. First of all, the Hawaii-born, unlike the Californian, does not talk big. "When you come down to the Islands you must visit us," he will say; "we'll give you a good time." That's all. No swank—just like an invitation to dinner. And after the visit is accomplished, you will confess to yourself that you never knew before what a good time was, and that, for the first time, you have learned the full alphabet of hospitality. There is nothing like it. The Hawaii-born won't tell you about it. He just does it.

Said Ellis, nearly a century ago, in his "Polynesian Researches,"

> On the arrival of strangers, every man endeavored to obtain one as a friend and carry him off to his own habitation, where he is treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants of the district; they place him on a high seat and feed him with abundance of the finest food.

Such was Captain Cook's experience when he discovered Hawaii, and, despite what happened to him because of his abuse of so fine a hospitality, the same hospitality has persisted in the Hawaiians to this day. Oh, please make no mistake! No longer, as he lands, will the latest beach-comber, whale-ship deserter, or tourist be carried up among the palms by an enthusiastic and loving population and be placed in the high seat. When, in a single week-day, a dozen steamships land thousands of tourists, the impossibility of such lavishness of hospitality is understandable. It can't be done.

HAWAIIAN HOSPITALITY

But the old hospitality holds. Come with your invitations or letters of introduction, and you will find yourself immediately instated in the high seat of abundance. Or come, uninvited, without credentials, merely stay a real, decent while, and yourself be "good," and make good the good in you—but, oh, softly and gently and sweetly and manly and womanly—and you will slowly steal into the Hawaiian heart, which is all of softness and gentleness and sweetness and manliness and womanliness; and one day, to your own vast surprise, you will find yourself seated in a high place of hospitableness than which there is none higher on this earth's surface. You will have loved your way there, and you will find it the abode of love.

Nor is that all. Since I, as an attestant, am doing the talking, let me be forgiven my first-person intrusions. Detesting the tourist-route, as a matter of private whim or quirk of temperament, nevertheless I have crossed the tourist-route in many places over the world and know thoroughly what I am talking about. And I can and do aver, that, in this year, 1916, I know of no place where the unheralded and uncredentialed tourist, if he is anything of anything in himself, so quickly finds himself among friends as here in Hawaii. Let me add: I know of no people in any place who have been stung more frequently and deeply by chance visitors than have the people of Hawaii. Yet the old heart-and-*hale* (house) hospitality holds. The Hawaii-born is like the lepoard—spotted for good or ill; neither can change his spots.

Why, only last evening I was talking with an Hawaiian matron—how shall I say?—one of the first ladies. Her and her husband's trip to Japan for cherry-blossom time was canceled for a year. Why? She had received a wireless from a steamer which had already sailed from San Francisco, from a girl friend, a new bride, who was coming to partake of a generally extended hospitality of several years before.

"But why give up your own good time?" I said. "Turn your house and servants over to the young couple and you go on your own trip just the same."

"But that would never do," said she.

That was all. She had no thought of house and servants. She had once offered her hospitality. She must be there, on the spot, in heart and *hale* and person. And she, Island-born, had always traveled east to the States and to Europe, while this was her first and long-anticipated journey west to the Orient. But that she should be remiss in the traditional and trained and innate hospitality of Hawaii was unthinkable. Of course she would remain. What else could she do?

Oh, what's the use? I was going to make the Hawaii-born talk. They won't. They can't. I shall have to go on and do all the talking myself. They are poor boosters. They even try to boost, on occasion; but the latest steamship and railroad publicity agent from the mainland will give them cards and spades and talk all around them when it comes to describing what Hawaii so beautifully and charmingly is. Take surf-boarding, for instance. A Californian real-estate agent, with that one asset, could make the burnt, barren heart of Sahara into an oasis for kings. Not only did the Hawaii-born not talk about it, but they forgot about it. Just as the sport was at its dying gasp, along came one Alexander Ford from the mainland. And he talked. Surf-boarding was the sport of sports. There was nothing like it anywhere else in the world. They ought to be ashamed for letting it languish. It was one of the Islands' assets, a drawing card for travelers that would fill their hotels and bring them many permanent residents, etc., etc.

He continued to talk, and the Hawaii-born smiled.

"What are you going to do about it?" they said, when he buttonholed them into corners. "This is just talk, you know, just a line of talk."

"I'm not going to do anything except talk," Ford replied. "It's you fellows who've got to do the doing."

And all was as he said. And all of which I know for myself at first hand, for I lived on Waikiki Beach at the time in a tent where stands the Outrigger Club to-day—twelve hundred members, with hundreds more on the waiting-list, and with what seems like half a mile of surf-board lockers.

FISHING IN THE ISLANDS

"Oh, yes,—there's fishing in the Islands," has been the customary manner of the Hawaii-born's talk when on the mainland or in Europe. "Come down some time, and we'll take you fishing." Just the same casual-dinner sort of an invitation to take pot luck. And, if encouraged, he will go on and describe with antiquarian detail how, in the good old days, the natives wove baskets and twisted fish-lines that lasted a century from the fibers of a plant that grew only in the spray of the

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waterfall, or cleared the surface of the water with a spread of the oil of the *kukui* nut and caught squid with bright cowry shells tied fast on the end of a string, or, fathoms deep, in the caves of the coral cliffs, encountered the octopus and bit him to death with their teeth in the soft bone between his eyes above his parrot-beak.

Meanwhile, these are the glad, young days of new-fangled ways of fish-catching in which the Hawaii-born's auditor is interested; and, meanwhile, from Nova Scotia to Florida and across the Gulf seashore to the coast of California, a thousand railroads, steamship lines, promotion committees, boards of trade, and real-estate agents are booming the tarpon and the tuna that may occasionally be caught in their adjacent waters.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

And all the time, though the world is just coming to learn of it, the one unchallengeable paradise for big-game fishing is Hawaii. First of all, there are the fish. And they are all the year round in amazing variety and profusion. The United States Fish Commission, without completing the task, has already described four hundred and forty-seven distinct species, exclusive of the big deep-sea game-fish. It is a matter of taking any day and any choice, from harpooning sharks to shooting flying-fish—like quail—with shotguns, or taking a stab at a whale, or trapping a lobster. One can fish with barbless hooks and a six-pound sinker at the end of a drop-line off Molokai in forty fathoms of water and catch at a single session, as one H. M. Ayres well knows, a miscellany as generous as to include the six-to-eight-pound *moelua*, the fifteen-pound *upakapaka*, the ten-pound *lehe*, the *kawelea* which is the first cousin to the "barricoot," the *hapuupuu*, the *awaa*, and say, maybe, the toothsome and gamy *kahala Mokulaie*. And the bait one will use on his forty-fathom line will be the fish called the *opelu*, which, in turn, is caught with a bait of crushed pumpkin.

But let not the light-tackle sportsman be dismayed by the foregoing description of such crass, gross ways of catching unthinkable and unpronounceable fish. Let him take a six-ounce tip and a nine-thread line and essay one of Hawaii's black seabass. They catch them here weighing over six hundred pounds, and they certainly do run bigger than do those in the kelp beds off southern California. Does the light-tackle man want tarpon? He will find them here as gamy and as large as in Florida, and they will leap in the air—'ware slack!—like range-mustangs to fling the hook clear.

Nor has the tale begun. Of the barracuda, Hawaiian waters boast twenty species, sharp-toothed, voracious, running to a fathom and even more in length, and, unlike the Florida barracuda, traveling in schools. There are the albacore and the dolphin—no mean fish for light tackle—to say nothing of the ocean bonita and the California bonita. There is the *ulua*, pound for pound the gamest salt-water fish that ever tried a rod; and there is the *ono*, half-way a swordfish, called by the ancient Hawaiians the "father of the mackerel." Also, there is the swordfish, at which light-tackle men have never been known to sneer—after they had once hooked one. The swordfish of Hawaii, known by its immemorial native name of *a'u*, averages from three to four hundred pounds, although they have been caught between six and seven hundred pounds, sporting swords five feet and more in length. And not least are those two cousins of the amber-jack of Florida, the yellow tail and the amber-fish, named by Holder as the fish of southern California par excellence, and by him described for their beauty and desperateness in putting up a fight.

SOME FISHING-RECORDS

And the tuna must not be omitted, or, at any rate, the Thunnus thynnus, the Thunnus alalonga, and the Thunnus macrapterus, so called by the scientists, but known by the Hawaiians under the generic name of *ahi*, and by light-tackle men as the leaping tuna, the long-fin tuna, and the yellow-fin tuna. In the past two months, Messrs. Jump, Burnham, and Morris, from the mainland, seem to have broken every world-record in the tuna line. They had to come to Hawaii to do it, but, once here, they did it easily, even if Morris did break a few ribs in the doing of it. Just the other day, on their last trip, Mr. Jump landed a sixty-seven-pound yellow-fin on a nine-thread line, and Mr. Morris similarly a fifty-five pound one. The record for Catalina is fifty-one-pounds. Pshaw! Let this writer from California talk big, after the manner of his home state, and still keep within the truth. A yellow-fin tuna, recently landed out of Hawaiian waters and sold on the Honolulu market, weighed two hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

Jack London's next article on ***Hawaii*** will appear in the October issue.

The Career of Katherine Bush

(*Continued from page 64*)

at all costs, she must not fail in being a cultivated lady, a guest among equals, and so to take at least that place in his regard.

There was something almost diabolically whimsical in the fact that one devoted would-be lover was deliberately arranging that his lady should meet a possible rival. Gerard Strobridge appreciated this point as he stood before the cheerful wood fire in the morning-room in Brook Street, awaiting his guests.

The bores, of course, came first, and then Katherine and old Miss Gwendoline D'Estaire, and, last of all, not more than five minutes late, his grace.

He was abnormally distinguished-looking in evening dress, which, when dissected, did not prove to be remarkably different from the others. His manners were most courtly; he recognized Katherine at once and shook hands with her. And then dinner was announced.

Gerard sent the lady bore in with the duke—himself taking old Gwendoline and leaving Katherine to the husband, so that Katherine sat next his grace at a little round table.

She was looking quite beautiful in a new black frock, as simple as the old one, and with some of her favorite lilies-of-the-valley tucked into the belt. Mordryn felt constrained to talk to his partner until after the fish, when the host, by a tactful interruption, drew away her attention and left him free, and then, without hesitation, he turned to Katherine.

Her heart was beating fast, and the excitement made her eyes dark and her cheeks pale, but she did not lose her head, and, indeed, felt an extra stimulant to her brain-power.

He began about the debate on Wednesday. The whole thing was rather a mockery, since they were robbed of all power now in the House of Lords, and could only make mild protests and not enforce their opinions. Was Miss Bush interested in politics?

Katherine said that she was, but thought it was a rather degrading profession now, with paid members making their living out of their seats. And so they spoke for a little upon this theme, and the duke found himself agreeably entertained. He liked her deep voice and, above all, her extraordinarily good hands.

"Bush?" he said to himself. "I do not remember to have heard the name before—the mother perhaps had the breeding. Those hands do not come from the shrubbery or the common."

Now Katherine began to talk of travels. She knew that all people enjoyed discussing theirs on their return.

She would much like to visit the East. She had always been thrilled with Kinglake's description of Damascus in "Eothen." Was it really a city "of hidden palaces, of copses and gardens, and fountains and bubbling streams"? His grace's eyes expressed real interest now, not so much that they should discuss Damascus but that a modern girl should have read Kinglake, and deeply enough to quote him correctly. He also knew his Kinglake, and had that potent gift of memory which never stumbles in its manifestations.

He continued the subject with enthusiasm, and found that this charming young woman was familiar with all the subtlest shades. They had touched upon passages of peculiar beauty concerning the Dead Sea, and the girls of Bethlehem, and the wonderful desert sun, and were in the middle of those dedicated to the Sphinx when the duke became aware that a sweet was being handed and that dinner was more than half over. With infinite discretion, the host had never allowed the flow of conversation to flag, so that no pause among so small a company should bring this promising *tête-à-tête* to a close. Katherine should have a fair field if he could procure it for her.

But his grace's good manners reproached him for his negligence to the lady he had taken in, and he turned from the contemplation of Katherine's regular profile with reluctant dutifulness, inwardly determining to continue Kinglake and other things when they should all be safely in the drawing-room. These people would surely play bridge. What a capital thing cards were if one had strength of mind enough to enforce one's own selfishness in not playing them!

Katherine now used her best endeavors to be agreeable to the bore husband, and



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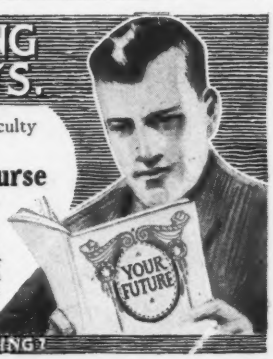
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spoke of subjects which were in his ken. And Gerard, watching her, admired the progress of his pupil. No one of his world, or any world, could have been a more polished or enchanting guest. And his pride in her numbed the pain he had felt all the day.

Then the conversation became general, and gave fresh opportunity for Katherine to show her powers of repartee.

Yes; the quartet played bridge, and began it almost immediately the men joined the ladies up-stairs. Mr. Strobridge had carefully not allowed the talk to stray to any personal subjects while they were alone in the dining-room, in case the duke should question him about Katherine. If so, he would have been forced to say who she was, and that would spoil her plans, perhaps. How she meant to get out of the dilemma afterward, he did not speculate. All pretense was so foreign to her nature. But that was her affair; his only concern was that this evening should be without flaw.

The duke found a place on the sofa beside Katherine as soon as the rest began their rubber, and here he could look at her undisturbed and without craning his neck.

He admired her extremely. She was the exact type which pleased him, distinguished and well-bred-looking. He liked the way she spoke, with no distressingly modern slang in her phrases. She must evidently have been most carefully brought up in a really refined home. Could she be a relation of the D'Estaires? But to ask questions of this sort was not his method, and he turned the conversation back to "Eothen" again and kindred things.

Katherine was in the seventh heaven; she was blooming like a hothouse plant, and seemed to radiate sweetness and serenity. Every now and then she let her eyes meet his dark-blue ones, with that strange, magnetic look in hers which she knew would compel his interest.

They spoke of music and poetry, and then of pictures—pictures in general—and lastly those of Blissington.

Did she know Blissington well?

Yes; she knew it very well, and that enigmatic smile hovered round her lips. Mordryn was surprised at it.

"It contains some recollections for you which are humorous, then?"

"Yes; very humorous."

"Won't you tell me what they are?" His most attractive, clear-cut face came a little nearer to her in his interest.

"Some day you will know."

"How fraught with meaning! 'Some day I shall know!' Not to-night, then?"

"No; for to-night we are guests at a dinner-party, and are talking about literature and music and art."

"But I want to talk about you—may I not?"

"I do not see why you should. I am just a person whom—you will never really see again—I mean, never really talk to again; so why waste time in unprofitable investigations?"

"How do you know that they would be unprofitable?"

Katherine looked down at her own white hands folded quietly in her lap, then up again and straight into his eyes.

"This night week, if you chance to think of this evening, you will realize how right I am as to their unprofitableness."

"You speak in riddles."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly and smiled. His grace found himself distinctly curious.

"Why should you be so sure that I shall never really see—or was it speak to—you again? Do you, then, live on some desert island off the north of Scotland, by chance?"

"In a much more inaccessible place than that." Her eyes sparkled with some unfathomable expression.

"Iceland?"

"There is an ice barrier surrounding it."

"I shall have to give it up, and you will tell me yourself out of gratitude for ceasing to tease you."

Katherine leaned back on the soft green-silk cushions of the sofa. She was looking most alluring in her new rôle of honored guest. It was so delightful to be perfectly at ease and able to lean there, and not sit bolt upright in a chair in an attitude of respect. The duke found the sight of her extremely soothing.

"You come to London sometimes, I expect?"

"Yes; for a part of the year."

"Ah, I thought so! I did not believe that Iceland produced such a polished creature. You know you are quite unusual, Miss Bush. You have consented, without apparent reluctance, to talk upon interesting subjects to a wearied and middle-aged man, and you have not spoken of golf or dancing—and you have not smoked."

"I do smoke sometimes, but only when I am doing some tiresome mechanical work like typing."

"Typing? I suppose it is useful—but what can you have to type? Are you writing a book?"

Katherine gave a sudden, soft laugh, infinitely provoking. It made the blood run in Gerard Strobridge's veins, and he viciously played a knave while quivering with a sense of rebellion. He knew what it meant when she laughed like that. When would this ghastly evening end? And Katherine half whispered,

"No, not writing one, but trying to learn out of that greatest volume of all time—the Book of Life!"

"What can you know of life?" He asked the question as Gerard Strobridge had asked it long ago. "Protected and pampered and kept from all but its pleasant sides—what can girls of our class know of life?"

"Tell me, then, what it is—since I could not be supposed to know?" And her mouth still looked mischievous as well as her eyes. The duke thrilled a little.

"Life is either a muddle through or an achievement. And it contains good things and bad things, and passions—and it is forever trying to express itself, and proclaim its meaning quite regardless of laws.

"'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun."

"Oh, it is a splendid thing!" Katherine cried, and her voice vibrated. "And, unlike the 'Spanish Student,' I shall not 'grow weary of the bewildering masquerade,' 'where strangers walk as friends and friends as strangers.' And even if they did, the unexpectedness of it would be delightful."

Mordryn looked at her—at the fresh, young, firm, smooth cheeks, the living-red

mouth, the ashen-hued hair, every strand of which seemed to be specially alive and to hold its own silvery glitter, and then at her strange, compelling eyes—and he sighed a little. She seemed such an embodiment of vital things.

"You are ready for the great adventure?"

"Quite; and I mean to know everything before I grow old and indifferent."

He sighed again.

"Age does not always produce indifference; it would be merciful if it did."

"There can be no need really to grow old. Age comes because people lose their grip on things."

"Probably. But responsibilities and sorrows and disappointments age. You have, no doubt, a very sheltered life, and so it seems to you that all is easy."

Katherine laughed again softly. It was so delicious to think of the reality in contrast to his supposition.

"My life is indeed sheltered—by a very strong shield, but not by the one your words would suggest."

"No? What, then?"

"It is not at all interesting to talk of me, I have already told you so—why do you persist? I would much rather hear of foreign countries—Italy, for instance. I have never been there."

There was not the least subjective deference in her manner to him. It was as if an equal were talking to one of her own brain-caliber, and that equal a woman, who had a right to be humored. Women—especially girls—were not wont so to treat him, but were always more or less impressed by his great position or his aloofness or his satirical, but courteous wit. He had sometimes an expression of contemptuous, amiable tolerance, which was eighteenth-century and disconcerting. It made all but the most simple or most highly cultivated among them slightly uneasy. Was he laughing at them? They were never quite sure. He found himself piqued now, and in no mood to be balked, so he contradicted Katherine.

"You may not find yourself interesting to talk about—it chances that I do. I wish to know what it is that shields you so effectively."

"A clear idea of what I want, I expect, and a strong-enough will not to be much buffeted about by any wind of opinion."

"What a *rara avis*—and you look so young!"

"I am twenty-three; that is fully grown."

"And what is it you want?"

"To be free to soar—to see the world—to feel its throb—to demonstrate some of my ideas."

"On what subjects?"

"The meanings of things—and why they are—and the common-sense aspect of them. Then one could help humanity. Lady Garribardine is my ideal of what a woman should be. She is as big as a great man and far more sagacious."

"There I am with you!" And his voice became eager. "Her ladyship has always been the perfection of things feminine, in my opinion. You know her well?"

"Extremely well. She is not afraid of her views and principles. She is really an aristocrat. She believes in herself; so everyone believes in her, too."

"Most of us are shaky about ourselves."

"You are not—I shall turn the tables

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now and say I want to talk about you. What does it feel like to be a duke—a real duke, not a *parvenu* or one who makes a laughing-stock of his order?"

He smiled; she was a most engaging and audacious young person, because she did not speak with childish artlessness but with deliberation.

"It feels a great responsibility sometimes, and a thing of very little consequence at others. It enforces, perhaps, a standard of behavior which it is difficult always to follow. If the circumstances of my life had been different when I was younger, I should have endeavored not to let our order slip into impotence. Now, the whole modern political outlook disgusts me so that I seldom speak in the House."

"That is very wrong of you and cowardly." She was quite fearless. "You should never give up a fight or remain passive when what really belongs to you is being filched from you. If you do, as a band you deserve to be put aside. You should fight with the same fierceness with which those Radicals do who know they are shams but are, indeed, in earnest to obtain their own ends."

"You are quite right. There are some women who stimulate in all ways, who are, as it were, sent into the world as electric dynamos. They get the best out of everyone; they make men work better and play better—and love better."

He looked at her now with his fine eyes sparkling, but flirtation was far beneath his feet. To his friends, like Lady Garribardine, he was the essence of courtly consideration, to the general company politely aloof. But to the woman who could arouse his love, what might he not be? Katherine thought this, and a quiver ran through her of a kind she had never experienced before, so that her composure was not so perfect as usual when she answered,

"If one really knew exactly what is love!"

"You have no dim guess at it, then?"

"Yes; I have—more than that. I know that some phases of it make one feel mad, agitated, unbalanced—even motherly and protective—but what it could be if it touched the soul, I cannot fathom."

The duke did not speak for a moment; he was filled with wonder and a growing admiration—admiration which extended even beyond the very real appreciation of her beauty. There was not the slightest trace of pose in anything she said; and that last speech—what possibilities it opened up! She knew something of one side of love then, evidently!

"Do you realize what your words imply?"

"Yes."

"That you have loved some one—in that way—once?"

"Yes, I have. It is a way that frightens one, and makes one more than ever sure that there must be something else. Do you know that there is—you who have lived your life?"

Her face was pale and cool as moonbeams. She seemed to be talking in the abstract, for all the personal question. The duke found himself quite unaccountably moved, and was just about to answer eagerly when, at that moment, the host joined them from the other drawing-room. The rubber was over, and he felt he must do his duty and not make too obvious a point of leaving the pair alone.

"Come and see the miniatures, Mordryn," he said. "We must not forget that it was their lure which brought you here to-night."

His tone Katherine well understood; it contained, for all its surface graciousness, some bitterness underneath.

There was general movement after this, and no more private confidences could be exchanged, so that Miss D'Estaire and Katherine left with his grace's answer to the latter's question still unspoken.

And Gerard Strobridge, as he pressed Katherine's hand in good-night, whispered,

"Have I done well—and are you satisfied?"

The firm clasp of her cool fingers was his answer.

XXV

LADY GARRIBARDINE was unable to spare her secretary from the Easter party, so it had been arranged that she was to have a few days' holiday from the Saturday following the dinner-party, but she must catch the three o'clock train from Paddington on the Thursday before Easter.

Katherine did not go home to Bindon's Green. She went off alone to a little place by the sea on the East Coast, and there she set herself to review events and think out her plans while she lay upon the sands, unheeding the east wind.

Gerard Strobridge had served her loyally—the interest which she had meant to kindle was kindled. The duke now had made a mental picture of her, unmarred by possible qualifications, which, if he had known she was his friend's humble secretary and typist, he would have been bound to have made. Not that he was in the least a snob, but that he would have naturally considered it unbefitting his situation to go about looking for interesting companions among his friend's dependents. He would simply not have observed her at all when he came to Blissington, any more than she herself had observed either of the footmen at Gerard Strobridge's dinner. Not that she despised footmen as footmen, or the duke secretaries as secretaries—they were worthy and necessary servants—but guests did not remark them except in their professional capacities—people who were there to serve at table or write letters and attend to business.

Not the slightest irritation or resentment mingled with these reflections of Katherine's. She was much too wise and just, and never under the influence of hurt vanity or dramatic instinct, so this point of view, which she knew the duke would naturally take, seemed to her perfectly right, and, instead of resenting it, she had used her brain to nullify it, knowing full well that, if she played her part at the dinner effectually, interest would be aroused which no barrier of different statuses could entirely obliterate afterward. Now, on this last afternoon at Bayview, she must think out what she would do next, for the duke would be arriving at Blissington by a train from the west which got in a few minutes after her own from Paddington. She had known, before the dinner-party, that he was coming for Easter, and that morning had received a command from her mistress that she was to look out for him, and tell him he was to take the small coupé and not get into the other motor, which would await her and be loaded up with fragile hat-boxes which were coming by Katherine's train. There would be the luggage-car for his servant and his trunks as well. All the rest of the guests were arriving by motors or by the express an hour later.

Thus, the plunge from equal to humble secretary would have to be made at once, and she must see to it that it was done with tact and skill, so as not to mar the effect already produced but rather enhance it. There was only one drop in her cup. She did not feel altogether happy in keeping this secret from her beloved mistress—a secret, too, which concerned her perhaps most valued guest. But it was absolutely impossible that she could frankly avow her intentions to Lady Garribardine as she had done to Gerard; that much she would keep to herself, but she would speak of her enjoyment at meeting the duke, if her ladyship did not herself begin the subject, and she had no reason to believe Mr. Strobridge had told his aunt of the encounter. She had not seen Lady Garribardine since the dinner, having left for her holiday very early on the Saturday morning. All the way down in the train to Blissington, she was conscious of suppressed excitement.

She waited, when once arrived, at the entrance where the subway from the departure-platform emerged; and she felt a quiver when she saw the top of the duke's hat and then his face.

How attractive he looked, and how unlike other people! Among a crowd he was a magnificent personality, one to whom porters and officials and strangers naturally showed deference. Peers could look like very humble and sometimes even vulgar people, she knew, but no man, woman, or child could mistake His Grace of Mordryn for anything but a great noble.

When he caught sight of Katherine standing just at the inside of the stream of passengers, his whole stern face changed, and an illuminating smile came over it, while he stretched out his hand cordially.

"Miss Bush! Are we to be fellow guests? You are coming to Blissington? How delightful!"

Katherine made as though she did not see the hand, and with deference and lowered lids, she said:

"Yes; I am going to Blissington, but your grace is under a misapprehension which I must correct. I am her ladyship's typist and secretary, and I am here now to give you a message, that you are to take her ladyship's own small coupé and not the motor which is waiting for the bandboxes and me."

But, with all her demureness, she could not prevent an irresistible and humorous quiver from dimpling round her lips, and then she raised her steady eyes and looked at him suddenly as she bowed and moved off quickly, leaving him, for the first time in his life, completely nonplused. What was the meaning of this comedy? He felt rather angry. What business had Gerard Strobridge to trick him so? But had he tricked him? He recollected now that Miss Bush had not been mentioned by Gerard at all one way or another. She was simply treated as any other guest, and had come apparently with Gwendoline D'Estaire. That she was a high-bred

Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

Continued from Page 23

Schools for Boys and Girls and Miscellaneous

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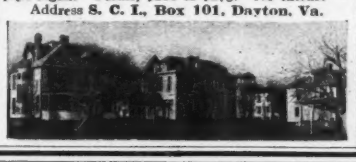
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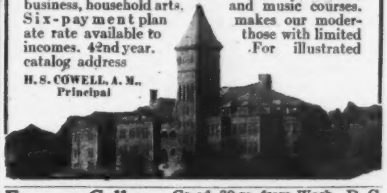
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lady, his own senses had told him, whether she were a typist or no—highly bred and educated and exceptionally cultivated and refined. She must certainly be the daughter of some friend of Sarah's who had met with financial misfortune—poor, charming girl! And he hurried after her, but only got outside the station to see her disappear in a motor already piled up inside with milliner's boxes. So, baffled and still deeply interested, he entered the coupé awaiting him and was whirled off. Seraphim would, of course, tell him all about it, and so he dismissed the matter from his mind; but his first thought, when he got into the hall, was to wonder if Katherine would be at tea. She was not. Tea was a *tête-à-tête* affair in his old friend's boudoir, where a hundred thousand things of interest had to be discussed between them, and no time or chance was given for reference to obscure secretaries.

After tea, on her way down to receive the guests, who would continue to arrive in relays until dressing-time, Lady Garribardine went in to the schoolroom to see Katherine.

They spoke of business, and Katherine received orders and took down notes, and then she said:

"Your ladyship will be amused to have heard that I met the duke at dinner at Mr. Strobridge's. He did not know my position, and I am afraid I did not undeceive him at the time. It was such a very great pleasure to me to be taken for a lady and a guest just for once. Of course, I told him at the station my real position, and he appeared much surprised."

Lady Garribardine walked to the window and pretended to be looking out at something. She wanted to hide all the expression which might come into her eyes. The simple words: "It was such a very great pleasure to be taken for a lady and a guest just for once" had deeply touched her. She seemed to realize what such a spirit as Katherine's must feel, always in a subordinate position of no particular status—and with what dignity she carried it off.

"Child," she answered, without looking round, "no one who knows you would ever take you for anything else—the theory of blood being absolutely necessary for this, you have proved to be nonsense. The duke is one of my oldest friends and a very fine gentleman. I am glad you had a chance of freely talking to him."

After she had left the room, Katherine folded and unfolded a bit of paper, a very unusual agitation moving her.

"Oh, I wish I could tell her outright—my dear lady!" she cried to herself. "I almost believe she would sympathize with me, but if I see that she would not, and that it would hurt and anger her, I will give up even this, my ambition."

Gerard Strobridge was not of this party; he had been obliged to go to his brother's, so Katherine would have no collaborator and would be forced to act alone.

She did not dine down-stairs but was required in the drawing-room afterward, and until ten o'clock she stayed alone in her sitting-room, wondering what the duke had thought, and if it would have been wiser to have stayed for a minute after firing her bomb.

Had she known it, nothing to chain his interest could have been better than her swift disappearance, for he was now thinking of her, and at the first opportunity, between the soup and fish, he said to his hostess:

"Seraphim, I met your secretary, it seems, the other night at Gerard's—a very intelligent girl. I had no idea at the time that she was in any dependent position—and was greatly surprised when she addressed me at the station to-day as 'Your grace.' She is some misfortunate friend's daughter, I suppose. Anyone I knew?"

Lady Garribardine's eyes beamed with a momentary twinkle, which she suppressed. She thought of the auctioneer father and the butcher grandfather, and then she said casually:

"No; she came from an advertisement, but she is a splendid creature, with more sense in her little finger than most of us have in our entire bodies. What do you think of my gray locks, Mordryn?"

The duke assured her he found them bewitching; he saw that she did not mean to speak of her secretary.

"They cause you to look ten years younger, dear friend. I could find it in my heart to make love to you once more—and be repulsed with unabated violence, I fear!"

"Love was good when we were young, Mordryn; ten or twelve years do not matter when a man is twenty-five and a woman thirty-five to thirty-eight. The discrepancy in age only becomes grotesque later. We loved and laughed and lived then, and should be grateful—I am. As for you, you will love again—fifty-three for a man is nothing. You are abominably attractive, you know, Mordryn, with your weary, aloof air—and your dukedom. And now that you are altogether free from anxieties, you should take the cup of joy in both hands and quaff it. Look round the table. Have I not provided some sweet creatures for you?"

"You have indeed—which one in particular have you destined for the cup-bearer?"

"Any one of the three on that side toward the top. You can't have brains and beauty. Lily Trevelyan has beauty and enough tact to hide her absence of brain. Blanche Montague has no beauty but a certain *chic*, and, I am told, a wonderful variety of talent—she does not satiate her admirers with sameness—while Julia Scarrisbrook is all fervor so well assumed as to be better than the real article, and always handy. These credentials I have collected from a cohort of past admirers, and they can be vouched for. You have only to choose. Any one of them will be enchanted. They are only waiting to spring into your arms."

"I believe that would bore me. I want some one who is not enchanted—some one who leaves the whole initiative to me."

Her ladyship cast up her eyes.

"My dear Mordryn, your unsophistication pains me! Whoever heard of a duke of fifty-three, well preserved, good-looking, unmarried, distinguished, and full of charm, being allowed to take the initiative with women—fie!"

The duke laughed, and, by some curious turn of fancy, he seemed to see the white, perfectly composed face of the stately, slender secretary who had treated him as naught that night at Gerard's, and then looked almost mockingly respectful when she called him "Your grace" in the station. Would she be in the drawing-room after dinner? Perhaps.

The next instalment of ***The Career of Katherine Bush*** will appear in the October issue.

Some China and Two Bulls

(*Continued from page 55*)

girl has not yet trod this earth who could have wholly ignored it. The girl blushed so prettily that Hy could no more look at her than he could have looked at the molten, blazing sun. He could only swing from a strap and look at his feet. And his voice left him; for when she remarked that she guessed that was all, and he replied by asking her if some of the money hadn't rolled down into the crack behind the seat, because he thought he had seen it do that, she couldn't make him out at all, and leaned a little forward and asked,

"What did you say?"

He cleared his throat and repeated the effort. They looked then, bending side by side over the seat. Hy tried to slide forward the cane-covered cushion.

"It lifts up," said the guard, from the door.

They found a twenty-five-cent piece. Then the train slowed down. "Ninety-first Street!" bawled the guard in their ears.

They stepped off and moved slowly toward the steps.

"We've passed two stations," said she, with demure calm.

"Why, so we have!" exclaimed Hy.

They mounted to the street. She balanced on the curb and considered the situation.

"It isn't so far," she mused aloud. "I hate the subway."

"So do I," said Hy. And added, suddenly breathless: "We might walk. It's only to Seventy-ninth."

"I live on Eighty-first. I meant—I was thinking of taking a surface-car."

But, without further discussion, very matter of fact about it outwardly, they moved southward, afoot.

Instead of turning into Eighty-first Street, they went on as far as Seventy-ninth and sat on stools in a certain mahogany-lined pharmacy and had soda. He noted, with an elation amounting nearly to exaltation, that she took chocolate.

Next, they went over to Riverside Drive, sat on a bench overlooking the river, and marveled at the beauty of the panorama before their eyes. Finally, at a quarter to five, they parted on a corner.

"You know my name," he was saying, "and I've told you what I do. Of course

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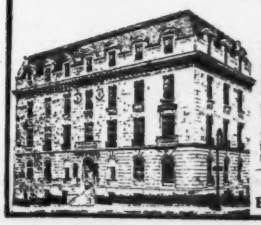
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I've got to see you again. But it won't be fair to make you see me in this way. I must dig up some references. I'll find somebody that knows you. Tell you what: I'll send you the year-book of my club, and you can go over the list of members and see if you don't know somebody's daughter or sister. We'll find some one. I'll make inquiries about your father's connections."

"Surely we'll find some one," she murmured. And added, "I come up at the same time Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays."

"Then," said he, "if you think of anyone that might know me, write me about it, won't you?"

"Oh, of course."

"And if—well, anything special should come up, you could telephone me."

"Maybe to-morrow," she murmured, "if I can get out for a walk."

He wrote an address on his card—the club address, not the rooms.

"And if anything very special should come up, could I write?"

"Oh, yes; no one else sees my mail."

A stab of jealousy touched his heart. She was in the habit of receiving mail, then—from men, of course! He stared at her in mute anguish. His hand sought hers, found it, pressed it. He turned away. At the opposite curb he looked back. Their eyes met across the street. He wavered, took a step as if to rejoin her, checked himself, struck off resolutely toward Broadway, the subway, and the club.

It was a momentous day in the life of Henry Sidenham Lowe—how extremely momentous, he did not yet know. All he knew was that even jealousy faded out in the presence of the grand passion, that the streets were paved with bright-red gold, that there were springs in the stone sidewalks, that the subway train was a Cinderella chariot of delight, that the club, as he entered it, was an asylum for misguided, selfish single men who were missing, every one, the real in their ignorant pursuit of the actual. He pitied them all. He felt a warm impulse to set them right, to help them into real living.

First, he wrote a little note—touched with warmth, glowing with sincerity, not too pressing but yet not hiding the great emotion that had so swiftly entered his life. Hy was gifted at note-writing. When, for the first time, he penned the new address, the thrill came anew, stronger, if possible, than before. He had to sit very still, there at the writing-desk, pressing the envelop tightly between tense fingers. It wouldn't do to kiss it—not here. And he couldn't walk about the dingy old place grinning like a lunatic. He must get himself in hand.

He walked with deliberation down the steps, bought a stamp, dropped the letter into the box. He even nodded casually, with calm, to an acquaintance.

Then Thomas, the telephone-boy, interrupted him. Thomas knew more about Hy Lowe than any other living person. But Thomas was discreet.

"Lady called up, Mr. Lowe," he remarked confidentially. "She wouldn't leave her name. About half an hour ago."

An expression of annoyance passed over Mr. Lowe's face. The buzzer sounded harshly from the switchboard in the corner. Thomas darted back. Hy heard him saying: "Just a minute. I'll see." A skilled hand closed the transmitter; Thomas's head beckoned mysteriously. Hy stepped over there.

"It's the same party," explained Thomas. "Do you wish to speak with her, Mr. Lowe?"

Hy considered the problem for an intense second or two, then bolted into a booth. And while Betty was speaking—about nothing—and he was answering—about nothing—he swiftly formulated a plan.

He would give Betty one more good time. Poor girl, it was coming to her! This breaking-off business was hard at best, and she had been a good-enough sport. She hadn't bothered him much, until just lately. She must be told, of course—but not to-night. To-morrow he would write her a letter, or—better still—perhaps he could throw her in with some other chap that she would like better. There, now, was a real idea! Why, it was possible that she might drift back to her husband! Such things had happened, even in Greenwich Village. Come to think it over, there suddenly seemed to be so many ways out that he needn't, for a moment, consider any course so bald as crudely telling her. That would hurt her. It wasn't necessary. It wasn't even wise. Much better to let these difficult little problems work themselves out naturally. Everything would come right in time.

Betty seemed pretty gloomy, poor girl! But his exaltation was equal to heavy tasks to-night—not, perhaps, to spending the evening alone with her, steering tortuously around and between grievances and reproaches, but to anything short of that. The solution, of course, was a party. There were, naturally, individuals in the Village who knew of their little affair. Harriet Benton, for instance, radical to her finger-tips, tolerant toward all human tendencies, smilingly equal to life at every queer turn. And Sadie Sadowski, of the amazing hair. You couldn't scare Sadie. And she was always good fun, always more than paid her way.

He found unexpected difficulty in thinking up the necessary two men. So many were out of town. Others might not understand about Betty. A few months back, it would have been, as a matter of course, his old apartment-mates, Peter Ericson Mann and the Worm. But Pete and he were not speaking now; and the Worm had moved over to Tenth Street and dug himself in—writing a novel or something. Sue Wilde's old rooms, the Worm had.

He suggested that Betty pick up a couple of the men she knew. Good notion, that! She didn't seem enthusiastic, but he left it in her hands.

"You stop on Sixth Avenue, little girl," he went on, "and get the cheese. And some biscuits—those round ones that you like toasted. I'll pick up the liquids on my way down. And start along pretty soon. I'll be at the rooms very shortly after six."

With which, he rang off. Next he called up Harriet and Sadie. Luck was with him; they would come. And then he hurried forth. He found Betty waiting at his door, empty-handed.

"Oh, hello!" said he. "Where's the cheese?"

She made a slow little gesture that might have indicated dislike of the question. She said nothing.

"Shucks, we've got to have cheese!" said he. "Here, you go in and light up." And, pressing the key into her hand, he rushed away. Across the street, as on the previous evening, stood the red-headed one. At the corner, meeting Hy's cheerful greeting with a curt, suspicious nod, was his somewhat less austere acquaintance of the waxed, curled-up mustache. On his return, Hy overtook Sadie and Harriet in the alley and, all enthusiasm, ushered them into his rooms.

"Hold on!" he cried, looking about with surprise. "Where's the rest of us? Who's coming, anyway? Betty, child, who did you ask?"

Betty, in the kitchen doorway, merely shook her head.

"Oh come, that's too bad! It takes six to make a party. Who's in town, anyhow?" Then, before the others—momentarily silenced by the evident and awkward little maladjustment between host and hostess—could bring themselves to the point of speech, Hy became the human vehicle of an inspiration, no less. An expression of wild, utter delight dawned in his eyes. He chuckled; then he laughed aloud; then he seized his hat and dashed out the door.

Within five minutes he was back. Two bulky, heavy-footed men followed him into the studio. The larger of the two, red of face, hair, and mustache, wore a black derby hat, kept it on. The less large removed his, disclosing a glistening black toupee above a receding forehead, purple cobwebs on nose and cheeks, and a waxed mustache.

"Ladies," cried Hy, with solemnity, indicating the red-headed one, "Mr. Brown! And"—sweeping around toward the all-fascinating toupee—"Mr. Jones!"

It was the effect of Hy's life. As he later confided to Sadie, Grace Simpson's party for the Greek prize-fighter was nowhere. And Sadie's eyes shone.

"They're wonderful, Hy!" she breathed in his ear.

It was Sadie who convinced the forbidding Mr. Brown that a Martini is not effeminate if it is really dry. She mixed the potent fluid with her own plump hands. After the third goblet of shining amber had been tossed down a huge throat into a vast interior, he even confided to her that, while he always *took* Bourbon, still the stuff was pretty tolerably good. And then, when the third cocktail had reached its mark and spread its mellowing warmth inch by inch through his burly person, gently stimulating his metabolic processes, Sadie removed Mr. Brown's hat.

Harriet, meanwhile, bestirred herself, with quiet humor, to the somewhat less arduous task of putting Mr. Jones at his ease. This gentleman exhibited no antipathy to the cocktail; indeed, in his potations, he seemed free from prejudice.

Hy opened his heavy parcel of bottles. From the half-dozen or more, he selected three long ones with gilded necks, which he held aloft for inspection.

"Champagne!" cried Sadie, clapping her hands. "Oh, Hy—you duck!"

Betty was in the kitchen. Hy glanced out there, glimpsed her moving about, and said:

"See here, girls: You've got to work for your dinner. Break away from the fascinating gents!" Then, just ahead of them, he stepped into the kitchen. "Everything all right, little girl?" he whispered. But

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Betty, who was leaning over the gas stove, would not look at him. He caught her arm, tried to turn her about. She kept her face averted. He reached for her chin and raised her head. Before she could jerk away, he saw that she was crying. This was awkward. As if to intensify the little difficulty, Sadie's voice came saucily from the doorway.

"Harriet and I are just standing here making talk, Hy—doing our best not to see you. But we're frightfully embarrassed. Hands off till the dinner is ready, say we!"

Hy's laugh was not a complete success. He hastily filled a cocktail-glass, spilling some, and pressed it on Betty. She hesitated, then accepted it without looking at him, and quickly drank it. When she had set the table in the living-room, she poured out another for herself.

You are to bear in mind a salient fact regarding Greenwich Village. The community has principles. It draws lines, distinct ones. It shrinks in genuine aversion from social injustice, political intrigue, the exploitation of labor, unearned money in general. It scorns the all-surrounding society which preaches the traditional moral qualities while assiduously and widely practising the vices. It is inclined to ask, "If the vices are so essential, why pretend they don't exist?" The Village is so truthful as often to be disturbing and, usually—well, extreme. It holds the artistic conscience above what the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world knows as morality. Its supreme test of a person or an idea is not that he or it should conform to some traditional concept, merely that he or it should be interesting. The merely human qualities, both "bad" and "good," it takes quite simply for granted. The Village works hard enough, most of the time, to fit any proper measure of industry. Its deepest objection to Cupid, indeed, is that he interferes with the work that must be done. Above all, the Village loves a party. A party is an important function, to be entered into with gusto, to be carried through with devotion, to be wound up with relish. But this spirit must be genuine. A sham enthusiasm, an insincere expression of conviction are sensed instantly, and subtly but effectually dealt with.

A difficulty on the present occasion was Betty. Never a disciplined thinker (unlike Harriet, who edited a Woman's department in a great newspaper, keeping her radicalism beautifully in hand; unlike little Sadie, who was making a clear six or eight thousand a year drawing illustrations, with a steadiness of production and a technical facility that were the despair of a thousand struggling beginners older than herself), Betty had been liked because she was beautiful to look at, and softly unobtrusive in any gathering. To-night she was not beautiful to look at. She was far from unobtrusive. The fact that she was turning to the bottle for support in a desperate struggle to bring herself up to the mark was noted by the other two and marked against her.

The Village rather expects of you an adventurous meeting of the ups and downs of life. It is bad form to permit the great game to overwhelm you. It is bad sportsmanship to be crushed by love. For love is a gift, not a claim. You, if you are a woman, are supposed to work for your living, not love for it. This is why the Village regards the traditional marriage as an immoral practise. All of which, of course, is the attitude of a small and particularly gifted group. Without the gifts, this philosophy would be put instantly to a severe beating-down. Yet it is a sincere-enough attitude—one not, in this day of flux, to be held lightly. For the Village has a voice and a public. It is a yeast, perhaps not to be taken raw.

Yes; Betty was a drag. She was pitifully wrong. The other two girls set themselves the more resolutely at the task of saving the evening which Hy had launched with such brilliancy. Harriet drew out Mr. Jones to the point of conversational monopoly. Sadie had Mr. Brown broken to bridle now, and pitted him against his more voluble brother. Betty sipped and sipped. Hy interrupted, did the new three-step with Sadie to a whistled accompaniment, and sang "A policeman's lot is not a happy one," with winks and grimaces at the two guests of honor. And then, finally, as is so often the case with parties, the riotous good cheer passed its climax and tapered into sentimentally sober and confidential discussion.

"You're on a divorce-case, of course," observed Sadie to Mr. Brown, her hand resting caressingly on his shoulder.

Mr. Jones waved two large red hands.

"Professional secrets!" he cried. "Can't tell professional secrets!"

But Mr. Brown nodded.

"Yes; divorce-case."

Harriet leaned over the table.

"Didn't it ever strike you as pretty unfair," said she to Mr. Brown, "this hounding a man or woman until you can prove that they're as human as everybody else and then smashing them in the courts and in the papers?"

"Now, I don't know as I'd put it that way," broke in Mr. Jones. "You see, young lady, there is things you don't fully understand."

"And," observed Mr. Brown, who had been thinking heavily, "you've gotter protect the home. You've gotter do that."

"Take our New York state divorce-laws," Harriet went on. "You wouldn't go so far as to say they are sensible, would you?"

"Young lady," said Mr. Brown, "*lawr* is *lawr*. You can't get back of that. Lawr is lawr."

"Well, take the matter of evidence in divorce-cases, then," said Harriet. "That's a matter you gentlemen are up on, I take it."

"Gotter be," muttered Mr. Brown. "Where's your case if the evidence ain't right?"

"Very well." Harriet's elbows came down on the table. With a firm forefinger, she outlined her case. And Mr. Brown, between suspicion and an unsettling of the intellect that would soon amount to discomfort, eyed her. She went briskly on. "Let's assume that you're watching some one in one of the houses out here on the avenue."

"Secon' from the corner," put in Hy.

"And to make our point clear, let's assume that it is a woman—Mrs. A. She lives in that house. She is married and supported by her husband. He suspects her of being in love with another man—Mr. B. He, Mr. A, employs you, or your agency, to watch her. Your job is to get the evidence on which he can divorce her—evidence a court would accept. That's your job, isn't it?"

"That's our job, miss."

"Well then, it is, of course, clear in your minds exactly what evidence you've got to get to make your case. Tell us what that evidence is—the details of it."

Mr. Brown looked at Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones looked at Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown clamped more firmly in the corner of his mouth the long cigar that Hy had pressed on him. Mr. Jones spoke up.

"It ain't exactly the kind of thing a gentleman talks about when there's ladies present."

Harriet smiled.

"You can tell us."

"You can tell us anything," observed Sadie cheerfully.

Mr. Brown's eyes rested on her at this. He chewed his cigar.

"I want the details," Harriet pressed on, merciless.

Mr. Brown opened his mouth, removed the cigar, stared at it, then returned it and clamped the mouth shut again.

"Mrs. A and Mr. B would have to be seen in a room together," suggested Sadie.

"Well—er—that is sometimes evidence." This from Mr. Jones.

"Of course," Mr. Brown blurted out, with sudden vehemence, "there's gotter be enough to show that their relations ain't honest. If he has his coat off, for instance——"

"And his collar," cried Mr. Jones.

"Very good," said Harriet. "Now, you gentlemen know as well as the rest of us where these absurd rulings lead. Suppose Mrs. A has ceased to love Mr. A. No court can make her love him. Suppose it is injuring the character and lives of both, and their children, to keep up the wretched pretense. Mrs. A, however, does love Mr. B. Suppose the three are honorable, decent people, who wish to do right. Suppose, even, A admits that the best thing would be for Mrs. A to leave him for B. But they can't do it. In our state, you cannot get a divorce except on—what do the papers call it?——"

"Statutory grounds," said Mr. Brown.

"Right. Statutory grounds. And that means that in order to let Mrs. A go chivalrously and legally, A has got to hire some girl to be seen with him in a room."

"You gotter protect the home!" Mr. Brown was shouting. "You gotter protect the home! You don't understand, young lady—you gotter protect the home!"

The party was growing noisy again. Suddenly a light came over the somewhat befuddled countenance of Hy Lowe. He poured a glass of wine, gulped it down, got to his feet.

"Ladies and gemmen," he cried, with a sweeping gesture, "the evidence—the evidence! God bless it!"

He caught up Betty's hands, pulled her to her feet, dragged her off through the kitchen to the bedroom. The others followed, pell-mell, Mr. Brown in such haste that he upset his chair.

Hy tore off his coat and collar, bent over the rather limp, not wholly comprehending Betty, tipped up her chin, kissed her, turned to the little audience in the doorway with a profound bow, and said, pleased with himself:

"Ladies and gemmen, the evidence! God bless our 'Mer'can instootions! God bless the courts! God bless the constootion, the un'erlying bulwark——"

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Loud applause greeted this speech. Sadie laughed so hard that she staggered back into the kitchen and leaned against the wall. And thither Mr. Brown pursued her, at last beside himself, gathered her up in his powerful arms, and kissed her frantically on ear and hair.

The scuffle brought the party to something near sobriety. It shocked them; it was out of key. Even Mr. Jones appeared to sense this, and pulled at his comrade's elbow. Hy took a hand as well. Betty gave a dazed little scream.

After a moment, Sadie got herself free, smoothed her hair, and said, calmly enough, extending a hand to the host:

"There, that ends the party. Too bad! Still, it's late enough. And I've had a wonderful time, Hy, wonderful!"

And Harriet said, at his ear,

"We'll get Betty home, Hy."

Shortly they were gone—the detectives first, suddenly brusque and distant again, then the three girls. Hy locked the door after them and stood gazing at the disordered room.

It was distasteful to him. As he looked, his spirits sank. Memory was stealing back—a memory of an experience that had been fragrant and that now was a reproach. He picked up Mr. Brown's chair, straightened out the other furniture, cleared away the débris of the dining and the wining. He piled plates, bottles, remnants of food in the kitchen closet and shut the door on them. He undressed, got into his pajamas and slippers. His revulsion was deep now, and growing deeper. He was scowling, compressing his lips, fighting down a pain of the spirit such as he had never known in all his gay, truffling life. But the pain was too much for him. It brought the tears to his eyes; one actually rolled down on his cheek.

He went back to the studio, switched off the light, and dropped weakly into the Morris chair by the table. Again, as only last night (or last year?), he gazed out the open window at a single star.

"It's the drinking!" he moaned aloud. "That's what does it, every time! I'll stop it—cut it out. I swear it now—on my honor—on my love"— his voice broke —"that I'll never drink again!" Then he stared, black with despair, at that star. Could he keep this oath? Had he the character to hold any course? "The way to do it," he went on, still aloud, "is to cut it all out, everything that goes with the stuff—cut out the old square, the old friends! Got to go the whole thing, my boy!" Absently he felt about the table for a cigarette, found one, struck a match, stared at it and at the cigarette, then, in a nervous outburst, threw both to the floor. He had to spring up and stamp out the match. Then he stamped on the cigarette.

He dressed now and packed a hand-bag; then walked all the way up the Avenue to the club and took a room.

There was a letter for him in the "L" box—a dainty little letter, addressed in a dainty hand. It bore a special-delivery stamp. He was an hour getting up the heart to open it. He played a little Kelly pool with the after-midnight crowd; chatted with one or two friends, tried to read a magazine. Finally, alone in the room he had taken, he tremblingly tore it open. In part, the note read:

The family are going out to-morrow afternoon. I'm not going with them. I'll call you up and see if you can come. We might take a walk. I love to walk—don't you? Especially in the summer-time. Some people like to walk in the winter, but I'm not that kind. I like it when it's warm and the trees and things are green. Don't you? It's lovely on Riverside Drive now.

The blood rushed to Hy's temples as he read. No one, he thought, had ever written quite such a letter as that—not Nicolette to her Aucassin, not Héloïse to Abélard, not Mrs. Browning, not George Sand! He opened his windows wide, pulled the bed out so that he could see the faint glare of the city against the night sky, and lay there for hours, stark awake. He was exultant now. She had written! But, first, he had closed a door on that irresponsible life of his. In a way, by making the wholehearted decision, he had earned the letter.

On the Sunday afternoon, he met the girl of his dreams on a corner already historic in Hy's fevered thoughts. They walked along the winding paths that overlook the Hudson, all the way to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and back. They sat on benches and watched the motor-boats and the big yachts. The warm sun glistened on the rippling water. They talked of the things they liked and the things they didn't like. Each was to the other a strange new experience, wonderful to question and explore. Softly, with a dreamy little smile, she told him that she could sew and cook. Her mother believed in giving her daughters a practical training. He told her, in a tremulous voice, that he had not always been the perfect knight he seemed to her; he had, in his lonelier years, fallen among doubtful companions, had done things of which he had since learned to be ashamed. And his honesty brought a maiden's shy, wistful admiration to her big gray-blue eyes. She didn't know much about life, she said; she was only nineteen. But she understood that men had to undergo experience and face life and grow strong through knowledge.

They talked, too, of the problem of her parents. How was he to meet them? How were they to learn that he was a man they could trust? This question recurred on other days—in the subway and on the Drive. It was curiously difficult to work out a possible plan for that momentous meeting. Hy took into his confidence one intimate at the club. Ruddy knew everybody; Ruddy could help. But Ruddy, after days of it, shook his head.

"Very baffling," observed Hy. "Ought to be somebody who'd give me a character. Isn't it something to be managing editor of a religious paper for years—continued by the creditors after the boss dies—mark of confidence—integrity—terribly funny——"

"Isn't it?" said Ruddy.

"You see, Rud, I can't bear—I *won't* take advantage of her. You've no idea—she's as simple and sweet-souled and trusting as—makes old birds like you and me feel like trampling all the life we've known under heel and starting clean with humility and—that's what it means, Rud, starting clean!"

Ruddy had an appointment up-town, and left.

On the next Sunday, on a bench by the river beneath One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street (they were going farther now), he told her that never before had he felt for girl or woman the pure, deep love he felt for her.

"I cannot ask you to be my wife," he went on. "Not yet. Not until I can earn the privilege of asking you. But, from this moment, I shall live only for the purpose of earning this right. From this moment, my life is dedicated to you. I cannot ask you to accept a ring. But I must give you something." And, fiery red, halting and stilted of speech, he produced a little box from Tiffany's. Shyly she opened it; and softly exclaimed. It was a brooch of gold and enamel. He had paid twenty-eight dollars for it, thereby eating deeply into next week's salary-account.

Other things had happened during the week. Betty was always calling up the club. He had to give special instructions to Thomas in order to avoid embarrassment. And twice, when he slipped down to the rooms, late at night, for a suitcase of clothing, he found notes under the door. These he burned, without reading, on the gas stove.

On Monday morning—the day after the incident of the brooch—Harriet Benton called him up at the office.

"Hy," she said, "can you lunch with me to-day?"

They met at an old haunt of bohemia in East Seventeenth Street, far from the madding Village.

"It's about Betty," Harriet explained. "She's in trouble."

A look of pain came to Hy's expressive face. What now?

"You know her husband was crazy to get her back. He came down here twice to see her."

"Oh," said Hy, with nervous quickness, "I didn't know *that!*"

"Yes; he came. He begged her to come back. The second time, after she refused, he got mad—even threatened her."

"Not to hurt—anybody?" breathed Hy, rather white.

"No; not that. But he said he'd stop her money. Then you and Betty fell out" —Harriet certainly had the gift of plain speech—"and she got discouraged, and finally made up her mind to go back. She came and talked it all out with me. But before she could so much as wire him, the very day of our talk, he wrote that he was through with her and would never communicate with her again in any way. Well, you see——"

"Awkward!" muttered Hy.

"Very. She can't go back now."

"Of course."

"And she can't do anything else. Her own father cut her off last spring, you know."

"Oh—I *didn't* know!"

"Well, he did. I've rather thought that was one of the factors in her queer, sudden decision to marry. The difficulty now is—well, Hy, Betty never was really one of us. She caught the phrases quick enough, but she hasn't the reality. She doesn't seem to grasp the idea of economic independence. Money has always come from somewhere. She hasn't much in the way of mental outlines. She's just a lovely, soft thing. But it has come to a pass now where something's got to be done about her. Hy, she hasn't a cent."

Hy's face was ashen now. His lower jaw drooped. His eyes searched Harriet's face, wavered away, searched it again.



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"Don't be frightened, Hy. Nobody's going to ask you to marry her. Of course it's not up to you—more than to the rest of us. But nobody wants to see a beautiful, costly creature like that go to waste. We've got to make a try of some sort. You know her better than anybody here. Tell me: Has she *ever* worked—at anything?"

"I—I don't think so," stammered Hy.

"Well, if I were to get her a little job—on a newspaper or a magazine—is she equipped to face it at all? Could she make a reasonably sportsmanlike effort at going through the motions? Would she *try?*"

"I—I don't know. I——"

Harriet slowly shook her shapely head.

"I know," she mused aloud. "You are voicing my own misgivings. Well, then, Hy, we've got to help her out temporarily. I don't suppose she'd accept money from you, but chip in a little with the rest of us if you can. I won't give you away."

"Oh, of course!" said Hy, thinking quickly of the other multitude of advance demands on the remnant of the next week's salary. "Yes; of course! Put me down for—well——"

"Five dollars will do at the moment," said she, unsmiling.

"Where is she now?" asked he dully.

"Staying with me. She can't keep up her rooms."

It was in this manner that the past laid its hand on the new life of Hy Lowe.

The summer ran on into gray August. Hy still lived at the club. He still heard from Harriet and made over small sums to her. He still listened nervously—more nervously—for the telephone-bell, and hurried up-town to clandestine meetings on the Drive. He still supported the rooms in the Mews, and continued to find heart-broken little notes there—this last up to within a week or ten days. Even Betty's pride had risen at last, apparently. She did finally stop writing. But she reached him unknowingly, through Harriet, and tortured him.

Through these weeks, too, Hy saw his dream of a new kind of love, of a simple happiness, sag and turn slowly gray like the tired trees on the Drive. He had seen the girl of his dreams begin—just begin—to show signs of furtiveness. He saw himself now with wholly new eyes, and loathed what he saw. They did not speak now of his meeting the parents; they were beginning to think only of being together. More and more they were planning for this. He had given her a ring, which she wore in a chamois bag within her bodice. One night, brooding on these things, he fell in with a convivial party and drank too much. After this he did not so much as write the girl for three days. When next he saw her, he suddenly, passionately urged an elopement. She was frightened, and cried. Then he learned that her father suspected her, was making it difficult for her to get out of the house. She was afraid he had better not write any more. But she could call up. And the one-time, smart, vivid Hy Lowe went seedy of countenance and figure, became heavy about the eyes, inelastic of walk. It was a dry, dull summer. Then, toward noon of the driest of August days, Harriet called up.

"Hy," she said, "what do you know?"

"Not a thing."

"Then—come, Hy; slip out—right away. I've got to see you."

They met in the Seventeenth Street eating-house. Harriet had an early copy of the *Evening Earth* rolled tightly in her hand.

"Hy," she said, "what has Sumner Smith got against you?"

"Nothing that I know of. He did have it in for Pete; but I've thought we were good——"

"He's lumped you with Peter, then, for fair." She spread out the paper.

Hy read. It was a typical *Evening Earth* sensation of scandal. One Bixby, of somewhere up-state, was suing to divorce his wife, *née* Betty Deane. The corespondent was one Henry Sidenham Lowe, a religious editor who led a double life. The racy details were by way of being a disclosure of gay life in the famous old Latin Quarter of New York, Greenwich Village. Much was made of a wild evening "party" in Mr. Lowe's rooms. And there was humor. It appeared that Mr. Lowe, under a misapprehension, had entertained Bixby's detectives and supplied them with the last links in their strong chain of evidence. The lawless tenets of Greenwich Village philosophy were displayed in black-faced type. It was, all in all, a rich story. It gave promise of still richer details to follow. There were letters, it seemed. Hy laid the paper down.

"Well," he said, not comprehending it yet, the force of it, "that's raw!" And added, "I introduced Sumner Smith to Mr. Jones."

"'Raw,'" observed Harriet dryly, "is right." She studied him, noted the daze he was in. "You get it, don't you? You see what it means?"

"My job is gone," said he. "I'd look great on a religious paper—after this!"

"It means," said she, a snap in her eyes, "that the *Earth* is off on one of its big hunts. The reporters will be living at my house for weeks—knocking, ringing, telephoning, jimmying at the windows. They'll come in disguise after jobs. They'll pry into every corner of that poor girl's life. They'll dig up every little item, twist every motive, point up every little human weakness she's got and a hundred she hasn't got. They'll run sob-stories on the dangers of letting young married women go to parties. As for *you*—they'll do you brown! They'll roast you, fry you, fricassee you, parboil you, baste you, serve you as hash. They'll have Professor Lombroso analyze your facial contour for latent criminal traits. They'll run a serial story of your career as a home-wrecker. They'll plant Casanova's 'Memoirs' in your bookcase and take up a month explaining the direct influence of each separate experience in the Italian gent's life on your sporting career. And as for Betty—that soft thing—Hy, they'll kill her! And then, if anything at all should be left of the two of you, not to speak of all your friends, they'll pass it on to the lawyers, and *they*——"

She stopped for breath.

There was not a trace of color in Hy's face. His jaw had drooped, and moved a little with hers as she talked.

"I've got to run," said Harriet.

"Where you going?"

"Home, of course."

"What you going to do?"

"Brace Betty for what's to come. Guard the door—fight—how do I know what I'll have to do?"

"I defile everything I touch," said he, with apparent calm.

"If you want *my* advice, Hy— *Do* you?"

"Of course."

"You'll quit thinking about yourself. You are now in the presence of a cataclysm. It is the worst thing that has ever struck the Village. You don't count. You're only the goat."

"You've said something, Harriet!" was his reply to this.

They parted at the corner of Fourth Avenue—Harriet almost running across Union Square toward the Village; Hy, in a gray silence, heading up-town toward his club.

I don't know whether he was conscious in his surface-mind of what he was about to do. But he acted like a man determined unto death. At the club he wrote his last letter to the girl in Eighty-first Street. Then he packed his things, ordered a taxi, and drove down to his rooms in the Mews.

Within an hour, he appeared at the old brick house in Bank Street, the second floor of which was occupied by Harriet Benton, Sadie Sadowski, and (a recent addition) Betty Deane Bixby. As he rounded the corner he saw the familiar little knot of reporters and photographers. They were sitting and standing about the front steps. Sumner Smith was there, and two other *Earth* men. It was the old death-watch for fair. He walked steadily on. He was still white, if not gray. There were lines under his eyes. And his voice lacked strength. But he faced them calmly.

"Boys," he said, "I know what you're here for. I know what you've got to do. I never thought, in the old days when I used to be one of you, that the watch would ever be put on me. But they've got me now. I'll stay with you. I'll help you all I can. It's no good asking favors. But if you can spare Mrs. Bixby—well—" He moved one hand, in a repressed gesture.

The speech shaved dangerously close to sentimentality. A single false emphasis and he would have lost them utterly. But he possessed, for the moment, a quality no one had ever thought of associating with the trifling, often amusing Hy Lowe. It was dignity.

"Why," put in Sumner Smith here, with a touch of bluster, "do you ask that? Are you speaking for her?"

"Yes," said Hy.

"Do you mean that you're going to marry her?"

"Of course," said Hy.

They let him pass in then.

This is the end of Hy Lowe. He is known now as Henry S. Lowe. He lives in Brooklyn, where rents are less. He reads copy for a living on the *Record-Press*. His eyes bother him a bit, necessitating spectacles. His wife's health is poor. He has to watch her closely, anticipating possible shocks to her disordered nerves. On pleasant Sundays, he wheels the baby over to Prospect Park. Their neighbors do not call.

It is not a spirited picture. Hy is finished; life has closed in about him. But he stirred them up a bit in his time. And then, whatever his weaknesses and limitations, he did have his one dignified moment. You cannot rob him of that.

His Unconquerable Soul, the last episode of ***The Trufflers,*** will appear in the October issue.